

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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JOHN MORLEY.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CLVII. NEW SERIES.—JANUARY 1, 1880.

IRELAND.

In the 700 years which have elapsed since King Henry II. first claimed the overlordship of Ireland, no single Administration ever effected so large a change in English policy towards Ireland as was effected by Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Act of 1869 and his Irish Land Act of 1870. These measures surpassed in their benefits what the Roman Catholics would have gained under King William III.'s Treaty of Limerick, if Parliament had carried out that Treaty; or what Pitt would have conferred on Ireland after the Union had King George III. allowed him to fulfil his pledges. They exceeded even Sir Robert Peel's policy of "establishing between England and Ireland complete equality in all civil, municipal, and political rights; so that no person viewing Ireland with perfectly disinterested eyes should be enabled to say a different law is enacted in Ireland, and on account of *some jealousy or suspicion* Ireland has curtailed or mutilated rights."

The Gladstone policy surpassed that of Peel in having a greater regard for local usages and local feeling; just what was to be expected from a statesman whose ancestors all lived in Scotland, where the Celtic Highlanders, originally of Irish race, have been conciliated to the United Kingdom by the respect shown to their faith by King William III.'s Treaty before the Revolution of 1688, and by the wise reforms of permanent sheriffs, improved local courts, and amended land laws introduced by Lord Chatham after 1745.

The two measures were framed on the highest principles of justice and equity, perfect religious equality, protection of tenants' capital expended in improvements, protection of tenants' occupation against change of policy by landlords, as to the size of farms, careful regard for local usages like Ulster tenant right, complete extension of the principles of equity to the relation of landlord and tenant.

As the British Parliament had some thirty years before led the

van in the emancipation of the negroes by just compensation and peaceful reform, without the insurrection or civil war that had attended the introduction of similar measures in other countries; so now again great reforms affecting millions of people, undoing the state policy of centuries, were gravely debated and decided like a great equity suit by facts, reason, natural justice and regard to local feeling and local usage.

The great measures of 1869 and 1870 were followed by a number of minor measures, clearing away arrears where Irish legislation had fallen behind that of England and Scotland. The previous removal of the disability against Roman Catholics being Chancellors, which had lasted from 1688 until 1868, or nearly two centuries, allowed the Gladstone government to mark the change by selecting Mr. Justice O'Hagan as Chancellor and raising him to the peerage as Lord O'Hagan. He introduced in the session of 1871 three reforms, one in the Law of Judgments; another extending the English law as to Chancery Lunatics of 1853, after eighteen years' delay, to Ireland; and another disposing of the Irish Jury Question, which had been before Parliament with a number of bills by successive Attorney-Generals for the same period. He terminated the exclusion of yearly tenants from the jury box, and following the precedent of Chief Justice Whiteside's Bill of 1852, he introduced the fixed rotation of the Scotch Jury System in summoning jurors.

The session of 1871 was marked by two successful developments of the principle of religious equality in Ireland and by one marked departure from it, that had a very serious effect in producing the unsatisfactory state of Irish politics which has ended in the very unpleasant symptoms that have turned up in the land agitation of 1879.

In the Irish Church Act of 1869 careful provision was made for the reorganization of the disestablished Protestant Episcopal Church, which came into operation on the 1st of January, 1871. In this session the Presbyterian Church in Ireland and the Primitive Wesleyan Society of Ireland, each obtained similar powers for the reconstruction of their Churches and the management of their endowments and the incorporation of trustees for this purpose. The Methodists obtained large powers of modifying their trusts, so as to secure an amalgamation of distinct Methodist bodies, which has since taken place. The religious bodies that have been reorganized by or since the Irish Church Act of 1869, comprehend 1,200,000 of the population of Ireland; but for the Roman Catholics, who are 4,000,000 in number, no reorganization has taken place.

In the session of 1871, when the Presbyterian and Methodist Bills were carried, a Roman Catholic member moved for a select committee to consider the remaining Roman Catholic disabilities

'untouched by the Irish Church Act. When he proved the existence of the disabilities, he drew up a draft report describing them, and concluded his draft in these terms—

"We content ourselves with suggesting to Parliament the expediency of removing from our statute book the Penal Clauses of the Emancipation Act (of 1829), the unrepealed clauses of the 31 George III. c. 32, and the statutes against superstitious uses, or from which the doctrine against superstitious uses is inferred. Those different enactments appear to have served no useful purpose."

The Committee, however, though admitting the grievance, abstained from recommending any alteration in the law. They concluded their report in these terms :

"The observations contained in this report will probably suggest some alteration in the law; and these alterations would be of a very different character, according to the point of view from which the subject is surveyed.

"A complete discussion of the position, if any, which conventional and monastic institutions ought to have in our law would lead to much difference of opinion, and might exceed the limits of an inquiry, and we, therefore, abstained from recommending any such alteration."

This was a distinct run back from the principles of religious equality, especially marked, as it occurred in the session when Presbyterians and Methodists got their trusts and endowments all secured, with facilities for managing them, at the very time that the Roman Catholics were left under old statutable disabilities.

What the Select Committee did in 1871 was followed by the action of Parliament in 1872, when the Religious Disabilities Bill, introduced by the late Sir Colman O'Loughlen, Mr. Cogan, the late Sir John Gray, Mr. O'Neill, and Mr. Matthews did not pass. This return from the principles of religious equality established in 1869 preceded the failure of the Irish University Bill at the commencement of 1873. So that the first break between the Roman Catholics and the Liberals was not on the Roman Catholic, but from the Liberal side failing to carry out thoroughly religious equality. To this revived intolerance of the Liberals the Home Rule movement owes its origin. It has ever since embarrassed Irish politics, and through the large number of persons of Irish birth in England (where they are one-fourteenth of the adult population in boroughs) and in Scotland (where they are one-sixth) it has further embarrassed British politics.

Some cases occurred in Ireland at that time which attracted special attention to the disabilities against Roman Catholics. Mr. Gladstone's Attorney-General in Ireland, while the Irish Church Act was passing, was Mr. Sullivan. He was promoted to be Master of the Rolls, and in that capacity he had, while the Gladstone Government was still in office, to decide that a bequest made to a Christian Brothers' Institution was void, because Christian Brothers were liable to be indicted for being in Ireland at all.

Then, in Father O'Keefe's case, the state of the law as to Roman Catholic trusts was brought out by the most painful proceedings. He was removed from his office of parish priest of Callan by the decision of a Roman Catholic archbishop in Ireland acting as delegate of the Pope, and he refused to leave the parochial house, on the grounds that all Bulls of the Pope were, by an old statute, void. Some time afterwards he was put out of the parochial house by a mob, and the point he made would have defeated himself in legal effort at restoration, because he had been appointed by a bishop whose authority to appoint rested on a Papal Bull, and so was void. He was put back, not by legal power, but by a police force. He ultimately made his peace with the Church ; but the law proceedings went on for some months and attracted great attention : in the course of them these old penal laws, which the Committee refused to recommend to be repealed in 1871, which Parliament refused to repeal in 1872, were dragged to light, and showed that while the private government of the Protestant Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, and the Methodist Churches were completely recognised by law, so that the temporal Courts would sustain the decision of any of these private church Courts in removing a minister, yet the temporal Courts were embarrassed by the Penal Laws still in force from lending like assistance to the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. While the Roman Catholics were exposed to this annoyance, entirely from the reaction of the Liberals from the principles of religious equality, they were exposed to the mortification of witnessing throughout a large part of Ulster the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne, the victory won by King William III. in the civil war between him and King James II., which laid the foundation of the oppression they so long suffered from under the Penal Laws. As the celebration of the Battle of Waterloo was given up out of courtesy to foreign Roman Catholics when they remonstrated against it, the continued celebration of the older Battle of the Boyne, fought in 1690, could not be interpreted otherwise than as an offence. Owing to this unwise conduct, large bodies of police have every year to be marched into Ulster to keep the peace on the anniversary of that battle. As the Protestants are a majority in the United Kingdom, and so are the stronger party, they have no excuse for displays of this kind.

Again, the Disestablished Church showed a reluctance in accepting the results of the Church Act by retaining the name, Church of Ireland, though really only the Church of the Protestant Episcopalians, who were only 667,000 out of 5,412,000 inhabitants in 1871.

The reluctance to cordially accept religious equality and its logical consequences in Ireland, which all these matters indicate, is not due to mere sentimental or speculative grievances, and it has had the

calamitous effect of paralysing governments, both Liberal and Conservative, since 1870, in what is considered both in England and Scotland the primary and most important duty of a government, the taking care of the education of the poorer classes. The labouring classes in Ireland have thus been allowed to drop from eight to ten years behind those in England and Scotland in education, a serious matter at the present crisis, as in the struggle for employment, the worst educated go to the wall. In 1870 Mr. Forster established school boards for England, and carried the principle of intrusting school boards with powers of compulsory education. In 1872 he carried compulsory education for every child in Scotland. This principle of compulsion solves the educational difficulty, for it changes the position of the State from that of offering a system to be adopted, into that of compelling each parent to discharge his duty. When compulsion is general, and all parents contribute, it is really only making parents pay for the education of their children, with the Poor-Law principle added of making the rich pay for the poor, and those who have few or no children pay for those who have many. The logical consequence of compulsion is therefore perfect toleration.

Every school should be recognised by the State, whether denominational or not, provided only that the secular education involves an adequate performance of parental duty to the extent that the State has a right to insist on. While the Gladstone Government was able to carry this great educational reform for England and Scotland by, in each, respecting the religious feelings and prejudices of the people, the intolerance of small sections of the Liberal party and the Orange section of the Conservative party, has prevented either party from being able to attempt to deal effectively with primary education in Ireland, though the census of 1871 disclosed that the principle of compulsion was much more wanted in Ireland than in England.

Again, while education has been made a matter of local government in every school board district in England and Scotland, with perfect freedom as to the books to be used and the denominational names used for the schools; in Ireland, on the contrary, the people are entirely excluded from the constitutional principle of electing in each district the authorities to manage education. The education is intrusted to a permanent board of commissioners, nominated by the Crown, and nominated for life. So there is a total absence of the healthy renewal of younger men to represent new views or modifications of policy. There is no liberty in the use of books, as in England or Scotland—this crystallized board has an absolute veto on the books.

Mr. Gladstone's Government introduced in the school board elections the wise principle, for districts of divided races and divided religions, the principle of cumulative voting. That principle has worked so satisfactorily, that while Roman Catholics are practically

excluded from being members of parliament in England and Scotland, they are elected on the school boards in London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bolton, and other towns. But neither Mr. Gladstone's Government nor Earl Beaconsfield's have attempted to extend this wise principle to Ireland. Lord Beaconsfield's Government is the more responsible of the two, for the grievance of Roman Catholics being excluded from local authorities in Ireland was submitted by one of the witnesses summoned before the Committee on the Local Government and Taxation in Ireland, of which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was chairman. That was in 1876, but no attempt has been made since then to legislate on the matter. The result is, that after a party display in one of the most improved towns in Ulster, last summer, a riot occurred, the police fired on the mob, and lives were lost. A Lord-Lieutenant's Commission of Inquiry was issued; then amongst the questions stated to the commissioners, the grievance of Roman Catholics being entirely excluded from local government in the town of Lurgan was restated. The inquiry in October last was into one town alone, but the evidence in 1876 was more general. It pointed out that there was not a single Roman Catholic town commissioner in Portadown, Lisburn, Ballymena, Newtownards, or in Lurgan. In Belfast, where the Roman Catholics are a third of the population, they had only two members out of a town council of forty. In Londonderry, where the Roman Catholics are an absolute majority of the population, they have two members out of a town council of twenty-four. This unsatisfactory state of affairs is maintained partly by having a higher municipal franchise in Ireland than in England, and a higher municipal franchise than the parliamentary franchise in Ireland.

Bill after bill has been introduced into Parliament to redress this inequality, but it is still unredressed. It is one of those small branches of the upas-tree of Protestant ascendancy that the Liberal party might have redressed when they had a majority, if Mr. Gladstone had either attempted it before his University Bill, or had not thrown down his Irish axe in disgust when his particular solution of that rather difficult question failed.

The whole question of town government has been kept open for several years with the heartburning of religious exclusion and special race exclusion, by the refusal to lower the franchise; and the prestige of the local aristocracy has been weakened by the introduction of a Grand Jury Bill disturbing the county fiscal authority, in which they have hitherto had exclusive influence.

The concession of some real representation to the ratepayers in the counties, might have been made the basis of securing some more direct representation of property in towns. But the concession has been offered in the counties without terms as to the towns, and offered in a way to mortify the gentry without being cordially

accepted by the people. ~~This~~ the sore is kept open between two classes by the failure to pass the Grand Jury Bill, after being introduced.

What the agitation of the past autumn has called attention to might have been easily foreseen: that the Irish public has been in a highly sensitive state since 1873, and with Home Rule a part of the popular programme, any government measure dealing with local authorities in Ireland should be comprehensive, truly liberal, should be carefully framed, and when introduced should be pressed through Parliament in the same session, so as not to have existing authorities discredited before new authorities are created to take their place.

The first head of Irish grievances which has caused the demand for Home Rule admits of being easily dealt with by the Liberal party. They have only to intrust their leaders with the same *carte blanche* they gave to Mr. Gladstone in 1868, to do complete justice to the Irish race in Ireland. To see that no franchise is kept at a higher level than the corresponding franchise in England and Scotland, with the effect, and apparently for the purpose, of excluding the Celtic race from sharing in the government of the towns or districts where they live. To see that no order of Christian teachers are kept offended by an unenforced penal law, rendering them liable to indictment and banishment, or by the enforced confiscation of charitable endowments for the poor where the State for ten years, under the government of the two most powerful ministries since 1834, has been unable to secure the application of local rates for the education of the poor to the extent to which they are applied in England and Scotland. To see that the control and trusts of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland shall be as completely respected and protected by the courts, as the trusts of the Protestant Episcopal, the Presbyterian, or the Methodist Churches are under the legislation of 1869 and 1871; and that all penal laws inconsistent with this equality are repealed. To see that all schools shall be allowed the same liberty as to selection of books to be used in primary schools, or of using denominational names for the schools, which is conceded to schools in England.

These concessions to be accompanied by the introduction of the school board principle of cumulative voting into election of local authorities, so as to protect Roman Catholic minorities in Ulster and Protestant minorities in the other three provinces.

The concession of representation of ratepayers in county government to be made the basis of some direct representation of property in urban authorities as now in rural authorities.

This would only be applying to redress some of the grievances of the Celtic race in Ireland, which make them discontented and demand Home Rule, a few of the most elementary principles of local

government and natural justice, every one sanctioned by the recent precedents adopted by the Imperial Parliament or recommended by influential committees to be adopted. It only requires a strong and able Ministry like Mr. Gladstone's of 1868, with the same courage, to be thoroughly logical and just to the Irish race, and consequently to deserve their support, not by any concession inconsistent with Liberal union, but by their thorough love of justice and by the comprehensiveness and ability of their measures.

The Conservatives have facilitated the solution of one branch of the Irish difficulty by their large and wise concessions on the Intermediate Education question, and by their resisting the intolerance of some of their own followers on the Irish University question. Again, they have admitted the defects of primary education by the measures they have introduced for the pensions of schoolmasters and for local aid to primary education.

The concession of justice to Ireland is not the property of either of the great parties in the State. Pitt commenced at the Union what Sir Robert Peel carried out in 1829, and Mr. Gladstone still further in 1869, and Lord Beaconsfield later on by his educational concessions. The necessary reforms are likely to be more swiftly and completely carried by a party collected under Mr. Gladstone's banner of home legislation than by one under a banner which gives foreign and colonial policy such large precedence.

Next to the defects in the constitution of local authorities in Ireland as a cause of discontent, comes the curtailment of their powers through some suspicion or jealousy, the very point which the great Sir Robert Peel condemned so far back as 1846—a curtailment often effected in a way that escapes the attention of even the most accomplished statesmen. One of the most remarkable cases of this kind was an Act in 1872 for constituting a Local Government Board for Ireland. This board was constituted with great care on the model of the Local Government Board for England. The constitution of the board was made very strong. The Chief Secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant, who is often a Cabinet minister, is President; the Under Secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant is a member, and there are three other members. One would expect that a board so constituted would have had conferred on it, at once, all the powers of the English Local Government Board, but this was not the case. The English board have, subject to a conscience clause to prevent interference with the religion of paupers or their children, and to the restraint of not ordering relief in an individual case, unfettered discretion in regulating relief. Accordingly at the time of the distress in the cotton trade in consequence of the American civil war in 1861, Mr. Bright thus referred to the policy

then pursued by the President of the Poor Law Board which preceded the Local Government Board in England, with the same powers:—

"I think the President has shown that disposition which we should expect from him and the department over which he presides, to arm guardians in every district with power to exercise a very wide discretion with regard to the treatment of this great evil. The guardians are elected by a very large constituency in every parish; they are spending not the money of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the money which their constituents have but recently paid into their coffers, and I believe there is no body to whom you could more wisely intrust the spending of the ratepayers' money than those to whom the ratepayers have themselves intrusted it. I think, therefore, the Right Hon. President of the Poor Law Board will be acting in accordance with true wisdom and the true instinct of humanity if he does little or nothing, and I should say almost nothing, to check the liberality of guardians in the distribution of the resources intrusted to their care."

Now, if Mr. Bright's views of sound policy and humanity be right, they are as good for Ireland at the present crisis as for England in 1861. But though eighteen years have since elapsed, though the Irish Poor Law has been amended, and the Irish Poor Law Board converted, like the English Poor Law Board, into a Local Government Board resembling the corresponding one in England in name, Mr. Bright's views have been utterly disregarded in imperial legislation as to the Irish poor. The English officials who represent the Crown in Ireland with the highest titles of Excellency, Viceroy, Representative of her Majesty, and President of the Local Government Board, are entirely deprived by statute of the most important powers vested in the Local Government Board in England.

Deputations of Roman Catholic bishops wait upon them, and resolutions are passed at public meetings calling on the Irish executive to interfere and employ the people that they may not be driven into the workhouses. In England it would be only necessary to refer these deputations to the respective boards of guardians, and to refer to what happened at Manchester and Coventry, and to what is now happening in Birmingham, where outdoor relief is given to the able-bodied in numbers. In Ireland, until a workhouse becomes full or unsuited through disease, neither Lord-Lieutenant nor Local Government Board can authorise the Manchester, or Coventry, or Birmingham system to be adopted in a single union in Ireland. It might be supposed that this statutable restriction on the representatives of the Central Government in Ireland was necessary on account of the excess of amount of relief given and consequent amount of deduction from rent for poor rates. But what are the facts? At the beginning of last summer the number relieved in Ireland was only 90,382. In Scotland the number relieved with addition to give a proportional figure for Irish population gives for same number of inhabitants 154,348, or 63,966 more;

and for a like portion of the population of England and Wales, 171,638, or 81,256 more.

While the restrictions on the Irish Local Government Board are unnecessary, they mislead the public, the statesmen, and the officials. Had the highest Irish officials not been restricted by statute, they would, as Englishmen, naturally have extended the rules of the English Poor Law to Ireland, and if those in receipt of relief in Ireland were increased from 90,382 to 171,638, or nearly 100 per cent., a large part of the recent agitation would have been spared. The question of rent would not have been mixed up with the relief of the poor. Mr. Parnell would have been deprived of one basis of his argument, that the poor ought to be a first charge on the land and a first deduction from rent, because the poor would then be in truth and in fact a first charge on the land in Ireland to the same extent as they are a first charge in England and Wales.

Thus the imperfect assimilation of the powers of the Irish to those of the English Local Government Board has led to a serious embarrassment in the present crisis. It is difficult to see on what principle that want of assimilation can be defended. The poor in the three Celtic provinces of Ireland, where they are, in the main, of a different race and most frequently of a different religion from the rich, would be safe if the obligation of the rich to support State charities for their benefit was the same as the rich impose on themselves in England in favour of the poor of their own religious persuasion whom they see in church on Sunday and recognise as equal in the sight of God. But if a different law is to be established for the Celtic provinces of Ireland, and different principle from what exists in England, who is to determine what the difference is to be? If Parliament lays down the principle, that the guardians of the poor in Ireland shall be called by the same name as guardians of the poor in England, the Local Government Board in Ireland shall be called by the same name as that in England; but it shall be established as a law that the guardians shall not give more than half the relief given in England, and the Irish Local Government shall not have power, no matter what the emergency, to relax that law, though the Local Government Board in England have absolute control to relax all rules on poor laws in England—can we be surprised if such a system leads to discontent? The poor only get half the relief, their demands for further relief are addressed not to the guardians of each locality but to the Executive Government, and so the odium and responsibility of appearing to stand in the way of relief is shifted from the guardians to the Executive Government.

Then absentee landlords are deceived. One of the earliest cases of shooting at the employee of a landlord last autumn was that of the agent of an English clergyman who demanded rent with a view

to ejectment, and without it would appear, offering any abatement, though so many resident landlords in Ireland, following the example of the Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Erne, Lord Rathdonnel, Lord Lurgan, Sir Robert Bateson, M.P., and so many others have given abatements. This clergyman no doubt thought that the poor law in Ireland was the same as the poor law in England, that clergymen were eligible to be guardians, that out-door relief could be granted if required, and that as poor rates were a deduction from rent, he need not both reduce his rent and pay poor rates. He refuses the deduction, and thereby gets off with half the support of the poor that he would be liable to in England. His refusal leads to outrage; this is by some ascribed to Irish character. The newspaper writers, and even some eminent statesmen, fasten their whole thoughts on the crime as some characteristic of the Irish race, and so draw off attention from their own responsibility of either being ignorant of the difference of the poor laws, which they were bound to know for a fair consideration of the question, or else in having knowingly maintained an unequal poor law to the injury of the Celtic Irish labourer.

That difference in poor laws leads to crime is not peculiar to Ireland. The criminal statistics of 1877 show in Scotland 2,117 offences against property with violence of the class punishable after trial by jury, whilst the English number in the same population is only 676, or rather less than a third. In malicious offences against property we have the same proportion—151 in Scotland, and the English figure for the same population, 53. The writer who comments on these statistics does not proceed to attack the character of the Scotch people, but he points out a peculiarity of the Scotch Poor Law by which the guardians or parochial boards in Scotland are prohibited from relieving the able-bodied, however serious the distress may be. When the fact of 11,527 fewer being relieved in Scotland than in the same population in England caused the above increase in crime, we need not be surprised if the fact of 81,256 fewer being relieved in Ireland than in the same population in England should in a season of pressure like the present lead to crime.

The way in which the difference between the Irish and English Poor Laws turns up in the recent land agitation appears from the county in which the agitation took the greatest hold being the home of a large number of labourers who migrate from Mayo every year to England for agricultural work. A large body of the small holders in Mayo are really not farmers, but labourers cultivating allotments, and from the wages earned in England their rents have hitherto been paid.

If, through the agricultural depression in England, they have not earned their usual wages, their treatment in such a crisis is a poor law and not a land question. And the number carried this year by

the Midland Great Western Railway for harvest work in England fell from 27,000 to 20,000, involving a loss of £100,000 arising from agricultural depression in England. These Connaught labourers, who spend three or four months a year in England, know how English agricultural labourers are treated under the Poor Law in England. How can they be contented with out-door relief being given to 100,000 more in England, in the same population as in Ireland? They must observe the extreme difference in the treatment of the poor.

Mr. Parnell, referring to the Poor Law Question at a recent meeting, said :—

“Now some time ago the Irish members called on the Government to give help to the people of this country by instituting relief works. How did the Government answer the appeal? They answered it by issuing a circular from their Local Government Board directing the workhouses throughout the country to be swept out, to whitewash the walls, and to disinfect the hospitals.”

What Mr. Parnell here refers to is the state of the Irish Poor Law already noticed—that guardians are restrained by imperial statute from giving out-door relief to able-bodied, unless the workhouse be unfit, through fever or infectious disease, to receive them, or there be not space for them in the workhouse, or any additional workhouses that may be hired. Mr. Parnell is mistaken in blaming the Government or the Irish Local Government Board for this order—they are only carrying out the statute which has been in force since 1847. He and the other Irish members who addressed the Government must share with them the responsibility of having the Statute Law in the state it is in at present, and has been since 1847.

At the last crisis of distress, in 1862, the difference between the Irish and English Poor Law on this very point was publicly pointed out with great clearness in papers read at the Statistical Society of Dublin. It was pointed out again in the address of Dr. Ingram, who was then a vice-president, in 1864; again in a report prepared out of Mr. Thom’s donation for reports, by Mr. William Graham Brooke, and published by the Dublin Statistical Society in 1873.

There was a Committee of the House of Commons last session on the Law of Poor Removals in Ireland, England, and Scotland, with several Irish members upon it, so that the Irish Poor Law was under consideration, and these members cannot escape the responsibility of not having recommended the assimilation when they had the opportunity.

The party in the State who might be expected to be active and vigilant to sweep away at once and for ever all such differences between the laws of Ireland and England as inflict unfair hardships on the Irish people, are the Peelites and Liberals who object to Home Rule, or even to any inquiry into Home Rule. For the only

logical basis on which a Liberal unionist can take his stand against Home Rule is that the Government of the United Kingdom shall be for the future thoroughly intelligent, active, and impartial, so that it shall be impossible for a Celtic Irishman to put his finger on any law where a difference is made to his disadvantage because he is a Celt or Roman Catholic, or because he resides in Ireland.

It must never be forgotten that statesman after statesman, historian after historian, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the reign of Queen Victoria, accounted for the exceptional crimes in Ireland in periods of distress by the character of the people, and it was not until Lord Melbourne employed that most philosophic statesman of our time, the late Sir Cornwall Lewis, to investigate the matter, that the great truth was made plain by a masterly official paper that the want of a Poor Law was the true ultimate cause of the greater part of what was described as agrarian crime in Ireland. Parliament adopted his philosophic solution, and disregarded the denunciations of two centuries of historians, statesmen, and public writers. It decided that it was wise in a United Kingdom to make a commencement of admitting the Irish labourer to the same relation to the State as the English labourer.

Unfortunately it was only a commencement, no right of relief was conferred; then came the sad scenes of the famine, many boards of guardians exercising the discretion that the law had intrusted to them by refusing to give relief.

To meet this failure of duty a right of relief was given to aged and infirm; to widows with two children, and to those suffering from severe sickness or serious accident, but unfortunately no such right was given, as in England, to the able-bodied.

Power, however, was taken to remove boards for not duly and effectually discharging their duties, and no less than thirty-three out of the then number of one hundred and thirty boards of guardians were dissolved, and paid guardians appointed in their places.

The famine passed over, years of prosperity returned; but again in 1860, 1861, and 1862 unfavourable seasons produced distress. Again the Poor Law came under discussion, some slight amendments were made, but complete assimilation was avoided, and emigration increased in the midst of the American Civil War, while the Irish in America had arms in their hands. There can be no doubt that the defective Poor Law and the results of it in 1862 and 1863, when the number requiring relief increased so much, contributed, when the Civil war in America came to an end, to produce the Fenian disturbance in 1867.

Now, again, a pressure greater than 1862 has brought the Poor Law question to the surface once more. Take the Buttevant case.

Sixty-six labourers attend with a petition, ~~accompanied by~~ their parish priest, who appeared to testify to their distress. It was agreed to undertake sanitary works at Ballytevant and other parts of the district to give employment. The men asked for out-door relief till the employment could be given. The guardians had to refuse this, and insist on their coming into the workhouse. The men replied they had families at home destitute, and must return to them. Then the guardians subscribed some money, which was distributed to the men. They wrote to the Local Government for permission to give employment in opening up old roads and other useful works.

This simple narrative brings out all the complication that arises from want of assimilation of the law and want of legislation on a comprehensive principle. The guardians can give employment by way of relief in *supplying* any district with water, but for want of arterial drainage powers they cannot *relieve* any agricultural district from water. Yet, strangely enough, they are, to the exclusion of all town authorities of places with less than six thousand inhabitants, the proper authority to relieve the town district by appropriate sewerage, and they can give employment for this purpose. Again, while the guardians meet once a fortnight, and can meet oftener if necessary, they have not the charge of the roads of their districts, but these are still left to grand juries (proposed to be abolished, and replaced by county boards not yet established) who only meet twice a year, and cannot be summoned on an emergency; and even the grand juries have no control over a number of most useful roads.

When guardians have to relieve men, out of their own pockets, whom they deem destitute, whom English guardians could under similar circumstances relieve out of the rates, the result is to make the Irish Poor Law as to the able-bodied a provision for exempting absentees from their fair share of taxation at the cost of those who stay at home, and who, when real cases of distress are brought before them, have to give relief. The Irish Parliament from time to time passed special taxes and restrictions on absenteeism, but it was reserved for the present generation to have a law in favour of absentees. All this would be obviated by simply making the guardians a complete local authority for all roads not under grand juries and all neglected arterial drainages, and by giving them the same discretion as to the expenditure of local rates in relief that English guardians have had since 1844. If the guardians were enabled to borrow interest for three years as well as principal for relief works, no immediate burden would be created.

This simple reform would get over another anomaly, likely to crop up at some eviction. In the journal of the late Mr. Senior, the English political economist, published in 1869, he quotes the state-

ment of an agent in the county of Roscommon, the adjoining county to Mayo, where the Balla meeting was held:—

"The great agent which is clearing Ireland is the Poor Law. The landlord finds that an overpeopled estate is a burden not to society at large, but to himself individually. He reconciles himself to the apparent harshness of eviction by sending notice to the relieving officer, and having taken the precaution pointed out to him by law, clears his estate and holds the law responsible for the consequence."

An effort was made to check this effect of the Poor Law, by the passing in 1848 of an Act 11 & 12 Vic. c. 47, entitled "An Act for the protection and relief of the destitute poor evicted from their dwellings in Ireland." The Act made the practice of unroofing a dwelling for the purpose of dispossessing the occupier while in it a misdemeanour. It required notice to be given to the relieving officer of an eviction, and enabled the parties evicted to apply for relief, and required the relieving officer to provide shelter for such persons by an order for the workhouse, if there be room therein, and by conveying them thereto, or by affording out-door relief in food, lodging, and medicine. After the next meeting of the board of guardians the right of the evicted, if able-bodied, to this kind of relief ceases. The guardians have power to give out-door relief to them for one month, but after one month (though the demand for agricultural labour is suspended for several months in winter) the power of the guardians to give out-door relief to them as evicted persons is taken away, and they cannot give them such relief unless they fall within the classes to whom out-door relief may be given.

Now, why should the Imperial Parliament deprive, not only the guardians, but the Irish Local Government Board, of all discretion of dealing with delicate cases of this kind? Why have rigid rules been laid down by statute with the risk of cases of extreme harshness occurring, and throwing on the gentlemen who reside at home, and do their duty as guardians, the odium of being the instruments to carry out the law which even the Irish Local Government Board and the Lord Lieutenant have not the power to modify, as the English Local Government Board would have in a similar case in England. The responsibility for this state of the law does not rest on any single party in the State, it is really a social question.

Lord Beaconsfield's Government had the whole Irish Poor Law question before them in dealing with the demand for union rating, on, the principle of extending that good measure passed for the protection of the labouring classes in England to Ireland. Unfortunately they took a narrow view; they departed from the principle of assimilation on this vital point, and so missed the great opportunity of securing the contentment of the Irish poor, and of strengthening the central Government by establishing a thoroughly

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equal Poor Law, so that they might say with truth to the labourers of this United Kingdom—"No matter whether you live the whole year in Mayo or in Lincolnshire, or spend the winter with your family in Mayo and work for the English farmer in summer, your relation to the State in any sorrow, sickness, or other adversity that overtakes you, shall be the same. No temptation to disturb you from your houses in seasons of distress shall exist in one country that does not exist in the other, through establishing and maintaining narrow areas of taxation for relief to stimulate a cupidity injurious to the commonwealth."

In disregarding the principle of assimilation they missed another act of gracious atonement that would have had a salutary effect at the present crisis. While Sir Cornewall Lewis's State paper in 1837 was so potent in persuading the Imperial Parliament to pass a Poor Law for Ireland, it must not be forgotten that it was to an Irish Roman Catholic ecclesiastical statesman—the celebrated Bishop Doyle—we are indebted for the earliest and ablest exposition of the necessity of a Poor Law for Ireland, so far back as 1825. Parliament granted the concession to his advocacy, but annexed to the grant the condition that no clergyman should be a guardian.

At that time the Church ministers of the majority of the Scotch people were, in every parish, *ex officio* members of the local Poor Law authority in Scotland. In England the clergy were also eligible, but in Ireland their exclusion was adopted. The official reason given for it by Sir George Nichols has long since passed away; it was that some clergy of the Established Church were land agents and magistrates as well as clergymen. Soon afterwards a rule was made that no clergymen discharging clerical duties should be put in the commission of the peace. When the famine came and one-fourth of the lay guardians in Ireland were dismissed for not carrying out the Poor Law, clergymen were the most active on the temporary relief committees. Parliament did not, however, learn the lesson which the necessity of dismissing so many laymen conveyed; did not remove the disability of clergymen, and give the poor the same rights as in England. Both before 1838 and since clergymen have been nominated by the Crown in Ireland as governors of asylums for the insane. In England and Scotland the effect of cumulative voting has been to secure their election on the School Boards, the majority of the board in Edinburgh being clergymen. Now why should Boards of Guardians mean in England a body to which clergymen may be elected, and in Ireland a body from which they are excluded? The result is, we have the clergy on deputations and on the platform and through the press expressing their opinions, with recriminations from the press as to whether they are or are not in their proper place. Would it not be much wiser and better to have them seated in the board-

room without a grievance, than ten years after religious equality was ostensibly conceded to Ireland have them on the platform with a logical grievance that no Liberal unionist can answer?

When Sir M. H. Beach intrusted Irish Boards of Guardians with the duty of aiding primary education, he no doubt overlooked the fact that the two bodies bearing the same names in England and Ireland were differently constituted, and the failure of his plan arose in part from this cause.

This minute diversity of law resting on accident and no deep principle, is peculiarly fatal to good government. English peers and members are selected as Lord-Lieutenants and Chief Secretaries. How can they learn that the same words have different meanings in Irish and English institutions? How can they learn the differences in the laws they have to administer and reform? The differences are nowhere stated; it has been proposed by an accomplished Irish official that there should be prepared an exact statement of all the differences between the laws of Ireland and those of England somewhat like Paterson's Book for England and Scotland.

While Parliament has provided for nearly all those evicted in the three provinces of Connaught, Leinster, and Munster, where the Celts form the mass of the occupying population, by the rigid provisions of the Evicted Tenantry Act of 1848, very different provisions have been made for tenants evicted for non-payment of rent on the great bulk of the estates in Ulster, where tenant-right is recognised, and the estates in the other provinces where the same system of incoming payments are adopted. Take the description of Ulster tenant-right given just before it was legalised by the Land Act by a resident nobleman, the Earl of Erne:—

“ I think as far as it is possible that every tenant on my estate may call his farm his castle so long as he conducts himself honestly, quietly, and industriously; and should he wish to leave and find a better landlord, I allow him to sell his farm provided he please me in a tenant.”

Then after mentioning voluntary changes of possession, he mentions one where the tenant was obliged to leave, but with a very bad house and badly cultivated land of thirty acres he nevertheless got £200 to go away, and Lord Erne got in his place a good, solvent, and improving tenant.

The result of Parliament approving and sanctioning this system is that where an Ulster tenant is ejected or obliged to leave, even for non-payment of rent, he still gets something to tide him over his difficulties, to take him to some centre of employment for himself and his family; the changes of farms go on voluntarily from the bankrupt to the solvent without forcible evictions; and the provisions

of the Evicted Tenantry Act are not brought into operation where the Ulster custom prevails.

It is a source of discontent to the Celtic occupiers of the three southern provinces that in this year of pressure they have not the same protection as the Anglo-Saxon occupiers in Ulster and the Celts who dwell on the same estates with them where the Ulster custom is recognised. For the compensation for disturbances provided by the Land Act in case of evictions cannot be granted by the judge for eviction for non-payment of rent, even of an unabated rent when all the surrounding estates are granting abatements. So the Celts of the three southern provinces have neither English Poor Law nor Ulster customs to protect them; accordingly it is where the migratory character of the labouring population is greatest, as in Mayo, that the agitation is strongest: out of the 20,000 harvest labourers who travelled up by the Midland Great Western line on their way to England for harvest work in 1879, 15,000 came from stations in Mayo. And it is upon the Mayo labourers chiefly that the loss of £100,000 has fallen from 7,000 fewer labourers this year being employed in England, to say nothing of the lesser wages the 20,000 have brought home.

Where the Ulster custom is recognised there is little or no agitation. The Ulster custom is as much in favour with the great proprietors now ten years after the passing of the Land Act, as it was when Lord Erne made his statement in 1868. The Marquis of Conyngham has great estates in Clare, in Meath, and in Donegal. On the recent vacancy in the representation of the latter county by Mr. Wilson's death, his son the Earl of Mountcharles was for a short time a candidate, and his address contains this passage:—

“I am prepared to advocate such an amendment of the Land Act as will free the old custom of Ulster Tenant-right from all arbitrary restrictions, and in short legalise universally the practice which has always existed on my father's estates in Donegal.”

Here, then, we have the heir of large estates in three provinces proposing a large and comprehensive solution of the Irish land difficulty—to take up the custom which has grown up amongst the Anglo-Saxon occupiers in Ulster, arising partly out of the usual practice of the tenants in Ireland to make the permanent improvements which in England and Scotland are made by the landlord, and partly from consideration for the tenants. Out of this has arisen a partnership and a goodwill, and a right of disposal of the tenant's interest in the holding subject to the landlord's approval. This tenant right, resembling in some characteristics peasant proprietorship, has worked well; it leads to thrift and accumulation of money, as no one can get a holding without money, the solvent buying in and the improvident selling out in time, before all is lost, with

something to tide over the depression till a new start in life is made.

The difference between the tenant right and other districts in Ireland has been made the subject of elaborate research ever since the comprehensive inquiry and Report of the Land Occupation Commission of 1844. In an official report in 1866 there is a calculation made showing the relative proportion of police and soldiers in the North Riding of Tipperary, where there was the least recognition of anything approaching to tenant right, and in the same population in Londonderry, where tenant right was generally respected. The numbers were 537 police and 604 soldiers, or 1 in 17 of the adult male population between 20 and 60 years of age under arms. In Londonderry, in an equal population, there were only 90 police and 70 soldiers, or 1 in every 142 under arms. Beyond the charge for extra police to the local rates, the police in the North Riding of Tipperary in 1866 cost the general taxpayers £19,058 a year, besides the £42,128 for soldiers beyond the cost of police and soldiers for the same population in Londonderry.

That was in 1866. In 1878 the number of police in Ireland was about double the number in proportion to population in England; hence the cost is about £500,000 a year more, and this owing to the form in which Ireland was compensated for free trade, comes almost entirely from the general taxpayer. When the general taxpayers of the United Kingdom spend £500,000 on extra police, and probably £1,000,000 more in soldiers, it is important to consider whether any of this arises from maintaining a different land law from what is in operation in the Ulster tenant-right districts, and a different Poor Law from what has existed in England since 1844, especially when the latter want of assimilation has the effect of allowing only half the deduction from the rent of absentees to be made from what is made in England for poor rates, while the bulk of Irish land is exempt from the contribution to education to which land is liable in England and Scotland.

It may be said that Mr. Parnell and the Home Rulers do not put this view forward. Home Rulers would say they had been afraid to press compulsory education, for fear of having compulsory secularism ultimately forced on the people. When the most moderate and, as the Home Rulers would say, most Whig of the Roman Catholic party, the O'Conor Don, asked for a Roman Catholic University, supported by the great body of Roman Catholic members, something different was granted, and the favour to the Roman Catholics was mixed up with offence to the Presbyterians by the breaking up of the Queen's University. Then the Roman Catholics were to be united in the same University with Queen's Colleges that had been the subject of protest and objection.

As to asking for the extension of tenant right to the rest of Ireland, they might observe that when the Protestant tenants of Ulster induced such influential Protestant members as the Marquis of Hamilton, Lord Edwin Hill Trevor, Captain Corry, Mr. Mulholland, and Mr. Chaine, to bring in a Bill in 1878 for the amendment of some defects in tenant right, and obtained the support for it of the Chief Secretary Mr. Lowther, and it passed the House of Commons without a division, the Bill was, nevertheless, thrown out in the House of Lords by a majority of twenty-five to eight. The representatives of the Celtic tenants in the three Southern Provinces were thus discouraged from expecting redress till after the general election. The Ulster Protestant members with Viscount Castlereagh taking the place of Mr. Chaine did not fare better in the Session of 1879. The Bill was re-introduced on the 18th of June, but was withdrawn on the 9th of July without being pressed. Movements of this kind have in the sensitive state of Irish feeling since 1873 an effect which those who take part in them do not at all sufficiently appreciate. Here we have a number of influential Irish Protestant members re-asserting the grievance that Anglo-Saxon tenants in Ulster are suffering from; yet by withdrawing their Bill giving an appearance of still greater difficulty in obtaining a prompt remedy for what they conceded to be an injustice in 1879 than they found in 1878.

With regard to the questions that have turned up in agitation, the most important is the reduction in rent, and it is only justice to Irish proprietors to state that amongst the earliest if not the very earliest reduction of rent was that made by the Earl of Erne (who gave such a favourable description of the tenant right on his estate in 1868), and announced by him so far back as July last, long before a single meeting was held. This example has been followed by many Irish resident noblemen and other proprietors, and by the Irish Lord Chancellor, and the Receiver Land Judge as to estates in Chancery.

The violence of the language used by some of the speakers it is unnecessary to dwell upon, as it has been made the subject of a state prosecution. It is however important to consider what light is thrown by what is passing in Ireland since the agitation commenced upon any proposals for dealing with any branches of Irish affairs that are actually pending in Parliament. The most prominent of these was the resolution which Mr. Shaw Lefevre carried last Session in the Commons.

"That in the view of the importance of a considerable addition to the owners of land in Ireland among the class of persons cultivating the soil, it is expedient that legislation should be adopted without further delay for increasing the facilities proposed for this object by the Irish Land Act 1870; and for securing to the tenants of the land offered for sale the opportunities for purchase, consistently with the interest of the owners thereof."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that this question was occupying the attention of Government, and asked to have the proposal withdrawn, stating at the same time that they would not oppose it if pressed. This was on the 2nd of May, but no Bill was introduced by the Government, though their University Education Ireland Bill was introduced two months later on 30th June, and was passed before Parliament rose. A case occurred in the vacation to illustrate the disadvantage to a large body of tenants by this delay. The Earl of Mountcharles, in his address to the electors of Donegal, at the beginning of November, states:—

“I will also support such an extension and simplification of the ‘Bright’ clauses of the Act as will facilitate the purchase of their holdings by tenants. My father is at this moment engaged in carrying out this object on his estate in Clare.”

He refers to the Marquis of Conyngham having filed a petition for the sale of an estate of 28,000 acres in Clare with about one thousand tenants. His Lordship having experience of the successful working of the Ulster tenant-right in Donegal with tenants purchasing their holdings there, is anxious that his Clare tenants should all have a chance of buying their farms, but they are asked by the Court for their answers in January, and asked to offer twenty-two years’ purchase of the moderate rental at which they hold. Now had the Government passed the Bill called for by Mr. Shaw Lefevre’s resolution which was adopted by the House of Commons on 2nd of May, those tenants would only have a fourth instead of a third of the purchase-money to provide in this hard year, and would have had the benefit of the other facilities recommended by the select committee, but now they have to come to a decision before the meeting of Parliament, and even if the promised Government Bill should pass they may be shut out from its benefits by the delay.

The old maxim “he gives double who gives quickly,” and that which rests on higher authority, “that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver,” usually applied to private charity only, are as applicable to the prompt carrying out of remedial legislation in its effect in allaying discontent. When we find that the proposition which Mr. Lefevre carried in the House of Commons last May, and which was the result of two years’ careful investigation before a Select Committee, is as cordially accepted by large Irish proprietors like the Marquis of Conyngham and his son, the Earl of Mountcharles, as it has been at so many popular meetings, a strong case is made out for prompt legislation. As this wise reform was worked out and promised before the commencement of the agitation, its adoption would be no concession to the effect of agitation, but simply allowing a previous good resolve not to be delayed or thwarted through temper or irritation.

The fact of agitation turning so much on rent, and the Government valuation being so confidently referred to by both tenants and landlords, reveals a danger which the State has been drawn into by the defective policy already referred to, of disregarding the principle of assimilation of laws for a united kingdom, and embarking upon or continuing exceptional laws for Ireland without any sufficient reason to justify the exception.

In 1838 it was decided that the valuation for the new Poor Law in Ireland should be on the same principle as the valuation for Poor Law in England, that it would follow observed letting, and not attempt to guide value; and on this principle the whole of Ireland was valued between 1838 and 1844. As to buildings, that principle has been ever since followed, and the valuation of them is annually revised, and everything else is conducted substantially on the English model. In 1852 a different method was introduced as to agricultural and pastoral holdings. This consisted in applying to this part of the Poor Law taxation of Ireland an antiquated Irish method of valuation for road and county rates called, in Ireland, Grand Jury Cess, which went on the principle of attempting to fix what the value of land ought to be, with reference to the average prices of several articles of agricultural produce set out in the Act. Whilst the prices were prescribed, the proportion in which each article was to be used in calculating value, was not, as in the College leases and some other leases, prescribed. Then the Commissioner of Valuation was directed by the Act to "take all peculiar local circumstances into consideration;" but how he was to do this, or how he was to be checked in doing it, was not prescribed.

The articles, in addition to butter, beef, mutton, and pork, the prices of which were taken as the basis of the valuation of 1852, consisted of the following four crops—wheat, oats, barley, and flax. These crops were estimated by Mr. Thom, in 1870, as worth, respectively, £1,582,000, £6,866,000, £1,492,000, and £1,969,000, or £11,909,000 in all; but the potato crop alone was estimated by Mr. Thom at £12,655,000, or more than the four crops taken together, and yet the price of potatoes is excluded from the Irish Tenement Valuation of 1852, though included in the earlier one of 1836.

The Act contains a more serious omission; there is nothing said about having regard to variations in the general rate of wages. Now, there is not anything which has such an effect on the rent of land as a rise in wages, for rent is the surplus which the produce of land yields after defraying the cost of production. In all holdings, but especially in small ones, human labour is one large element in the cost of production, and an increase of wages of one hundred per cent. or more, such as has taken place in Ireland in some districts,

affects as much, by way of deduction, the true rent that can be paid without hardship, as a rise of prices affects it by way of increase. It is inconvenient in the struggle of classes which has arisen in Ireland to have a valuation referred to as "the Government valuation," which is not the English system or the Scotch system, and which is not the Irish system applied to merchants and inhabitants in towns, or to buildings in the country, but is an agricultural system of valuing land peculiar to Ireland, dating from the rather early period of 1826, and which, by omitting potatoes and wages, is so calculated to mislead in a crisis like the present.

In the session of 1877 there was a great opportunity of getting rid of this dangerous anomaly in Irish affairs. The Treasury, represented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Local Government Board, introduced an English Valuation of Property Bill, the chief object of which was to bring about a uniformity of assessment in England and Wales. Some Scotch members tried to modify the Bill to secure uniformity with Scotland, and when they failed they introduced a Scotch Valuation Bill.

Then the Treasury, represented by Mr. Smith and the President of the Irish Local Government Board, introduced an Irish Valuation Bill, following neither the English nor Scotch precedent, but the antiquated Irish system I have described, and so a great opportunity of assimilation was lost. The English Bill was read a second time by a majority of 214 to 27, though afterwards withdrawn; so the opinion of Parliament on the principle involved in it is nearly unanimous. Why, then, not extend the principle of it to Ireland? The Irish Bill was before Parliament for a whole session, but never got beyond first reading, and was ultimately dropped. The English Bill was brought in again in 1878 and in 1879, and in both cases made some progress in committee without passing, but the Irish Bill has not been reintroduced since.

The Irish valuation was not an institution of popular growth, or that enlisted any popular feeling in its favour. The principle of it was adopted in 1826, before Roman Catholics were allowed to sit in Parliament, and before the Reform Acts of 1832. It was only an old official solution of a question that had happened to get under way before the more scientific and correct English solution of 1834 for the new Poor Law was adopted by the State. No doubt it may be said the Irish members did not ask for assimilation in this respect; but then it is to be recollect that it is the duty of all Unionists—Conservatives as well as Liberal, and above all the duty of government departments—to vigilantly watch every opportunity of assimilation against which no just reason can be shown.

The Irish tenement or government valuation of 1852 is as little fitted for determining rent, according to the legal relation of the

parties since the Land Act of 1870, as it is to determine a fair rent, or rent on scientific principles, for the obvious reason that the legal ownership of improvements was unsettled in 1852, and the presumption of law in Ireland is now different from what then prevailed, and has a retrospective operation. The valuation includes all farm buildings and certain specific tenants' improvements, if made more than seven years before valuation or revision, and includes other tenants' improvements. If the valuation were revised up to date, on the existing principles of the Act, and were right in other respects, it would, if taken as a conclusive guide, lead to a demand for rent that would confiscate the tenants' improvements.

That the existing valuation which the tenants appeal to does not do this, arises partly from the accident that the valuations have never since they were made been revised as to the total value of land in a townland. If a revision was ordered on the existing Act, the valuator would be bound to include all tenants' improvements to the extent stated, and if a rent was based on this confiscation would follow. So no judge could use the revised valuation as a guide to a reasonable rent under the Land Act, nor can they use the existing valuation for such a purpose without going into the question of tenants' improvements in each particular case. For to refer to it as a general and safe guide for rent, without such an allowance, would be in plain disregard of the express terms of either the Land Act or the Valuation Act.

Added to these difficulties are the popular fallacies so prevalent in what is said and written on the subject. One of these is, that the existing government valuation is on a uniform standard for the different unions in Ireland, although there is an official parliamentary return showing the contrary to be the case. Another is that of assuming that the existing tenement valuation is the same as Sir Richard Griffiths's, under the earlier Act of 1836, as to which he gave evidence in 1843, while the earlier valuation was on a different scale of prices, and included potatoes.

Why should the Imperial Government be involved in all this detail and complication on such a hot question as the amount of rent and amount of deductions has become? Why not confine valuation for taxation, as in England, to the simple purpose of observing what value is, as indicated by sales of lands, new lettings, sales of tenants' interests, and valuations of tenants' interests, without attempting the grand rôle of indicating, and as it were dictating, what rent should be?

His principles of assimilation would also secure the prompt completion of the organization, on the most approved English and Scotch models, of our local tribunals and local offices, in which the small holders and the labouring classes are so much concerned. It is in

these that the true remedy is to be found for the excessive interest of money-all small holders of land have to pay on any emergency. As there is £30,000,000 of Irish capital lying at 1 per cent. in the banks, it is the defective state of the law, and not any want of capital, that causes this high rate of interest. This grievance will not be remedied by any amount of abuse of the money-lenders, who have to cover the risk the defective state of law imposes upon them.

What is wanted for Ireland, from a Liberal Unionist point of view, is religious equality made complete, equal educational advantages and privileges with Great Britain, equal Poor Laws with England, localization of jurisdiction carried to the same extent as in England and Scotland, and the assimilation which has been commenced in the Criminal Code to be carried out vigorously and actively on Sir Robert Peel's principles throughout the whole law, so as to have one law for the United Kingdom, except for specified cases with reasons stated.

The fact of land in Ireland being so largely held by small occupiers ought to be recognised as a reason not only for what Parliament has already sanctioned, by way of facilitating such occupiers in purchasing their farms by the amendment of the Bright clauses, but also for giving such small holders cheap local facilities for the registration and transfer of their interests when purchased, and allowing them to treat their interests as personal property, just as railway interests in land are treated. The Ulster tenant-right custom should be extended to the rest of Ireland with the like local facilities for dealing with all local interests under it.

In the matter of local government there is room for great development. If the cumulative voting principle of election be adopted for the existing local authorities, where both property and numbers are represented, with a slight modification authorities could be constituted in every union and town district in Ireland, to which might be intrusted, by order of the Irish Local Government Board, all the powers any local authority has acquired or may acquire in England or Scotland. So that there shall now and hereafter be, without the ruinous cost of private bills, in every district in Ireland, as much local government as there is in a like district in England and Scotland.

Such are the principles which every Englishman and Scotchman can join with Liberal Unionists in Ireland in recommending for adoption, as likely to secure the contentment of the Irish people.

W. NEILSON HANCOCK.

MR. GLADSTONE.

A good many plausible objections may be brought against the practice of publishing the lives of eminent men while they are still living. For one thing the subject is incomplete. It is not an entire life. Four acts of the drama have been performed, but the fifth has yet to come, and it would be rash to say that it will not affect the estimate to be put upon the whole. To assume that the hero of the piece has played himself out, or that he will do nothing inconsistent with the general tenor of his past life, is to take liberties with age and underrate the possibilities of human nature. Such lives, moreover, are seldom impartial. We are allowed to see but one side of the shield. The virtues commemorated are sure to be drawn larger than life-size, and doubtful qualities to be tenderly veiled or left unnoticed. But even on these terms the hero himself has some claim to be considered, for any full recital of his past actions must expose him to inconveniences for which the partiality of his biographer is no compensation. It is indeed an intrepid thing to present a man with a history of himself in two volumes octavo. It is like dismissing him from the world before his time, and begging him to take with him under his arm the judgment of posterity. To bring within a readable compass and to place under his eyes so many of the thoughts and doings of seventy years, seems like intruding upon the functions sometimes ascribed to memory in the life to come. Hence contemporary biographies are seldom satisfactory reading to anybody, though when they are thrown in our way we may perhaps use them with a good conscience. The victim is generally able to dispense with pity, and may have been induced to submit willingly to his captors in the hope of modifying a calamity which he cannot wholly avert.

We trust that Mr. Barnett Smith will not construe these remarks too literally, or that he will at least credit us with large reservations in his favour. He has written a book which cannot fail to be acceptable to a large number of readers, and he is so far fortunate that faults of method and occasional infelicities of composition are lost in the attractiveness of his theme. He gives us with adequate fulness and in consecutive order the principal facts of Mr. Gladstone's life, together with analyses of his budgets, summaries of his speeches, and some account in outline of his larger essays. A diligent reader, with a library and plenty of time at his disposal, would be able to get these facts for himself; but he will be grateful to Mr. Smith for saving him the trouble. Some incidents might have

been related at greater length. We would gladly have exchanged, for example, a long description of Mount Etna for a better account of Mr. Gladstone's visit to the Ionian Isles as Lord High Commissioner. The life of a statesman is usually wanting in the picturesque, and it is therefore a pity that so good an opportunity for exhibiting the ceremonial side of Mr. Gladstone's character was thrown away. But these defects will not lessen the worth of the book to those who will be most anxious to procure it—those whose personal recollections extend to only a small part of Mr. Gladstone's life, and who wish to acquaint themselves with the beginnings of a career which has gathered into it so much of the public life of England. They know^d there was a period when he could be accurately described, in the well-worn quotation from Lord Macaulay, "as the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories" who abhorred "the cautious temper and moderate opinions of Sir Robert Peel." They know him now, or fancy they know him, as a Radical leader of a special but advanced type, as a statesman who has abolished one of our State churches, and is credited with no excessive unwillingness to abolish another, as a politician who, when moderate politicians appear to be at a premium, is viewed with suspicion as hardly moderate enough for politic combinations, and is so viewed, not by "stern and unbending Tories," but by the representatives of the revolution of 1832, whom such Tories would regard with greater horror than they did Sir Robert Peel.

Mr. Gladstone seems to be more in advance of the moderate Liberal of to-day than he was in the rear of the moderate Tories of forty years ago. The transformation is prodigious. His younger contemporaries naturally want to know how he passed from one extreme to the other. They may also be curious to find out how much he retains of his former self, and whether it may not be some remnant of it that makes him in many respects different from other Liberals. To such inquirers Mr. Barnett Smith's book will be of great assistance. He does not attempt to solve problems, but he supplies the means of solving them.

The trouble a dutiful biographer generally takes with his hero's lineage is often amusing, but it bears testimony to the importance of ancestry as a contributor to personal character. Whether it has been noble or not may matter little, but whether it has been distinguished for healthiness, probity, and worth must matter much. A man owes a great deal to his race, and there is a sense in which he may be said to have nothing that he has not received. Even the capital item of the will, which determines so much besides, seems to be dependent upon conditions which formed part of the ~~nat~~ stock. Unfortunately, the way in which the lines of our intellectual lineage converge in the production of a given character is a part of genealogy which eludes

research. But ancestry tells upon us in another way, besides that of descent. In most families there is a body of tradition which is handed down from father to son, sometimes scanty in its details, sometimes rich and full, but always clothed with moral power. There are family myths, always tending towards a poetic form, and modified as they pass from one generation to another. In this region of private life there still occur some of the conditions of primitive times when there were no written records and all history was tradition. These family recollections supply the atmosphere in which the young plants begin to grow and from which they derive their first nourishment. The influence they exert has the start of the outer world, it acts upon the mind when it is most susceptible, and perhaps produces its most important results by means of unremembered impressions. Occasionally the household lore acts with an external force in later years, and in a way of which the mind is fully conscious. Instances abound in royal histories in which the great man of the episode was nerved to great exploits, or launched upon a new career, by remembering who his fathers were ; and humbler lives are open to the same experience.

The Gladstone family had its traditions. There was the ancient home of the race in Upper Clydesdale, and there were the shadows of two estates, certainly held in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and parted with two centuries ago. There figure next a couple of maltsters, father and son, settled at Biggar, in the county of Lanark—substantial, prosperous, pious men, one of them a Kirk elder and active in public affairs. Their occupation seems to have become hereditary. The later generations of the family have all had to do with corn, either as maltsters, millers, or dealers. One of them settled as a corn merchant at Leith, and his son, Mr. Gladstone's father, while on an errand to Liverpool to sell a cargo of grain, lighted by his merits upon the opening which proved to be the road to fortune. We may infer to a certainty that the business virtues, integrity, clear-sightedness, enterprise, prudence, thrift, characterized them all. They were probably hale in body and mind, and most of them had large families. So far the household traditions are clad in russet and run in a homely track, but they ally themselves at last with a heritage of romance. Mr. Gladstone's mother was a Robertson of Dingwall, and the unimpeachable Sir Bernard Burke supplies the lady with a pedigree from Henry III. of England and Bruce of Bannockburn. Having gone so far back, it was almost perverse of the intrepid genealogist to stop short of the Conquest.

Far more important are the political associations of Mr. Gladstone's boyhood. His father, Mr. John Gladstone, had risen to be a great merchant, trafficking with all parts of the world, and possessing large sugar plantations in Demerara. In politics he was a disciple

of Canning. He took a leading part in Mr. Canning's first election for Liverpool. The "chairing" procession stopped at his door, and Mr. Gladstone, then three years old, no doubt saw it pass the window. Perhaps he may have listened to the eloquent speech which the new member made from the balcony above. Between Mr. John Gladstone and Mr. Canning a warm friendship grew up, which lasted till the statesman's death. Mr. John Gladstone seems to have imbibed most of Mr. Canning's views, and as he accustomed his son from the age of twelve to talk with him on politics, the latter began his political education early. A rough parallel may be drawn between those times and ours. Mr. Canning took a warm interest in the Greeks. He negotiated a treaty with France and Russia to keep the Turks in check and secure to Greece the opportunity of becoming free. Mr. John Gladstone lent a helping hand to his friend in the Cabinet, and presided at a meeting held in Liverpool to "consider the best means of assisting the Greeks to obtain their independence." The "struggling nationalities" of those days were the Spanish colonies eager to cast off the yoke of the mother country, with Mr. Canning ready to help them as a counter-stroke to the schemes of the Holy Alliance, the "league of the three Emperors." But while a friend to freedom abroad, Mr. Canning saw no need for strengthening it at home; and his most brilliant speech against parliamentary reform was made to the Liverpool electors. For seven impressible years Mr. Gladstone had the principles of Mr. Canning recommended to him by his father's approbation and example; and if he took upon himself any political vows at the family altar, they would probably inspire him with a fourfold wish, confusion to the Turk, independence for the Greek, freedom all the world over, and no reforms at home.

Mr. Gladstone had Archdeacon Jones of Liverpool as his first "preceptor." In 1821 he was sent to Eton, where he remained till 1827. This is not the place for discussing the merits or demerits of the method of study prescribed at Eton, but when we remember that Mr. Gladstone spent six years of his life there, and that when he left he was within five years of his entrance upon his parliamentary career, it cannot be deemed unimportant to ascertain how much it contributed towards his intellectual equipment, and what particular faculties of the mind it helped to train and stimulate. The instruction given at Eton was wholly classical. There was none in any branch of mathematics, nor in any of the physical, metaphysical, or moral sciences. Not one of the modern languages was taught in the school. Of English history and literature a boy knew no more than he chose to pick up for himself. Political economy he might not know even by name. The art of thinking, or whether there was such an art, or that there were any methods to which all sound

reasoning must conform, was a discovery he had to make by the use of his own wits. Even in classics the field of culture was narrow. The *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, and Horace constituted the regular course of study, except in the head-master's division, where the tragedians were included. Mr. J. D. Lewis, who was at Eton twenty years later, gives a long list of famous authors of whom an Eton boy never heard. Holidays were frequent, and the hours spent in class did not average more than eleven a week. On the whole it seems likely that a boy might pass through his whole course at Eton, and acquit himself well at every step, and yet be unable to pass an examination like that now prescribed for the junior boys of the middle classes.

The six years Mr. Gladstone spent at Eton were therefore devoted exclusively to Greek and Latin. Within the compass of three poets, one of them writing before the dawn of history, he had to acquire that knowledge of men and things which was to fit him for his future career. Ardent natures, of course, were not to be confined within these rich but narrow pastures. They went out and foraged for themselves. But what they learned in these voluntary excursions lacked the stamp of scholastic authority. It belonged to departments of knowledge with which, on the accredited testimony of the Eton masters, it was not necessary for them to be acquainted. But this narrow range of teaching had its good side. Probably nothing is better fitted to bring all the powers of the mind into contemporaneous play. Perception, comparison, judgment, fancy, imagination, are exercised in every sentence. At the same time the habit of transferring ideas from one language to another strengthens the faculty of expression, and familiarity with the choicest conceptions of the best intellects refines the taste. Classical reading develops a logic of its own—a logic of insight and sympathy, an intellectual divination which moves in advance, quickening one idea after another, exhausting the force of an epithet, mastering the meaning of an entire passage, and then presenting it to the mind like a group of statuary. Discipline like this is surely of a high order. It does not convey much knowledge, and what it does convey may be useless or misleading, since it relates to states of society which have passed away; but it furnishes the mind with plenty of pictures—a most valuable acquisition—while the mind itself is made a very lithe instrument fit for any kind of work. Nevertheless it is irredeemably defective on the side of knowledge, and the means of obtaining knowledge, since it supplies no regulative principles. It is a discipline which leaves the mind the sport of error, unable even to guess at the road which leads to outside truth.

The brightest intellects at Eton naturally blossomed into literature. Six years' continuous study of two or three of the master-works of

antiquity supplied them with a profusion of vivid ideas, and enabled them to describe, perhaps only too eloquently, all they saw and felt. If the knowledge derived from their studies had but little practical value, it was full of quickening properties. It fired the imagination, fostered noble sentiments, and drew to itself all within its reach of the history and literature of the day. These youthful minds, bred in leisure, free from care, and accustomed to regard the world only as a theatre for generous ambitions, were ignorant of "social problems," and had found no occasion for wrestling with unmanageable truths. But they were sensible that a time was coming when they would have to say something for themselves, and their busy thoughts craved utterance. So they took to writing essays and verses. Mr. Gladstone helped to start the *Eton Miscellany*. Canning, Hookham Frere, and Mackworth Praed had started publications of the same stamp; and to become editors and publishers for the sake of becoming authors was one of the established traditions of Eton. It will surprise no one to be informed that to the *Miscellany* which Mr. Gladstone set on foot Mr. Gladstone was the most voluminous contributor. He wrote, among other papers, "A View of Lethe" in prose, and "Richard Cœur de Lion" in verse, asking, among other things in the course of this performance—

" Who foremost now the deadly spear to dart,
And strike the javelin to the Moslem's heart?"—

a sanguinary anticipation of the "bag and baggage" proposal of later years. In the second volume of the *Miscellany* there were no fewer than seventeen of Mr. Gladstone's contributions, including "Guatimozin's Death Song," after the manner of Byron, and an "Ode to the Memory of Wat Tyler." He also wrote an essay on "Eloquence," some passages in which, referring to the gauntlet which a young orator had to run at St. Stephen's, suggest that perhaps he was already thinking of his maiden speech.

Mr. Gladstone is described as "A statesman and man of letters." All the world recognises him as the first, and he has a fair claim to be considered the second. In a real, though not perhaps in a very broad sense of the word, Mr. Gladstone is a man of letters, and within the limits he has chosen his devotion to literature is intense. Within the circle of humane letters, perhaps poetry has had the greatest charms for him, and Homer above all other poets. Few men know the Iliad better. He knows it not merely as a work of art, but as an anatomist knows the human body. He is familiar with every epithet, every metaphor, every turn of expression. It has been to him what the earth's crust is to the geologist. He has brought to bear upon it the keenest observation and the most patient experiment; he has treated it inductively and deductively, and

announced his discoveries with an enthusiasm like that which Pascal felt when he had established the principle of the barometer. The Iliad has brought him into contact with a group of cognate studies, in the pursuit of which he has been guided less by the rules of scientific research than by the dominating influence of Homer. He probably took to the Iliad a good deal of the same sort of material that he found there, thus adding fuel to fire. The work was congenial to begin with, and his lifelong devotion to it strengthened the intellectual characteristics which made it congenial. Hence the tendency he has always shown to catch the poetic side of every great movement and every great event, and the poetic ardour which enables him to hold in a state of fusion, and to throw into attractive forms, the most prosaic and most unmanageable materials of discussion. Hence, too, his quick susceptibility to popular emotion, and to whatever touches or stimulates the national mind. Like one of his Homeric heroes, his soul takes fire when he hears the noise of shouting in the camp and the clattering of spears and shields. He owes it to his poetic sensitiveness that he is one of the most sympathetic of politicians. Poetical sympathies are certainly not infallible in politics, but in great emergencies they are often surer guides than the average conclusions of the intellect. For poetic feeling is a form of truth, and reasons well though it dispenses with the syllogism.

Some who boast of being practical politicians are at no pains to conceal their contempt for the "literary man." Probably their contempt is properly bestowed, but it is necessary to make a distinction. As there are poets and poetasters so there are literary men and men of letters. Of all known specimens of intellectual imbecility, perhaps the phenomenon sometimes labelled "the literary man" is about the worst. Of course the smallest acquisitions in literature are useful. A little knowledge is neither dangerous nor ridiculous if it is admitted to be little, and is not made the pretext for pretension. But minds of a small calibre can more easily affect an acquaintance with literature than with other fields of thought which exact a higher fee at the entrance wicket. Literature has no *pons asinorum* and fools may wander in. An elegant trifler in *belles lettres* will not become a serious man because he chooses to address himself to politics, and some may mistakenly see in his ineffectiveness a reason for despising an order of studies which he only patronises and caricatures. As a matter of fact, literature has strong affinities with politics, and when pursued seriously helps to make a man a "practical politician." For literature does not concern itself with abstract speculation. It does not even profess to search for truth. Its material is written thought. Its object is to understand the ideas which have come down to us from many generations

of thinkers, and to pay ~~meat~~ honour to what is best. The man of letters lives in communion with the representative men of every age who have left their thoughts in books; and so long as mind governs the world and thought moulds action, so long will literature lie close to politics. There is a sense in which the man of letters may be the most practical of politicians. He comes fresh to the problems of politics, and is disposed to regard them simply as problems to be solved. He is apt to fall in with the more ardent temper of the age, and to be willing to cut the knot which cannot be untied. As a man of ideas he is fertile in expedients. Hence, at revolutionary eras, or on those rare occasions when some upas-tree has to be cut down, there is no more formidable foe to Conservatism than a political man of letters.

On leaving Eton Mr. Gladstone was for two years a private pupil with Dr. Turner, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta. In 1829 he entered Christ Church, Oxford. The information given us by his biographer respecting this period of his life is extremely meagre, and relates chiefly to his connection with the Union, then in its full glory as an arena of debate. Yet it is certain that his residence at Oxford must have had a powerful effect in maturing if not in forming his opinions. He was a Churchman and a Tory when he went, but he was both the one and the other in a much fuller and more assured sense when he left. It was a time of awakening both in religion and politics. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel had been forced to concede the Catholic claims. Sir Robert Peel avowed his change of opinions, resigned his seat, and offered himself for re-election. The challenge thrown down required an immediate choice between the stationary and the progressive tendencies of the age. One effect was to give new energy to Oxford Toryism. Men were compelled to verify their principles and inquire how they were to be speculatively maintained. The demon of intolerance, disturbed in its repose, went out in search of reinforcements, and returned with seven devils fiercer than itself. Nor was the crisis a whit less momentous than it seemed to be. It was the beginning of an epoch in the history of the nation. Mr. Gladstone moved at the Union that "the Wellington Administration was undeserving of the country's confidence." He carried the motion by a majority of one, thus winning his first battle in debate, and he did not forget to record in the minutes that it was hailed with "tremendous cheers." It is interesting to note that, at the outset of his career, he was the witness and critic of two great political conversions.

To a man of Mr. Gladstone's temperament the religious tone of Oxford was even of more importance than its politics. There is evidence that he was profoundly influenced by it. The University was about to become the cradle of one of the most remarkable

theologico-ecclesiastical movements that have occurred in any age. The "new departure" dates from 1833, but the materials for it, the doubts, the dissatisfaction with Anglicanism as it was, the discovery of a new ideal, the yearning after a higher religious life, from which the motives that gave strength to the movement sprang, were already accumulating. The *Christian Year* was published in 1827. The following year Mr. Newman began to preach from the pulpit of St. Mary's. It seems highly probable that under any circumstances the little knot of remarkable men whom similar views and aims brought together at Oxford would have led to a revival of Anglican theology, and produced some notable effects upon the religious life of the nation, but the movement actually produced was political from the beginning. By the admission of Roman Catholics to Parliament the State had ceased to be Protestant; by the admission of Jews it might soon cease to be Christian. The scandals connected with Church property led to furious outcries for reform, and in the minds alike of the assailants and the assailed, of the clamorous crowd without and of the devout defenders within the citadel, reform was half interpreted to mean destruction. Thoughtful Anglicans who were in earnest about religion could not help asking what would become of the Church if the State were to cast it off. Nor was the alternative more satisfactory—to retain the patronage of the State on condition of submitting to its terms, which were likely every year to become more grasping and insulting. The result was a conviction of the necessity of establishing the Church on a basis of its own. Such a basis was believed to exist already. It only needed that men should open their eyes. It was found in the Apostolical descent of the Anglican Church, in the plenary authority of her ministers, and in the sacraments intrusted to her keeping as the divinely appointed channel of grace to the English people.

The new theology which sprang up to keep this ecclesiastical system in countenance was mystical and ascetic. It derived some of its characteristics from the Landian school, that lattermath of Catholicism which shot up between the Calvinism of the Elizabethan and the mild rationalism of the Revolution divines; but it was thought out afresh by Mr. Newman, and received large accessions from the old patristic storehouse. As it was framed to meet a special want, it was eminently utilitarian in its adaptations, and so adjusted as to hold the modern mind in check at every point where it was likely to break out. Christian doctrine was based upon Church authority. Theology was shut out from the inquiring gaze of reason. Within the circle of consecrated fact and dogma no new conclusions were permissible, and therefore investigation was unnecessary. A discipline of daily life was enforced whereby the most common actions were brought under spiritual obligations, and a

crowd of petty offenders were marshalled day by day before the tribunal of conscience. Berkeley's idealism was welcomed to prove that we know nothing but phenomena, the real universe which lay beneath being thus left free for the freaks of faith. Butler's doctrine of probabilities was applied to the settlement of niceties of conduct, so that it was hard to be a good Christian without being also a good casuist. Mr. Newman's theory about the fallen spirits will give some notion of what marvels the school was capable. He conjectured the existence of a middle order of spiritual beings, not so good as Abdiel nor so bad as Satan; and he further conjectured that they gave a sort of inspiration to nations, races, and classes of men. The idea naturally presented some difficulties, but of these he found a "remarkable solution" in the opinion held by most of the fathers from Justin to Nazianzen, that while Satan fell from the beginning, the angels did not fall till just before the deluge, their fall being their falling in love with the daughters of men. These susceptible and frail intelligences, malevolent and unhappy, become the "angels" of particular nations, and are the real personages with whom politicians have to deal. It is easy to imagine that one of them may seize upon some statesman, and manage to confound for a whole lustrum the politics of a mighty realm.

Mr. Gladstone has not yet favoured us with the whole of his autobiography, and none but he can tell us in what relations he was conscious of standing towards the Oxford movement; but that he was powerfully influenced by it there can be no doubt. He is steeped in theology. Outside the range of politics it might almost be said that where his conceptions are not Homeric they are theological. It is a fact full of political significance. Without taking it into account we cannot understand his position as a statesman, nor do justice to some of his political measures, nor appreciate the difficulties through which he has struggled to the rank he holds to-day, nor comprehend the special enthusiasm which attaches to him multitudes of religious people who, though differing from him and each other in the details of their creed, nevertheless revere and trust the statesman who in one vital matter is in fellowship with them, having evidently "tasted of the good word of God and the powers of the world to come." Some features of his character, which we cannot bring ourselves to call weaknesses, find an explanation in the same quarter, as well as some virtues which, without exaggeration, may be called heroic. His masculine sense has kept him free from the extravagances of the Oxford theologians, and there is no keener combatant of those Papal pretensions to which some of them have succumbed. But he went with them as far as a loyal Anglican could go, and his piety is of the same complexion.

Mr. Gladstone has been at no pains to disguise his religious

beliefs. On the contrary, he has avowed them with the zeal of a propagandist and the courage of a confessor. We are, therefore, relieved from the scruples we might otherwise have felt in venturing upon sacred ground; but we shall use our privilege sparingly, noticing only such points as may help to throw light upon his intellectual character and his public acts. We are struck at once with the entire and simple faith with which he accepts the doctrinal facts on which the Christianity of the Church is founded. Having at some time or other satisfied himself of their reality, he closed the inquiry, and ever after bowed before them with a reverence too profound to allow of any contact with doubt. On this side, so far as we can judge—and he has given us many opportunities of judging—his mind was closed at an early period, voluntarily closed as an act of piety. The present age has brought fresh trials to devout believers. There are religious men who feel that they cannot shut their eyes to the conclusions of science, and that they are not at liberty to reject them because they appear to conflict with some article of their creed. They cannot get rid of the idea that the fealty they owe to truth is co-extensive with the whole of their intellect, and that to reject a plain conclusion in science which seems to be warranted by evidence is really to shake the pillars of all belief. The result of thus keeping the mind open on both sides is often painful suspense, which has, however, this countervailing advantage, that it involves an appeal to the highest sense of duty and the sternest faith. From such mental disquietude Mr. Gladstone appears to have been always free. The faith in possession keeps all intruders out. He "meets scepticism with scepticism." He abides fast by dogma, and leaves science to whistle to the winds.

These doctrines have their counterpart in a theory of human action, and Jonathan Edwards has not drawn it in sharper outline. By the fall our nature is depraved: the will has lost its rectitude, the affections their purity, the understanding the clearness of its perceptions and the impartiality of its judgments. Our redemption is to be effected by the operation of divine grace, and we can do nothing good except by its enabling power. The essential note of goodness in our actions is that they are done to please God and to promote His glory. This is true even of those actions which terminate in ourselves, and which, from their relation to our bodily mechanism, would at first sight appear to have no moral character. When the apostle tells us that, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we are to do all to the glory of God, we are apt to interpret the precept as having reference to the question raised by the early Christians as to the lawfulness of eating meat which had been offered to idols before it was sold at the shambles, and to inter-

pret it as meaning that, even in things really indifferent, we should do nothing which we feel to be wrong. Not so, says Mr. Gladstone. "In the simple act of taking food the religious sense has a place." The satisfying of hunger and thirst comes under the law of spiritual duty, not merely in the sense that we are to abstain from gluttony and pampering delicacies, but as the mere satisfying of a natural want. "The form of the thing done, the *πρᾶγμα*," is the same whether done by a Christian or by a heathen; but the exercise of the mind in doing it, the *πρᾶξις*, is wholly different, for the motive of the Christian in eating is the glory of God. So, when we are told in the Gospels that for "every idle word that men speak they shall give an account at the Day of Judgment," our first impression is that we are listening to an inspired hyperbole, the moral of which is plain. Not so, says Mr. Gladstone; "the idle word is perhaps the earliest form of voluntary action." Thousands of thoughts flit across the mind without the concurrence of the will, and any one of these may almost involuntarily enter into "the unconsidered word." But to this word "the Almighty puts in His claim." Our impulse is to cry out, with Balaam the son of Peor, "Alas! who shall live when the Lord doeth this?" But Mr. Gladstone moves undismayed in the midst of this fierce flame, and takes a stern delight in emphasizing the austerities of omniscient justice.

These are heroic ethics. Putting criticism aside, as unworthy, even with unsandalled feet, to venture upon this plateau of holy thought, where heaven and earth commingle, one is forced to admit that any man who can sincerely avow these maxims, and honestly endeavour to work them out, is likely to rise above the average level of human achievement. We see here the making of a character at once child-like and sublime; yet we are perfectly sure that this attempt to bring the miscellaneous actions of every-day life under the loftiest motives will often fail, and we may even fear that the failure will sometimes bear the stamp of the grotesque. One result will be a casuistic treatment of conduct. On the one hand is the lofty ideal, on the other the depraved nature, from which the gift of enabling grace will at times be absent. Ambition will not always submit to be baffled. The old Adam will sometimes insist upon its grudge. In the exigencies of political life decisions must sometimes be taken involving issues which can hardly be seen at once, and, when once taken, they must be adhered to on pain of ignominious confession and humiliating retreat. What is to be done if the decision itself carries some slight taint of motive, and becomes more questionable the longer it is considered? Must the ideal obligation be abandoned and a lower level of action consciously adopted, or must the imperfection be excused and justified, and forced to fit itself on the sudden with some wedding garment? A cabinet

minister cannot ask to be excused for five minutes in order that an interval of reflection may enable him to feel sure that the motives which actuate him in the vote he is about to give harmonise with the purest ethics. The likelihood is that ~~he~~ will give his vote and try to effect a reconciliation afterwards. The result will be the drawing of distinctions too fine to be perceived by common eyesight. Casuistry is the child of conscience and of sin; the method of reasoning necessary to effect a working compromise between "the law of the mind" and the law that "wars in the members;" a rationalistic attempt to harmonise the highest motives with the average quality of human performance. Its tendencies are not wholesome. It begins in over-scrupulousness, but it is likely to end in over-daring; for much that is really doubtful may be permitted when the feat of reconciliation is so easy. The best that can be said on behalf of a conscience which employs it is that, when so many men cannot afford to keep a conscience at all, it is well to find one kept on any terms.

In 1831 Mr. Gladstone left Oxford, and after spending some time in foreign travel was elected member for Newark in October, 1832. He was introduced to the borough by its patron, the Duke of Newcastle, whose son had been his most intimate friend at college. The Reform Act had just shattered the Tory party to atoms, and talent was wanted to restore a fallen cause. Mr. Gladstone already enjoyed an established reputation among those who knew him. His academical career had been finished with the highest distinction. He was known to be a Tory of the purest water, holding fast to the principles which the world seemed to be abandoning, and of a character which did honour to his creed. To all appearance, if the Duke had been solely anxious to invest his political capital at the highest interest, he could have done nothing better than to secure Mr. Gladstone's services. It was a magnificent gift to the party; what it was to become in the course of years nobody dreamed, certainly not the youthful candidate himself. One of the most interesting documents in the *Life* is his first election address. It was issued just after he had finished his canvass, the prelude, it should be said, to a real contest, in which the other side figured well. In this address Mr. Gladstone states it as his conviction that "we must watch and resist that uninquiring and undiscriminating desire for change amongst us which threatens to produce, along with partial good, a melancholy preponderance of mischief." For the mitigation of "deep-seated evils in our social state" he thought it necessary to look "not only to particular measures, but to the restoration of sounder general principles." "I mean especially," he continued, "that principle on which alone the incorporation of Religion with the State in our Constitution can be defended, that the duties of governors are strictly and peculiarly

religious, and that legislators, like individuals, are bound to carry throughout their acts the spirit of the high truths they have acknowledged. Principles are now arrayed against institutions, and not by truckling, nor by temporising, nor by suppression, nor by corruption, but by principles they must be met." Among the results of those principles he placed "a special and sedulous attention to the interests of the poor." He regarded it as a duty to "endeavour by every means that labour may receive adequate remuneration," and any measures likely to secure that object, whether "by the correction of the poor law," or by "the allotment of cottage gardens," he thought entitled to the warmest support, along with all such as were calculated "to secure sound moral conduct in any class of society."

This is a noble programme, without making any abatement for its Toryism, which figures here only as the means, the best yet known to him, for attaining the highest ends of statesmanship. But the principles which led him to adopt it are broader than that or any other political creed. Moreover, they are principles. He approves of the institutions menaced by the spirit of reform, but he does not care to defend them from within. He holds it necessary to awaken independent thought outside, to bring into discussion the sort of duties involved in the very conception of the relations between the governors and the governed, and thus to show that the institutions he wished to save were not mere historical accidents, but the logical result of principles inherent in the very constitution of society. It was a chivalrous line of thought, fatal to many opinions he then held, but honourable to him and signally advantageous to the nation. In his reference to the welfare of the poor we have the key-note struck of that philanthropy which has inspired so many of his legislative measures. In the whole of the address we recognise the same gallant bearing, the same eager courage, the same warmth of moral sentiment, which have just taken Scotland by storm and filled everybody with admiration.

We shall touch but slightly on Mr. Gladstone's parliamentary work. From the outset he was a frequent speaker, and in the course of two sessions had so established his reputation for eminent debating powers and large ability, that when, after the temporary fall of the Reform Administration in October, 1834, Sir Robert Peel was commissioned by the King to form a government, he brought in Mr. Gladstone as Under-Secretary for the Colonies. The change was premature. In 1835 the Whigs were again in office, and Mr. Gladstone went into Opposition till 1841, when the Whigs were dismissed by the nation, and the great Administration of Sir Robert Peel began. Mr. Gladstone spent these nine years in trying his principles. His maiden speech was on the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery in the Colonies, and was chiefly devoted to the defence of his

father against some strictures which had been made upon his conduct in the management of his Demerara estates. Mr. Gladstone's father was a slaveholder. Nothing need be said on that subject now. Slaveholding was a legal form of property, and many good men took part in it. But a man might be a kind or a cruel master, and Mr. Gladstone was bound to defend his father from aspersions which he believed to be unjust. Further on in the debate he spoke on the merits of the question. He did not attempt to defend slavery as an institution, but he was opposed to immediate emancipation, and insisted upon compensation to the slaveholders. In the various onslaughts which were made upon the property of the Irish Church he resisted the proposals of the Government, as he did also Mr. Hume's Bill for abolishing University Tests, Mr. Spring Rice's Bill for extinguishing the Church Rate grievance, the proposal to encourage voluntary education by Privy Council grants, and finally, the Jews' Civil Disabilities Removal Bill. It must also be put on record that he was opposed to the repeal of the taxes on knowledge. He thought the newspaper stamp and advertisement duties extremely useful as preventing "the too great circulation of bad matter."

But these were only the lower staves of the ladder. In 1838 Mr. Gladstone mounted to the top by the publication of his essay on *The State in its Relations to the Church*. The idea developed in this celebrated performance was clearly expressed in his address to the Newark electors five years before. It was the fruit of academic piety, probably ripened and stored with great care as the most important contribution he could make to politics. The Established Church was assailed, how should it be defended? Expediency was the ground common to all parties. The Church was regarded as a decent appendage to civil government. The Bench of Bishops was to be maintained for the same reasons as the Bench of Judges, and the clergy were only a higher sort of police. What they taught was settled by contract. In England it was the Thirty-nine Articles and the Prayer-book, in Scotland the Westminster Confession, in Ireland the great majority of the people clung to the Pope and the Council of Trent. The debates on Church property had thrown a secular taint on the whole question of Establishments. It was rapidly becoming a mere squabble over tithes and church rates, over the equitable distribution of revenues and the receipt of respectable incomes. The people were entitled to choose their own religion, and the duty of the State was discharged when it had divided the funds at its disposal so as to give the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number.

From this venal and utilitarian view of Establishments Mr. Gladstone's whole nature recoiled. The assumptions on which it rested

seemed to be impious as well as false. He could not admit that the State had no religious character of its own, that religious truth was unascertainable or a matter of indifference, or that with slight allowances one Church was as good as another. So he would write a book to clear his soul and convince the nation. Accordingly he set himself to prove that the State ought to have a religion, to be religious, to teach religious truth to all its subjects, and to force them to accept its own religion by all means short of naked persecution. The power of the State belonged rightfully to the King of Heaven, and should be used for no purposes that were not agreeable to Him. Hence the State, exactly like the individual, should do nothing without a reference to the Divine will. Its actions should be sanctified by the offices of religion, and by a conscious dependence on enabling grace. In choosing a religion the State had to decide for itself what doctrines were true, paying no regard to the popular will; and its duty was to have those doctrines taught, whether the people liked them or not, feeling sure that the time would come when they would be duly enlightened, and would then bless the fatherly firmness which had compelled them to save their souls in spite of themselves. For the State to do all this, it was necessary to turn it into a person and supply it with a conscience, both of which feats Mr. Gladstone successfully accomplished. It is surprising that he was so moderate in his inferences, considering the enormous power of the ratiocinative methods he employed. To ascertain what governments might or might not lawfully do, he started with the abstract idea of a government, determined by the application of logic to certain of his mental conceptions. What could be got out of the idea obviously depended upon what had been first put into it; and as this was a purely arbitrary process, so far as speculation was concerned, the whole of the earthly prospects of mankind lay at the mercy of the intrepid reasoner. He was saved from advocating persecution by his generous nature and by his conception of the character of religious truth. Truth with him was truth—simple, harmonious, complete, and so cogent in its demonstration that, the affections permitting, when once seen it could not fail to be believed. The prime thing was to get people to see it. Were this done, agreement would follow. Freedom of inquiry was a preliminary to unity of faith, and there was fair ground for hoping that if the Government did its duty, and the English people were quietly and firmly obliged to face the theorem, the Anglican scheme of theology and Church government might be accepted with the same unanimity as a proposition in Euclid.

It is marvellous that a man of Mr. Gladstone's ability should have written such a book at such a time, and the difficulty of supposing him to have thought that his theories would be accepted

suggests the question, whether in presenting them to the world he was not mainly swayed by subjective considerations proper to himself. He was full of his theme. Perhaps he worked it up for his own use as supplying the only tenable basis for the line of conduct he proposed to pursue as a Churchman and a politician. One may fancy that he had half begun to doubt the truth of his theories even in the act of framing them, and that he gave them to the world as a confessional exercise, so that at all events he might be known as he was. Nevertheless, the work is full of noble sentiments, and sets up a grand ideal. It is sublime in its impracticability, in the daring which defies or in the self-centred thought which mistakes the political conditions of the age. It has been remarked that he placed the theory of State Churches on the broadest ground ; but it was surely the narrowest. When the legitimacy of a State Church is made to depend upon a sense of religious duty in the ruler, if this one stone gives way the fabric falls, whereas expediency may still supply a dozen good reasons for maintaining it. Mr. Gladstone meant his book to be a protest against expediency doctrines as regards the Church. He sought a foundation for it in right and duty. If these sanctions were withheld, nothing was left to which a pious mind could attach much value. The Establishment might stand or fall, but its fate would cease to be linked with any principle entitled to reverence, and a devout Churchman might even prefer to see it disestablished.

Two years later Mr. Gladstone published his second essay, entitled *Church Principles Considered in their Results*. With the contents of this work we have no wish needlessly to intermeddle, but it is important to show the relation in which the second essay may be conceived as standing to the first. In the first Mr. Gladstone had set forth the only basis on which a Church Establishment could be legitimately founded. He had said, in effect, give this up and you give up everything. But it was every day becoming clearer that the State was prepared to abandon this ground, and that the Church would be discarded unless it consented to be the handmaid of the secular power. It was highly appropriate at such a juncture for a pious layman to show that while it was the duty of the State to support the Church, yet the Church was in no sense dependent upon the State. Hence Mr. Gladstone's portraiture of the Church of England. It was a spiritual corporation, part and parcel of the Church Catholic, and the Church Catholic proper in this realm. Its bishops were the true successors of the apostles. They had in their keeping the precious deposit of the faith. They were witnesses to us of the things which happened in the beginning. Through them the Holy Ghost still spake. The community over which they presided was Christ's own fold into which His sheep were brought.

The sacraments confided to them are the channels of Divine grace to man. By one of them we are born again. By the other the heavenly principle is nourished, and every holy grace is made to thrive and blossom. The Church below is but a part of the communion of saints; the other part is in heaven, whither we are removed, as to a higher form, when we have finished our earthly novitiate. Hence, the Church is God's own kingdom, depending upon the State for none of its functions, owing to it no fealty, and liable to suffer no abridgment of its competence to answer all its Heaven-appointed ends if the ties connecting it with the civil power were severed. Thus the second essay supplements the first, and is a step in advance. We are shown that the Church is well able to stand alone, and that it matters but little whether or not the patronage of any earthly power be added to her celestial dignity.

So far Mr. Gladstone's political life had been mainly spent in the elaboration of speculative ideas; the time had now come when his exuberant energies were to be turned into a practical channel. The circumstance was fortunate for him no less than for the country. He was drawn at a happy moment from the pursuit of reveries, and plunged into a cold bath of hard work. Instead of spinning abstract theories he had to face the real problems of the day, and to exchange the habits of a recluse for those of a statesman. He was no less fortunate in the character of the work provided for him. It was precisely that sort which above all others was fitted to impose some restraints upon the discursive tendencies of his intellect, and to turn to useful account as fine a mental instrument as any man ever possessed. The instrument retained its old peculiarities—subtle, searching, daring, equal to any feat in ratiocination, capable of extracting the most plausible conclusions from the least satisfactory premisses; but the material on which it was to act was changed, and had very distinct limitations of its own. In maintaining transcendental hypotheses as to things inscrutable to human eyesight, it was possible for an ardent imagination to wing its flight in a wrong direction; but it was not so easy to go astray in considering the expediency of levying excise duties on bricks and glass bottles, or in determining the relative incidence of taxation on refined sugar and molasses. But, above all, it was discipline and a useful aim that his new vocation supplied. The characteristic elements of his genius did not fall into disuse, and it may fairly be contended that his sympathetic imagination went further towards making him what he was soon to become, the greatest finance minister that England has ever known, than the drier qualities of his intellect. A knowledge of figures and of material facts may suffice to fit out a fairly good Chancellor of the Exchequer, but a subtle comprehension of human interests, such as depends as much upon the heart as upon the head,

is essential to the finest constructive achievements in finance. As Vice-President and President of the Board of Trade under Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone served his apprenticeship to the Exchequer. The great task of the Administration was fiscal reform, ending with the repeal of the Corn Laws. The labour involved in maturing the successive alterations of the tariff was immense, and it fell mainly upon Mr. Gladstone, who acquitted himself worthily as the trusted lieutenant of his distinguished chief. It was whispered that no member of the Government was more heartily in favour of free trade than he. The complexion of his political career was settled. He published another essay, but it was entitled *Remarks upon Recent Commercial Legislation*.

Two questions arose during Sir Robert Peel's Administration which put Mr. Gladstone's church principles to the test. The first was the Dissenters' Chapels Bill. The necessity for this measure arose out of the decision of the Court of Chancery in the case of Lady Hewley's Charity, and we must state in a few words the nature of the issue raised by that celebrated suit. The property in dispute was left by Lady Hewley for the benefit of ministers of "Christ's holy gospel." She was a Presbyterian at a time when Presbyterians held Trinitarian doctrines. A hundred years later they had become Unitarians. The question was whether in these altered circumstances they or orthodox Nonconformists, were entitled to the benefits of the trust. The decision went against the Unitarians. But a large amount of chapel property was held by Unitarians on similar trusts. The orthodox assailants, led by the late Mr. Hadfield, sometime member for Sheffield, flushed with their success in the Court of Chancery, hoped to push their victory further, and steps were taken to deprive the Unitarians of chapels which had been in the continuous possession of their congregations for perhaps a couple of centuries. The Government stepped in to prevent this spoliation, and introduced a Bill providing that, in the absence of specific doctrinal trusts, chapels should be deemed the property of the congregations which had occupied them continuously for twenty years. Mr. Gladstone spoke decisively in favour of the Bill. He said there was "no contradiction between his principles of religious belief and those on which legislation in this case ought to proceed." Yet, undoubtedly, on the principles he had expounded only seven years before he might have urged overwhelming arguments against the Bill. It was in some sort an *ex post facto* measure. The State was not bound to interfere. It might have been fairly said that it was a question of legal right which the courts ought to decide. It was to be presumed that the property at stake belonged legally to denominations holding what Mr. Gladstone regarded as the capital dogma of Christianity, and the State was asked to transfer this legal right to a denomination

tion disowning that dogma, and the property so secured to it by the Bill would undoubtedly be used to maintain and propagate what Mr. Gladstone regarded as a most mischievous form of unbelief. Yet Mr. Gladstone did not hesitate. "The question," he said, "was one of justice," and he pronounced for the Unitarians. In other words, at the first pinch he appealed from his theological principles to the highest law of natural ethics.

The other question he had to decide was raised by the Maynooth College Bill, and the proposal to establish non-sectarian colleges in Ireland. On the principles of Mr. Gladstone's first essay both these measures were to be condemned, for by one of them the State would assist in the propagation of a religion not its own, by the other it would establish a system of education without any religion. A grant had been previously made to Maynooth, and to that extent there was no change of policy in point of principle; but it proposed to place the college under the care of a Government Board, and thus bring it into closer connection with the State. On these bills being brought into the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone resigned. His biographer describes this as an act of "strict conscientiousness." It is difficult to admit the precise accuracy of the description. Inasmuch as Mr. Gladstone supported both these measures a few weeks later, either he can have had no conscientious scruples when he resigned, or those scruples must have been very quickly disposed of. It would seem nearer the mark to regard his resignation as an act of self-respect. He took that step because he wished to place his motives above suspicion; perhaps, also, to make it quite clear to himself that he was acting disinterestedly, and not changing his convictions for the sake of office. The truth is that his high-flown notions on the relation of the State to the Church were scattered to the winds by the first brush with practical politics. He treated them cavalierly in the speech announcing his resignation. "He was not," he said, "to fetter his judgment as a member of Parliament by a deference to abstract theories." In his speech on the second reading of the Maynooth Bill he observed that "exclusive support to the Church of England was a doctrine that was being more and more abandoned day by day." In his address to the University of Oxford at the general election of 1847 he confessed that "when he entered Parliament, and for many years after, he had struggled for the exclusive support of the national religion by the State, but in vain." "I found," he said, "that scarcely a year passed without the adoption of some fresh measure, involving the national recognition and the national support of various forms of religion, and in particular that recent and fresh provision had been made for the propagation from a public chair of Arian and Socinian doctrines." Such being the state of the case, Mr. Gladstone had

either to retire from public life or submit to be overruled by his countrymen, with the belief gradually strengthening in him that they were right and that he was wrong. He bowed to the general verdict, confessed himself fallible, and gave up his conclusions. But the effect of this change was to weaken his adhesion to the principle of Ecclesiastical Establishments. The granite rock of right and duty upon which he once placed them was shivered to pieces. Considerations of expediency still remained, but his conception of the spiritual independence and divine prerogatives of the Church kept them from having as much weight with him as they had with other politicians. His Irish Church measures of 1868 would seem to have involved no change of conviction which was not completed nearly a quarter of a century before.

We have now followed Mr. Gladstone down to the time when his political character showed its distinctive bent, and he began to take acknowledged rank among the foremost statesmen of the day. It is unnecessary to trace out the rest of his career in detail; a reference to its salient points will suffice. On the fall of Sir Robert Peel's Administration in 1846 Mr. Gladstone and his late colleagues kept aloof from both parties. They were separated by their free trade principles from the Conservative residuum, and from the Whigs by their political traditions. In 1851 he strenuously opposed Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, maintaining that the bishops whom the Pope had appointed to English sees were spiritual officers, and that it was mere intolerance on the part of the State to interfere. A ministerial crisis arose while the Bill was under discussion, but it was tided over till the following year, when Lord Derby took office. Lord Derby was anxious to obtain the co-operation of Mr. Gladstone, who, if he had assented, would have found himself in the same Cabinet with Mr. Disraeli. There were plenty of reasons why the offer could not be accepted, the best being that Mr. Gladstone had ceased to be a Tory. The introduction of Mr. Disraeli's budget brought him and Mr. Gladstone into personal collision for the first time. The end of the debate was a memorable occasion. Apprehending defeat, Mr. Disraeli fought for life, and defied all decency in his desperate plunges, while Mr. Gladstone's crushing reply not only disposed of his antagonist, but settled who stood next in succession. The Aberdeen Ministry followed, Whigs and Peelites combining rather than coalescing, with Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. His first budget speech established his reputation. The House was struck with wonder at the power of eloquence to lend such charm to figures, as well as at the comprehensiveness and originality of his views. The fine promise of the Aberdeen Ministry was broken by the Crimean War, to which we give a wide berth. On the resignation of Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Glad-

stone joined the Ministry of Lord Palmerston, but he resigned rather than assent to Mr. Roebuck's Committee of Inquiry into the causes of the Crimean disasters, alleging that the proposed inquiry was unconstitutional. In a speech made after leaving office he protested against exacting as a condition of peace the limitation of the power of Russia in the Black Sea, corresponding to the article of the Treaty of Paris which Russia repudiated sixteen years later.

In 1860 Mr. Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer for the second time. The event which led to the formation of the new Ministry was the rejection of Mr. Disraeli's first Reform Bill. Lord John Russell, who considered that he had a vested interest in the question of parliamentary reform, moved an amendment on the second reading. Mr. Gladstone voted against the amendment, thinking that the Bill was capable of being improved, and that it was not wise to defer dealing with the question, but he was careful to state that his vote was not to be regarded as indicating any intention to give Lord Derby a general support. The Government were defeated, and though Mr. Gladstone had voted with them he joined the Ministry of Lord Palmerston. This step was looked upon by some of his Oxford constituents as a proof that he had finally gone over to the Liberals. Lord Chandos was started as a Conservative candidate, but Mr. Gladstone again triumphed. The budget of 1860 marks an epoch in commerce, for it gave effect to the tariff modifications on which Mr. Cobden's Treaty was founded. The budgets from 1860 to 1866 were a series of successes. The nation reposed unquestioning confidence in Mr. Gladstone's sagacity. They trusted him most when he was most daring, their trust rising to the demand, and beyond it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was the mainstay of the Ministry. On some minor political questions he still expressed his old opinions, but his growth was visible, and every fresh proof of it was hailed with delight by Liberals throughout the country, who saw in him their future premier. But this circumstance sealed his fate at the University. At the general election of 1866 he lost his seat. Hastening to Manchester, he announced to a crowded meeting in the Free Trade Hall that he was at last "unmuzzled." A few days later he was returned for South Lancashire.

A Reform Bill was the first task undertaken by the unmuzzled statesman. Lord Palmerston had died in the autumn, and Lord John Russell succeeded by right of seniority, but Mr. Gladstone was the most powerful member of the Cabinet. Unfortunately, Mr. Lowe's great abilities were not then recognised, and the omission was disastrous. The new Bill was sufficiently liberal to satisfy Mr. Bright. It was a Bill "without tricks;" with no "new-fangled franchises;" it went on "the lines of the Constitution." Its proposals were of the simplest character, and admitted of being en-

larged from time to time as the poorer classes grew in intelligence and political capacity. Mr. Disraeli inveighed against it as dangerously democratic, as tending to "Americanise our institutions" and let in the mob. The "Cave of Adullam" was formed—a miscellaneous secession from the Liberal ranks, headed by Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman—and the Bill was lost. Mr. Disraeli now determined to "tap the lower strata" by extending the franchise to classes the dim prospect of whose ultimate enfranchisement had filled him with horror a few weeks before. He proposed to base the franchise on the rate-book. His timorous supporters were pacified by being told that in the large towns the bulk of the smaller tenants were Compound Householders, paying the rates through their landlords, and never appearing on the rate-book at all. But it was impossible to turn a merely economical arrangement between landlord and tenant into a buttress of the Constitution. Many of the advanced Liberals foresaw what the result must be, and Mr. Disraeli probably intended it. So at last, at the instance of the Opposition, and amid the shrieks of the Adullamites, the Compound Householder was temporarily abolished, and Household Suffrage issued from the Conservative crucible.

Mr. Gladstone's hands were now set free for another task. At the beginning of 1866 the state of Ireland forced itself upon the attention of Parliament. The disaffection which prevailed obliged the Government to move the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Parliament complied, and its suspension was renewed by Lord Derby's Government six months later. The O'Donoghue had moved an amendment to the Address declaring that Irish disaffection arose from causes which it was "the duty of Parliament to inquire into and remove." Mr. Bright appealed to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, as "the trusted leaders" of both parties, to suspend their struggles for power, and apply themselves to the pacification of Ireland. The Reform Bill once disposed of, the question was renewed. In 1868 Mr. Maguire brought forward his motion for an inquiry into the state of Ireland. Irish questions were thus raised by every circumstance that could give them emphasis; by the suspension of the constitutional guarantees for the liberty of the subject, by the appeals of representative politicians, and by the persistent efforts of Irish members. The occasion was born, not made. The challenge was thrown down, and had to be taken up, either by maintaining that nothing could be done for Ireland, or by a serious attempt to redress its grievances. The responsibility of determining what the reply should be fell with inexorable incidence upon Mr. Gladstone. It was a task he could not evade. Probably he was eager for it. The growth of his convictions for many years had prepared him for such a crisis. He was unmuzzled and un-

fettered, with nothing to restrain him from applying to Irish affairs that highest principle of natural ethics, that eternal law of justice, which had unbound his conscience and enabled him to do right at a time when the enchantments of his religious genius still held him in their spell. The hour had come, the man was ready for the work, and a vast majority of the people in each of the three kingdoms responded to his summons.

Then followed the period which Mr. Gladstone's biographer, with pardonable enthusiasm, describes as the Golden Age of Liberalism. It began in November, 1868, and ended in February, 1874—five years replete with great measures. Mr. Gladstone was Premier, Mr. Bright had a seat in the Cabinet, a sufficient indication of the heightened temperature of the party. Within those five years the Irish Church was disestablished and disendowed; the tenure of land in Ireland was placed on a more equitable footing; cheap and efficient education was brought within reach of the poorest cottage in the land; purchase in the army was abolished, and the army reorganised; measures were taken for the reform and reconstruction of endowed schools; religious tests at the universities were abolished, and electoral rights were placed under the protection of the ballot. Our foreign affairs, relating to Belgium, the Franco-German war, Russia, and the United States, were administered with dignity, reasonableness, and justice. It was a period of unusual prosperity at home. The revenue advanced by "leaps and bounds," and after a series of surpluses Mr. Gladstone saw his way to a final surplus of six millions, when the Golden Age suddenly vanished. There had long been "rifts in the lute." The 25th Clause of the Education Act troubled the Nonconformists. The extinction of abuses by the Endowed School Commission led to piteous outcries. The Licensed Victuallers swore implacable revenge for Mr. Bruce's Bill. The clergy trembled for the Bible and for their schools. There were patriots who would rather have fought over the Alabama claims. Besides, it is a universal truth that great efforts produce reaction, and that enthusiasm subsides into lassitude. The crisis came when Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill was rejected by the help of some of his own supporters. He tendered his resignation at once, but on Mr. Disraeli's absolute refusal to form a Ministry he consented to remain in office. The defeat of the Government did not improve either the temper or the prospects of the Liberal party, while it threw fresh vigour into the ranks of their opponents. This circumstance, together with the loss of two or three by-elections in the autumn, brought Mr. Gladstone to a momentous decision. In January he announced the immediate dissolution of Parliament.

We know the result. The Liberal party suffered an overwhelming defeat, and within a few weeks the greatest Minister and the most

powerful Administration of our time were out of office. Mr. Gladstone's share in producing this catastrophe has not escaped censure. Undoubtedly but for him it need not have happened when it did, and might not have happened at all. The Parliament of 1868 had still two sessions to live, and on every question but one the Government might count upon being supported by decisive majorities. In the course of two years the Conservative reaction might have itself reacted, while the Liberals would have had leisure to array their forces instead of being taken unawares. In any case, if defeat had come at last, it would have come in a less dramatic form, with less of pomp and circumstance for the victors. Perhaps the resolution to dissolve was rash, but it was at all events a noble indiscretion. Mr. Gladstone was assailed on all sides with the cry that he had not the confidence of the nation, and there were some grounds for believing that it was true. Within the last three years the Liberals again and again have sought to bring it home to Lord Beaconsfield's conscience that he ought to sacrifice his enormous majority in Parliament and submit himself to the country. It is true that in his case a policy had been entered upon which was not dreamed of when the present Parliament was elected, but the principle implied in the appeal to Lord Beaconsfield covers every case in which a Premier has reason to doubt whether he still retains the confidence of the country. Mr. Gladstone scorned to tolerate a doubt on this point. He would rule with the assent and applause of the nation, or not at all; and our opinion of his conduct depends upon whether party considerations are to be preferred to a nice sense of ministerial honour. Perhaps the manifesto in which Mr. Gladstone announced the dissolution was a mistake. Jeshurun had waxed fat and kicked. He cared nothing about finance. But the crowning disaster for the Liberal party was Mr. Gladstone's resignation of the leadership. It is impossible to criticise his decision from a personal point of view without a fuller knowledge of the facts than is accessible to the public, but no reasons that can be seen amount to a justification. There was no pretence for alleging that he had lost the confidence of his party, and his proper place was at the head of the forlorn hope in the House of Commons. Political influence, moreover, cannot be resigned except on condition of a swift and final retreat from public life. But though Mr. Gladstone resigned he has not retreated. The freedom he persuaded himself that he had acquired by retiring from the leadership has been so used as to make him a greater political power than ever, and he stands before his country at this moment as the impersonation of all that is hopeful, bold, and belligerent in Liberalism.

In the wonderful series of orations delivered in Midlothian we have a crowning instance of Mr. Gladstone's intellectual vigour and

force of character. As a mere feat of bodily and mental prowess it stands unrivalled. A winter's journey to Scotland and the delivery of one great speech might have been considered enough to task the energies of a man who the other day passed the biblical limit of threescore years and ten. But Mr. Gladstone made several speeches on his way, slight skirmishes prelusive to the campaign, and on reaching the enemy's territory, from a secure base of operations at Dalmeny, he gave battle long and dire day after day for a week together, finishing up with a few sprightly flourishings as he gaily retreated towards the hospitalities of Taymouth. It was mere pastime then to write out his Lord Rector's address, and fling the sheets as fast as his pen glided over them to a literary aide-de-camp, who undertook to have them in type next day.

In the academical prelection at Glasgow the political warrior figured in the equally familiar character of a man of letters; but before the day was over he had thrown off his robes, donned his armour, and was busily engaged in giving a few parting strokes to the enemy. On returning, as in going, he was waylaid at the principal stations, and while the train was getting ready the orator fired off his speech to applauding thousands, the Attorney-General at Preston having had the honour of receiving the final shot. Taken as a whole the exhibition is astounding. It is like a revelation of one of nature's hitherto unsuspected marvels. We try to think of heroes with whom to compare him, but find none. The "frame of adamant and soul of fire" were ascribed to a man of six-and-thirty, and Mr. Gladstone's achievement combines intellectual intrepidity with physical endurance. In this Midlothian campaign we have an illustration on the largest scale of that feature of his character which strikes us most, and the impression of which lasts longest with us. It is expressed in the word force, power in action. It is an ultimate fact in his constitution. He received as a happy inheritance a larger stock than most men of what George Eliot describes as "solar energy." He was born in and still inhabits a tropical clime, under the sun's "directer ray," and a temperature which with others would pass for fever heat is his normal elevation. It is this that has made him what he is. But for this endowment, supposing all the rest of his intellectual character to have been the same, the result would have been widely different. His contemplative tendencies might have led him to some pious retreat, where he would have meditated upon the problems of the universe and the mysteries of the Church; or if he had taken to politics, he might have been known as a cultivated speaker, and have discharged with credit the duties of a Junior Lord of the Treasury, but he would never have become the foremost of England's living statesmen. With this blending of a contemplative spirit and a

restless thirst for action, if he had lived in the Middle Ages he would probably have found his way to the cloister, with such men as Lanfranc and Anselm. He would have ruled his order, the monks would not have led a quiet life, and refractory monarchs and nobles would have felt the weight of his censures. Having been born, happily for us, in the nineteenth century, he found an appropriate sphere in politics, but the spiritual element asserts itself, penetrating and traversing his character in all directions, like seams of primitive granite.

This central fire of his nature affects everything. It gives its specific type to his imagination, which seems to consist in the fusing of his ideas, so as to set all their associations free and leave them to course along with but little guidance, except that which they derive from their imperious affinities. They are sometimes his master; they yield with reluctance to the discipline of "discrete thought." It seems as if, under his ardent gaze, they grew and glowed till they filled and inflamed the whole sphere of intellectual vision. The passion that has kindled them is for the time supreme, and will continue so till the flame is self-consumed. Ideas of this high temperature demand a diction of corresponding pitch, and they find it in a style which is at once stately and solemn, exuberant and rhythmical; in imperial sentences which go circling round like the orreries of an astronomical lecture, each vanishing away into space, to be followed by another and another in endless succession, till the wondering spectator is more than half convinced by the mere spell of admiration. Something external is wanted to keep this rhetorical affluence within bounds. The pen may run its course unchecked, but the orator has an audience before him, and as an orator Mr. Gladstone never fails. He never forgets that it is his business to make the point at issue plain and to carry his audience with him. His sympathetic relation to them is sustained throughout, and action and reaction are instantaneous. If for a moment the orator loses himself in the clouds, the necessities of his argument soon recall him, and the lightning flash never fails to come just when it is wanted to give luminousness to his reasoning and carry conviction home. But his most potent mastery over us is derived from the strength and the transparent honesty of his convictions, and from the purity and elevation of his character, aided by the recollections which the sight of him awakens of a public career so blameless, disinterested, and beneficent. His moral earnestness is the secret of his political growth. He has believed ardently and practised sincerely, and so has found his way to better things. Hence it has come to pass that the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories of fifty years ago, after a course of steadily augmenting lustre, is to-day the bright and not yet setting star of progress and reform.

HENRY DUNCKLEY.

HANDEL.

WHEN the *Spectator*, with the last reflections of “C.” or “L.” flanked the chocolate on the breakfast-table; when ladies spotted their faces and surrounded themselves with a circumvallation of hoops; when silk-stockinged and high-heeled gentlemen went about (as the nun in *St. Clement’s Eve* would have said) “with rapiers at their sides like leopards, prancing up and down the walks,” and when Sir Plume would emphasise his “‘fore Gad” with a rap on his snuff-box, and was conscious of the nice conduct of his cane—in that day there was well known in London a large, tall, heavy man, with clumsy hands and feet, sauntering about with an awkward “rocking motion,” talking English in the most grotesquely uncouth of German accents and with the sublimest contempt for grammar and construction, and swearing heartily, “a good mouth-filling oath,” at any one or anything that did not please him. This was Mr. Handel,¹ for some time the popular opera composer of the day, and musical director of the old theatre in the Haymarket, where he was the terror of refractory singers; whose lot it was to be to achieve, when force of circumstances drove him from the operatic stage, to try how far oratorio would keep things going, a fame far greater than he could have attained by any of the operas which had set the town in a ferment, and to have his memory honoured and consecrated as the great musical exponent of the religious faith and feeling of the English nation.

Seldom has there been a more striking instance of the strange fortune, whereby so often it seems to have been ordained that the greatest and most valued productions of imaginative genius in art and literature should owe their existence almost to the accident of circumstance, with in many cases hardly even the consciousness on the part of their producer of what he was doing for the world. For all that appears (and we have a pretty good body of facts to go upon) Handel, who is known to every one as our great oratorio writer, would have done hardly anything of what constitutes his fame, would have nearly disappeared from view by this time, remembered only as the author of operas popular in their day but long since *passés*, and endeared to musicians by some beautiful harpsichord pieces, had he not been driven by the cabals of some singing women and *castrati*

(1) Recently the German spelling of his name, Haendel, has been revived, but it did not obtain during his lifetime in this country; he was then “Mr. Handel” or “Mr. Hendel,” the latter spelling being no doubt an attempt to represent the German pronunciation of his name.

to try a form of music in which he could dispense with their vocal gymnastics and stand independent of their "most sweet voices." In early life he had written two Italian oratorios, and a Passion oratorio to German words, and when on a visit to Hanover in 1717 he wrote a second work on this subject, probably for some performance to be given at the time; but these are still nearly unknown to the English public. His first English oratorio, *Esther*, was composed during an early period of his English life (1720), but only for private performance at the Duke of Chandos' palace at Cannons, in order, as has been suggested, to give the lord of the "dean and silver bell" a taste of a sort of music then unknown in England; and when the work was first produced in public twelve years later, it was against the composer's wish and by means of a surreptitiously obtained copy. It was only from 1740, when Handel, at the age of fifty-five, still strong and resolute, but disgusted by his long and in the end unprosperous struggle with the singers and their fashionable auditors, shook off the dust of his feet against them and "turned to the Gentiles," that he began to lay the real foundation of his fame; not, like the poet whose genius is often likened to his, long choosing and beginning late, but driven reluctantly from the scene of his former triumphs, and pathetically consoling himself by the reflection that "sacred music was best suited to a man descending into the vale of years." And now, after a century of honour and worship in the country of his adoption, the present all-criticising age has begun to apply the scalpel to his genius, to dissect his plagiarisms, to count his mannerisms and weaknesses of detail, and to question even his right to the honours long and (let it be at once admitted) somewhat blindly paid to him. This reaction receives an additional impulse from the fact that Bach, his great contemporary, has lately been called from exile and raised among us to the throne which was always his due. Musical London has never yet been large-minded enough to worship two idols at a time; and the puzzlement becomes naturally all the greater when the two composers in question are so diverse in the nature of their genius and the manner in which they employed it. What is the real nature and extent of Handel's power as a musician and a musical poet, and how far the past and present estimate of his genius has been right or wrong, it is the business of these few pages to suggest.

It is not to the purpose, nor would space permit, to go here into the circumstances of Handel's life in detail. The main facts about him, and many characteristic and more or less credible anecdotes, have been long familiar and easily accessible, and of late years have been, one cannot say popularised, but rendered still more generally accessible, by the work of M. Schœlcher, a French enthusiast, who came over here and squeezed all the information that he could get out of

English libraries into a volume of incoherent paragraphs and rambling reflections, which he calls a *Life of Handel*.¹ But some recapitulation of his earlier career will help us to understand both the man and the circumstances under which his works were produced. During his early German days his figure does not stand out very clearly. Born at Halle (February 23rd, 1685), the late child of a second marriage, when his father was above sixty, the record of his childhood tells us chiefly the old story, so common in the early biography of musicians and artists, of an innate passion for his art early manifested, and sternly repressed by his father, so that the boy had to smuggle a clavecin into his chamber, and muffle the wires in order to carry on his finger exercises unknown to the higher powers. The first great turn of his life resulted from his own strength of will at the early age of seven, when, on his father refusing to take him on a journey to the ducal court of Weissenfels, where an elder son of the family had a post, the child followed the carriage on foot till he was taken up, and was duly introduced to his half-brother at the court, where he soon got the run of the harpsichords, and one day was set on the organ-seat after chapel, and so attracted the ducal ear by his manner of playing, that father and son were summoned to the presence, and the former got a lecture *in camera*, on the duty of developing his son's genius. The opinion of a duke on such a subject could not be overlooked, and the boy was placed under the tuition of Zachau, organist of the Marien-Kirche at Halle, a good musician, and an idle, drinking man, who seems to have grounded the boy well, however, and taken advantage of his talents to leave him in command of the church organ as often as the master wanted a holiday: by no means the worst thing he could have done for his pupil. Handel's next stage was Berlin, where he seems to have played the part of a boy prodigy (though never subjected to such a course of public exhibition as little Mozart was made to go through), and where he met Bononcini, then already a favourite opera composer, who was afterwards to be his rival in the good graces of the London public, but who now stood on his dignity, and kept the boy at a distance. Shortly after his return from Berlin, Handel lost his father, on which event he betook himself to Hamburg, the best centre for opera after Berlin. The opera was then under the direction of Reinard Keiser,² a composer of note in his day, and a stirring and active man, who seems to have gone through the same sort of fight with the public that Handel afterwards went through

(1) There is not a decently written life of the composer existent in England as yet, in spite of the great interest of the subject, both musically and socially.

(2) Keiser, who is now little more than a name, wrote one hundred and eighteen operas, his last, *Circe*, being said to be his most beautiful. Burney calls him "the father of German melody." He lived 1673—1735.

in London, though he extricated himself when in low water in a way that never occurred to Handel, viz., by marrying a woman with money. Among Handel's friends here were Telemann¹ and Mattheson,² the latter a talented young musician, and afterwards a considerable writer on music, to whom we owe a characteristic story of which there are various readings, but of which the admitted facts are, that Handel provoked the jealousy of some one by insisting on taking the first harpichord in the orchestra and not the second, and that some one nearly cut his thread of life with a rapier in consequence as he was leaving the theatre. Mattheson says it was himself, and he ought to have known: the point of the anecdote lies in the evidence it gives of that determined will that others should bend to him, that he should be "first fiddle," which characterized Handel throughout his life. Another trait noticed by Mattheson is that it was part of Handel's humour, when first engaged at the Hamburgh orchestra, to affect stupidity, and that "he pretended ignorance in a manner peculiar to himself, by which he made the gravest people laugh, without laughing himself." This, if true, may be added to the many points of resemblance between Handel and Rossini. Nothing delighted the latter more than to mystify people by a studiously acted simplicity. Both musicians have left a number of repartees and dry sarcasms behind them; both loved "a jest with a sad brow."

Handel produced his first opera, *Almira*, at Hamburgh (January, 1705), a work in which the German and Italian languages were mixed, as the English and Italian were mixed in early operatic performances in this country; the Italian being introduced mostly in the show airs, to accommodate the Italian singers, who were now beginning to carry everything before them.³ Thus commenced the absurdity by which,

(1) Telemann (1681—*evena* 1767) was another enormously voluminous composer, chiefly in the line of church music. It is a curious example of the different light in which men appear to their own and succeeding generations, that he was offered the Cantorship of Leipzig before it was offered to Bach, the latter only obtaining it as *plus aller* on Telemann's declining it. Handel said of Telemann that he could write a motett in eight parts "as fast as another man could write a letter," a notable technical feat at a time when it was considered *de rigueur* that part-writing should be pure and harmonious. Now it would be nothing, because he might have flung the notes together anyhow, provided he had only said that all the discords and crudities had a "poetic basis."

(2) Johann Mattheson (1681—1764) must have been a man of unusual versatility, for he not only made a name as an opera composer and singer, but subsequently became secretary to the English Resident at Hamburgh, and showed so much business ability that he succeeded to the post at the death of his principal, keeping up his musical studies and writings all the time. A pleasant trait of his youthful friendship with Handel (besides his trying to stab him) was that as Handel excelled on the organ and Mattheson on the harpsichord, they made an agreement not to intrude on each other's province in public playing, and kept it for five or six years. Possibly this was instituted as a salutary measure, *after* the affair of the rapier.

(3) This is mentioned in regard to Valentini, one of the first Italian singers on the

subsequently, in the great London operatic establishments, operas essentially French or essentially German in character were to be deprived of one half their character by translation into *Italian* words, at the mere bidding of custom, though sometimes there is hardly an Italian singer on the stage. It is noticeable that in *Almira* the music written to the German words is for the most part much the best and most serious. The opera had a fair success, but the real opening of fame came to Handel when, with the means collected by this and some other operas, he went to Italy about 1706—7. Here we have glimpses, through the veil of imperfect and half traditional narrative, of a blaze of triumph; of gatherings in palace halls where "Il caro Sassone" was the admired of all admirers; of Allessandro Scarlatti, then at the height of his fame, following Handel about to hear him play the organ in a style which must have been new enough to Italian ears; of excited throngs at the Venice opera house (which had been long closed), where the new opera of *Agrippina* ran for nearly a month, and of a great singer of the day who not only poured her whole soul into his music, but would have been only too happy to throw herself into the arms of the Saxon Apollo. The latter, however, gave no hint of affording this stage Daphne the least excuse for a metamorphosis. Handel's attitude towards the sex, it may here be observed, seems to have been throughout his life one of indifference, although he excited no little interest in women. With perhaps a constitutional lack of tenderness, he seems always to have found too much to do to be in any want of domestic affection. Once he might have made what society would have called a brilliant marriage, and was not disinclined, but the stipulation was that he should give up his calling as a musician. This was not to be thought of, and the match came to nothing. His name is connected with no story of intrigue or scandal in the society of the day; as to his female singers, with whom as an *impresario* he was in very close relations, he had obviously far too much contempt for them.

To return: the composer's next change was to Hanover (1709), where he was most generously received by the then Capell-meister, the Abbé Steffani, who, like Mattheson, was a musician of more than musical ability, who had risen to high employment in diplomatic service as well as in the Church, and who partly for this reason wished to shake off the responsibilities of his musical appointment,

English stage, of whom Cibber, quoted by Hawkins (*History of Music*), says that, though with a feeble voice and moderate execution, "he supplied those defects so well by his action, that his hearers bore with the absurdity of his singing the part of Turner in *Camilla* all in Italian, while every other character was sung and recited in English."

and nominated Handel as his successor. Sir John Hawkins, the "unclubable," gives us the words in which Handel himself, years after, described his reception by Steffani:—

" 'I was acquainted with the merits of Steffani, and he had heard of me. I understood somewhat of music, and — putting forth both his broad hands and extending his fingers — could play pretty well on the organ; he received me with great kindness, and took an early opportunity to introduce me to the Princess Sophia and the Elector's son, giving them to understand that I was what he was pleased to call a *virtuoso* in music; he obliged me with instructions for my conduct and behaviour during my residence at Hanover; and being called from the city to attend to matters of public concern, he left me in possession of that favour and patronage which himself had enjoyed for a series of years.' "

Hanover, however, proved only the stepping-stone to England. The close political connection of the two countries seemed to have put it in the composer's head to visit England, and though the Elector, through the representations of Baron Killmannseck, had just arranged a pension of 1,500 crowns a year for Handel, on the latter mentioning his desire to visit England, he was generously told that he might have a year's absence without prejudice to the pension. Making a *détour* to see his mother and his drunken old preceptor Zachau, he started *via* Holland for London in 1710.

The house in which Handel's operatic triumphs commenced, and of which he was eventually for many years manager, was the old Haymarket Theatre, built in 1706 from the designs of Vanbrugh; several views of its absurdly heavy little façade are to be found among Mr. Crace's splendid collection of views of Old London, recently purchased for the British Museum. The first pieces performed in it were some pastorals (one can imagine of what a conventional cut) consisting of recitations with airs intermixed, and were eminently unsuccessful. The Drury Lane management took the hint, however, for an attempt at the production of real Italian opera, and produced the *Camilla* of Bononcini (who had not then come to England), with great pecuniary success. This again put the Haymarket on its mettle, and a new lessee, an adventurer named Heidegger, reputed as the ugliest man of his day in London, took the house in 1709, and mounted successfully the opera of *Thomyris*, English words and Italian music selected from Bononcini, Scarlatti, Steffani, and others. This was followed by other productions on the same scrap system, the words of some of the airs, as aforesaid, being sung in Italian when the nationality of the vocalist demanded it, the others being supposed to be translated from the original Italian *libretti*; but the only aim of the so-called translations was to get the right number of syllables for the music. The utter insanity of these can hardly be exaggerated. "Those eyes

are made so killing," immortalised in the *Rape of the Lock*, is but a trifle among their beauties. *Ex. gr.* from *Love's Triumph*, a pastoral which succeeded *Thomyris* :—

No more trial,	Baulk no longer
Nor denial,	Love nor hunger,
Be more kind	Both grow stronger
And tell your mind ;	When they're younger ;
So tost,	But pall,
So crost,	And fall
I'm sad,	At last,
I'm mad,	If long we fast. ¹
No more then hide your good nature, Thou dear creature.	

Of the English singers of the time, Hawkins, who lived near enough to have had trustworthy traditions, says, "It is easy to discover that their perfections were confined to perhaps a beautiful person, graceful and easy action, and a fine voice, the gift of nature, and that owed little of its fascinating power to the improvements of art." It is necessary to bear in mind what an absurd *mélange* the opera in England was before Handel's arrival, to do justice to the real advance which he inaugurated, and at the same time to understand some of the reasons why opera in his hands was still decried and satirised by the leading writers of the day. Opera had got a bad name; and to Swift and Addison, who knew little or nothing about music, Handel was only one opera-maker the more. What he did, however, was not only to import a finer and more dignified style of music into opera, but to substitute for the *pot-pourri* of songs in various languages and from various composers, compositions which, with whatever defects arising from the fashions of the day and the demand for displays of vocalisation, were at any rate complete and consistent in their construction : the style, the words, and the whole of the singers employed, being alike Italian.

At the time of Handel's arrival in England there was associated with Heidegger, at the Haymarket, Aaron Hill the poet; he who is so pleasantly dismissed in the *Dunciad*—

" And mounts far off among the swans of Thames."

He wrote the book for an opera on the subject of *Rinaldo*, extracted

(1) This is nearly equal to Wagner's libretto in *Tristan*—

" Ohne Wahnen sanftes schnen !
Ohne Bangen siiss Verlangen,
Ohne Wehen hehr Vergehen !
Ohne Schmachten hold Um-nachten !
Ohne meiden,
Ohne scheiden,
Traut allein
Ewig Heim,"—&c., &c., &c.,  *lit.*

in the first instance from Tasso's poem, Hill's English being done into Italian for the stage by a hack named Rossi. Handel set to work with his wonted vigour (which reminds one continually of Goethe's remark to Mendelssohn about Schiller being able to "produce" two great dramas annually) and "produced" the opera in a fortnight, and with what splendour it was mounted those who know their *Spectator* will remember. It was an immense success, and brought at least great fame to its composer; and Walsh, the publisher, made fifteen hundred pounds by the publication of the music, which drew from the composer the observation, "Next time, Mr. Walsh, you shall compose the opera and I will publish it." The opposition to Handel in many quarters began from the first, however, and Hawkins mentions one special reason for his being coolly treated by the *Spectator*, for it seems that Dick Steele had an interest in one of the London Theatres, and had also a concert-room let to three musical undertakers who found their success imperilled by that of Handel; this trio solicited patronage for a concert to be given in their rooms in opposition to Handel, and "were abetted and patronised by the *Spectator*, Nos. 158 and 178, both written by Steele." It must be charitably remembered that it was probably of considerable importance to the admirable Steele to get his rent paid.

Handel returned to Hanover after a year, but in 1712 was back again in London, having perceived that here was the field of success for him; and when shortly after the English Queen died, and his former master, as George I., came over here "for our goods," Handel had some little difficulty in setting himself right with the King, after having taken French leave of the Elector; the story of his means of reconciliation, by composing some pleasant pieces for a wind band (the *Water Music*) which were played at a Thames fête in which royalty condescended to be implicated, is well known. From this time he belongs to England, socially; whether musically or not will be considered presently. He seems to have lived always in good society, and in fact was a man of far too proud and self-respecting spirit to have accepted the dependent position so often accepted by musicians at that period, as the mere makers of music for the wealthy. Pressed by the Earl of Burlington in the first instance to take up his abode with him, Handel lived there for three years, apparently on the footing of an honoured guest, doing just as he liked, studying in the mornings and arranging concerts for the evenings, and meeting Pope and Gay and Arbuthnot at dinner. At this time he was very fond of playing on St. Paul's Cathedral organ, often keeping a large congregation long after service to hear him; and this was not infrequently followed by an adjournment to a large room in the Queen's Arms tavern in St. Paul's

Churchyard, where there was a harpsichord, and the evening was finished in music and conversation. From Burlington House Handel was tempted to go to Cannons, the new Duke having, as Hawkins drily puts it, gone to so much expense in his palace that it could hardly suit him to have any less a person than the greatest musician in the kingdom for his chapel-master.¹ His residence here is chiefly worth notice because he formed there his English oratorio style, partly in the composition of *Esther*, and partly in the set of anthems which he wrote for the Duke's chapel, in which he discarded both the old church style of the school of Palestrina (adopted by the earlier English church composers, Byrd, Gibbons, and others), and the lighter anthem style initiated by Purcell and Blow, and peculiar to the English cathedral service; introducing into his anthems choruses much longer and more elaborated than are to be found in the Purcell school of anthem, and more effective and melodious, as he maintained, than the intricately woven harmonies of Palestrina and his imitators.

This was an interregnum of repose in the composer's life, from which he was recalled by the formation of a company, or "academy," as it was then called, for the performance of operas at the Haymarket Theatre, and Handel was engaged both as composer, and in some sort as *entrepreneur*; and from this time his life was a pretty continual fight. He set off first on a tour to engage singers, bringing back with him Signora Durastanti, and Senesino the male soprano, who was to become a popular idol, and a thorn in the side of the composer. But the directors associated with Handel, as the producers of operas, were Bononcini, and three years after, Attilio Ariosti, who had, like Bononcini, been a popular musician at Berlin, when young Handel, as a boy, first went there. Attilio was an amiable nonentity, and soon got squeezed into nothing between Handel and Bononcini; but Bononcini was a man of considerable power, whose music was popular in England before Handel was known there, and who, when personally summoned to London to add glory to the new opera scheme, had a large party, among the nobility especially, who wanted to put him over the head of Handel; and the affair became, as we know through an oft-quoted epigram, a battle royal for the town, "'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee;" politics even entering into the matter, as Handel had the favour of the Royal Family, which was sufficient to recommend Bononcini to the Marlborough faction. Tories were for Handel, Whigs for Bononcini. The rivalry received a partial check by the production of the opera of *Mucius Scaevola*,

(1) The expression "chapel-master" has been long since dropped; but as in the early days of music in Italy and Germany all the important musical posts were those concerned with the conduct of the Church service, the word gradually came to be applied in a general sense to the holder of a court or private musical appointment, even where Church music was an entirely secondary affair.

of an organ-concerto by Handel, a form of music by which he now discovered that he could always retain and interest an audience. He began now to find that there was still an appreciative public for him, though of a different kind from that to which he formerly appealed, and went so far in the path of popularising himself as to play at the rooms at Vauxhall and at the Ranelagh Rotunda, at each of which there was an organ, and to write band music for these promenade concerts, as they might be called. But there was something better left for him to do than this. He had not forgotten the success of *Esther*, when it was produced without his leave some years before, and determining to try the same experiment again, made a most fortunate beginning with the setting of Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, which, in spite of its pomposity, is a poem admirably suggestive for musical composition on a great scale. This, which is one of his finest works, was followed in 1740 by *Saul*, and *Israel in Egypt*, and from this time he was a composer of oratorios, at most of the performances of which he played also an organ-concerto.

As we have now traced the strange course by which he arrived at his real power in the evening of his life, the rest needs only a brief allusion. He continued growing in estimation with the public, especially after his brilliant visit to Dublin in 1741-2, where *The Messiah* was first performed, and where he was tumultuously fêted; but the aristocracy never forgave him for having refused to compose for their doll, Senesino, and succeeded in driving him into temporary bankruptcy in 1744-5, by systematically organizing large festivities in opposition to his concerts. It is disgusting to read Horace Walpole's petty sneers against a man who had invented a form of musical entertainment superior to what Horace and his world were able to understand, and his libels on the singers' employed, "a man with one note in his voice and a girl with never a one, and so they sing and make brave hallelujahs, and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune." However, Handel paid off his liabilities (which appears to have been a point of honour with him throughout his life) and went on producing one work after another with wonderful energy till the year when he lost his sight (1752); and even from that last misfortune he roused himself, and would be led to the organ to fill in the accompaniment to his own choruses and to perform his usual concerto, which he now arranged so as to leave the organ and band as nearly as possible independent of each other, he playing long solos, and the band furnishing interludes between them. In 1759 he died at his

(1). One of the singers was Beard, the eminent English tenor of the day, who must have been a good singer from the music Handel made for him (the tenor part in *Semele*, for instance), and who was even more eminent in his character than in his music. For an account of the high estimation in which he was held as a man, see Leigh Hunt's interesting essay on *Marriages from the Stage*.

house, now No. 25, Brook Street, and was buried, as we all know, in Westminster Abbey.

The character and personality of the man who played so large a part in the social world of our capital during his life, and whose name has been so intimately connected with the religious and musical associations of the country for a whole century, are not difficult to estimate. The idea which Handel gives us, apart from his musical gifts, is that of an exceedingly strong, self-willed, egoistic, yet thoroughly healthy nature; certainly not the pietist which clergymen who preach on his oratorios imagine, but thoroughly honest, cheerful, good-tempered in the main, though violent when irritated, and of indomitable pride and independence. The character of a glutton has been recorded against him; but it is probable that, as in the case of Goethe, his large physique and generally rude health made it natural to him to eat much more largely than average men. Among the little touches which seem to bring the man before us, Burney (*Account of the Handel Commemoration*) gives some very good ones; how, when he was pleased with the way the music was going at one of his oratorios, his enormous wig always had a certain nod or vibration; how, at the close of an air, he called out "Chorus!" in a voice which Burney says was "extremely formidable" (it must be remembered that the conductor's baton was not in use in England then); how he swore at the concerts at Carlton House, if the ladies in waiting talked during the music, and how the Princess would check them, saying, "Hush, hush! Handel is angry;" and, what is a pleasanter story, how he scolded the Prince and Princess of Wales for being late at a concert, and "keeping all these poor people" (the performers) "so long from their scholars and other concerns." A musician who could talk thus at court in those days must have had a strong individual power about him. His dealings with his recalcitrant singers have already been mentioned; but he was as autocratic with one of his poets, who complained that Handel's music did not suit the words he had written, but only got for satisfaction, "Den de worts is bat." When setting words from the Bible he usually preferred to make his own selection (though this was not the case in the *Messiah*), and there is evidence in some remarks which are recorded of him in regard to his sacred compositions, that, in spite of the rapid and business-like way in which his oratorios were produced, and the fact that some of the choruses which have been regarded as most intensely expressive of the words, were really *recitamenti* from his old opera and harpsichord music, others of these were the offspring of very deep feeling in his own mind, and were genuine expressions of religious fervour.¹

(1) "For the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make."

To estimate him aright as a musician is not so easy, for there are a good many false lights to be got rid of. To what school of music, in the first place, does Handel really belong? He has been claimed as being to all intents and purposes an English composer; but this is only true in a very modified sense. By nature his genius was as German as his birth and manners; those who know him by his great works written in England would be surprised to find in his first *Passion oratorio* (written at the age of nineteen) precisely the same cut and style with which the performances of Bach's *Passion-Musik* have familiarised English audiences—the short dramatic choruses, the narrative kept up by a separate singer, the serious church-like tone and style of the airs, with the elaborated accompaniments entirely separate in design from the voice part, might almost as well be Bach as Handel, and there is one bass air, *Erschüttere mit Krachen*, which is almost like a suggestion in advance of the thunder and lightning chorus in Bach's *Passion*.¹ But after Handel's visit to Italy he became very much imbued with Italian taste, and this, of course, was further developed when he came to England, by the very fact that his career here commenced with composing for Italian words and Italian singers. His acquired style, therefore, was Italian, and not English; and this is manifest enough, if it be compared with such a genuine English style as that of Purcell's anthems, in which the musical phrases really seem to arise out of the character of the English language. It is this, no doubt, which drew from Dr. Burney the acute remark that "in the action, passion, and expression of English words, the music of Purcell is sometimes, to my feelings, as superior to Handel's as an original poem to a translation." But when Purcell intentionally attempted the Italian style in some sonatas, "principally to bring the seriousness and gravity of that sort of music into vogue and reputation among our countrymen," his efforts resulted in works very much resembling in style Handel's concertos and overtures. And as far as instrumental music was concerned this style was larger and more dignified than anything that had been introduced into England before. When Handel commenced writing anthems for the church service at Cannons, then he did strike out a style different from anything that had gone before, and which (as far as choruses were concerned) was the foundation of his later oratorio style, and it may be said to be cosmopolitan, and combines some of the best qualities of several styles. If compared with Bach's

(1) When Handel wrote his second *Passion oratorio*, during his visit to Hanover in 1717—18, he arbitrarily re-adopted to a great extent this German style, which he had flung off in England, introducing a chorale also (*Chorale der Kruftlichen Kirche*), in the same way as in Bach's oratorios. He made the overture to it, however, from the materials afterwards used in one of his instrumental concertos (*Concerti Grossi*), in a different style. It is worth noticing that a copy of this latter *Passion* was found among Bach's MSS., partly in his own handwriting.

choruses, it will be observed that the study of Italian vocalisation had given Handel a power of writing naturally for the voice which renders his choruses far more vocal, more "singable," than most of Bach's, while his German genius and education gave him power over that logical combination and simultaneous treatment of melodies which has received the dry technical name of counterpoint, but is, in fact, the source of, or at least a condition of, the highest and noblest musical expression. His style was, therefore, a union of the German and Italian elements of musical style, tinctured with a certain English colouring from the influence of the language; but those who think Handel was an essentially English musician because they find the same style in some English anthem writers, such as Greene, Boyce, and Crotch, are putting the cart before the horse: these latter men made every effort to imitate Handel, after whom no other style was possible in the country for generations. Had Purcell come a little later, and lived long enough to impress his splendid genius on the art, we might have had an English style of vocal music growing out of the essential spirit of the English language; but Purcell was crushed under the subsequent success of Handel. It was rather a mistake, however, of Handel to think that he had so thoroughly beaten the older English vocal writers in his anthems, or for Burney to say that he should like to hear Handel's choruses without instrumental accompaniments, so as to show how superior they were to those of the old church school, when compared on equal terms. It would take a very strong chorus of Handel's (or any one's) to beat such a thing as Orlando Gibbons's "Hosanna," written more than a century before; only, if you had given Gibbons a dozen different sets of words he would have expressed them all in music of the same manner and feeling, whereas Handel would have given the appropriate feeling and dramatic expression to each. In this respect, though none of his choruses reach the stupendous constructive power of Bach's greatest efforts in choral writing, he is more of a poet than Bach, and has a much wider range of expression; and in regard to songs for single voices there is no place for comparison. Handel was, in fact, almost as distinctly a "melodist" as Rossini, only in a much higher and nobler key; and even after subtracting all the careless and uninteresting songs which he threw in merely to give this or that singer something to do (and they are a formidable number), there still remains a long list of perfectly beautiful and vocal melodies, such as haunt our ears after we have heard them, and which no change of fashion or style can superannuate. In instrumental music his ground is much lower; his overtures, with two or three brilliant exceptions, are deficient in marked character; his harpsichord suites, which contain beautiful things, are very unequal; and his organ concertos quite deficient, for the most part, in

the true organ style, then even less understood in England than it is now; though from Hawkins's description of his way of preluding on the organ before his concertos, "with a movement on the diapasons which stole on the ear in slow and solemn progression, the harmony close wrought, and as full as could possibly be expressed," it should seem that he knew what to do with an organ when he chose to please his own taste. It may be observed, too, that he had that love of performing on his favourite instruments, and pride in his execution on them, which has been the invariable accompaniment of all healthy musical genius; every great musician has been a fine performer; and one for whom performance has no excitement, and no interest, may probably be regarded as but a sham genius.

One strange feature in Handel's compositions must be alluded to: the extent to which he has in some cases appropriated to his own use, and embodied in his own compositions, not only ideas, but passages of considerable length, sometimes a whole chorus, from other composers. This matter has been dragged into rather undue prominence of late by some able critics, who seem so pleased with their acuteness in making new discoveries of the kind that they cannot flourish them about sufficiently, and even appear to acquire a kind of morbid faculty for seeing plagiarisms. One writer on music has classed as plagiarisms the chorus, "And with His stripes," in *The Messiah*, on account of the identity of the first phrase with that of a fugue of Bach's--this phrase being, in fact, a kind of common property used over and over again by fugue writers. Mozart uses it in the first chorus of the *Requiem*; the chorus, "Wretched lovers," in *Acis*, as another Bach plagiarism (which it would puzzle any one to identify); and the beautiful and poetic song, "O Sleep," from *Semide*, as a plagiarism from Purcell, who did, in fact, write a song (in *The Indian Queen*) "To sleep," but there all the resemblance ends. As to the unquestioned and unquestionable cases, if it were found that the things which have made Handel's fame were borrowed from other composers, the matter would be serious; but it is not so. The gold is all his own; it is the alloy only that he borrows; either by taking a movement of an older composer and incorporating it in his work, or, more frequently, by taking a phrase or a theme and treating it in his own way. A very considerable proportion, as regards quantity, of *Israel in Egypt* is thus made up of excerpts or suggestions from other composers; but when we come to consider quality rather than quantity, the entirely original choruses tower immeasurably above all the wholly or partially borrowed ones, and are what makes the greatness of the work. The Dettingen *Te Deum* is another characteristic example. This, which is mostly a rather inferior work written to order and *currente calamo*, is largely borrowed from a Latin *Te Deum* by an otherwise

nearly unknown composer, forty years previous to Handel, named Urio, whose *Te Deum* has been reprinted in consequence of this discovery. The inferior and less interesting parts of Handel's work are identical with most of Urio's; the final chorus, which is beautiful, is purely Handel's; and the one point in the work in which Handel reaches his highest sublimity, the chorus, "To thee, Cherubim and Seraphim," commences with a flourish of trumpets carelessly inserted from Urio (and even this is improved by a slight but most important alteration in the opening phrase), and then the chorus proceeds with a grandeur which Handel has seldom surpassed, and of which there is not a hint to be found in the older work. This is a fair specimen of the real relation of Handel to the composers he made use of. The facts which have been brought to light have not the slightest bearing upon our estimate of the greatness of his genius, which rests entirely on works of unquestionable authenticity: it is, in this respect, a mere question of more or less quantity of matter. In other respects it is a great puzzle, no doubt. It is difficult to understand why he should ever have done this at all, since he had not only unlimited ideas of his own to draw upon, but was one of the most rapid of workers—*The Messiah*, which is nearly all original matter, having been completed in little over a fortnight—so that even the demand for copy in a hurry need hardly have driven him to this; and it seems, at first sight, still more difficult to understand how a man who in all other records of his life exhibits an almost defiant integrity of character should have thus appropriated the ideas of other composers without acknowledgment. The explanation is probably to be found partly in the very different state of music in his time: for when contrapuntal science was so much valued, it was considered (not only in Handel's day, but for long afterwards) that to take a "subject" from the works of another musician, and elaborate an extempore fugue upon it, was a compliment to the original author of the subject; and Handel might not unreasonably have thought that there was no difference in principle between doing this extempore on the keyboard and doing it on paper. But the fuller and truer explanation is probably to be found in Handel's tremendous egotism and belief in himself, which led him to regard himself as the centre of the music of his day, and to consider many of the previous inchoate attempts at musical expression as serving the best possible purpose in being bent to his ends. If it is his royal will and pleasure to be original—why, so: if not, if he have already composed the principal portion of a great musical epic, and the filling up of the intermediate spaces be irksome to him, why then, whatever comes within arm's length—scraps of his own old operas, concertos or organ or harpsichord fugues, tags from this man's *Magnificat* and that man's *Serenata*, shall all be swept pell-mell into

the melting-pot, to come out a complete whole stamped with his image and superscription. For this high-handed proceeding, so far as regarded the works of others, his defence would probably have been in spirit the same which Mr. Froude has recorded on behalf of Reinecke Fuchs, in that matter of Lampe the Hare—"Such fellows were made to be eaten." And, strange as it may seem, the result has in one sense justified this reasoning; for it is certain that not one of the things from which Handel has borrowed would be of interest to any one now, except for the mere fact that he has made use of them.

In speaking of Handel's music from the artistic stand-point, we have only space for a few words in regard to the class of now neglected compositions by which he was during a great portion of his life chiefly known. In a general way, it may be said that a great many of the *bravura* solos of his operas have only naturally shared the fate of most music that is written merely for show: the style of execution changes, and what delighted the public of one day would only weary the public of two or three generations after. Besides this, what we gather here and there as to the effect produced by some of the show airs in their own day, leads us to suppose that in the character of voice produced by the abominable system, now fortunately obsolete, of manipulating the human instrument, there was a kind of power and intensity in the execution of brilliant vocal ornaments which no natural female soprano can reproduce. We gather this from one significant expression of Burney's, who, in mentioning one of Handel's *bravura* airs, says that his readers can imagine what it was like when "thundered forth" by the great voice of Senesino; and this expression, which no one would ever use in regard to a lady soprano of the present day, gives some idea of what effect may have been produced by a voice with the compass of a woman's, and the physical power and resonance of a man's. There are, however, other things in Handel's operas besides the show airs. Some of the finest songs from them are well known in our concert-rooms, but there are many quite as fine which are completely unknown; and they have this additional interest, that many of them are in a style quite distinct from those of Handel's oratorio airs, and show the composer in a new and different light from that in which we are accustomed to consider him. *Rodelinda* is one which is particularly fine and varied in its solos; and *Rinaldo* is unquestionably in its way a great work, full of beauty in its vocal music, and very effective in many of its dramatic situations. The choruses in these operas, as in the majority of more modern operas, are superficial in style, and brief and unimportant in form. But the airs have so much in them of true genius, that, in spite of the incongruity which would be forced upon us of seeing heroic and martial parts acted

and sung by women in men's costume (which would be the only means of representing the music), it might really be worth while to attempt the revival of one or two of Handel's operas, not only for the sake of the really fine music, but for the interest of enabling London, under Queen Victoria, to form some idea what kind of thing it was that London, under Queen Anne and George I., fought and struggled for places to hear.

And, now, what of the oratorios? Have we, as some persons would tell us now, been all this time ignorantly worshipping an inferior composer who has gained a factitious renown? As to the aesthetic value of the form of composition called an oratorio, it is hardly necessary to discuss that. When it was first introduced there was a good deal of argument as to whether or not an oratorio should be performed with action; but every one understands pretty well now that it stands on a different basis from opera; that it is a musical illustration, not of the actions of the persons of a narrative, but of their feelings at successive stages of the relation, alternating with choral utterances which may either represent the feelings of other personages connected with the main plot, as in the chorus "Welcome, mighty King!" in *Saul*, which is the song of the populace, or may be an impersonal and abstract comment suggested by the narrative, as in the chorus denouncing "Envy," in the same oratorio; in this latter case it plays, of course, exactly the part of the chorus in the Greek drama. This is, therefore, a perfectly consistent form of musical art, in some respects superior to lyrical drama, as appealing more purely to the feeling and imagination of the listener, and having the immense advantage of getting rid of the pasteboard and tinsel that are inseparable from stage representation.

In estimating the absolute value of Handel's grand series of works of this class, every impartial critic must at once admit that there is a large discount to be made in regard to the solo parts, for what is now *passé* and uninteresting, and a certain proportion (but much less) for the choruses, in consideration of the evidently hasty way in which some of them are written, the amount of working up of old materials, and the repetition of some forms of effect and accompaniment which get rather threadbare when used so often as Handel uses them. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that these works were written literally *to get a living*; that Handel, without a rival, amid a community then very ignorant of music, might very pardonably have felt that whatever he chose to write was at least better than any one else at the time could give them; and, also, that he probably by no means foresaw the importance which posterity would attach to these works. Almost precisely the same thing might be said of Shakespeare, very few of whose plays can be

given now without the excision of a good deal that is antiquated and uninteresting, and he also probably wrote with little sense of the greatness of his work. Both were involved in the struggles of life —both wrote for the moment, and were great, where they were great, without self-consciousness or affectation.

So much for what Handel came short in; but what did he accomplish? In considering first his most popular work, which has taken such a hold on the public mind in this country, it is, of course, difficult to separate entirely the question of its musical excellence from that of its religious interest, and it is perhaps hardly possible for any who have not been, at any rate, through the stage of religious creed of which it is the expression, to understand quite fully the effect which *The Messiah* has had. Making all due allowance for this adventitious interest, a dispassionate criticism must conclude that the popular judgment on the work is not in the main very far wrong. Taking the subject of the oratorio on its own ground, regarding it as the musical expression of that older evangelical creed which has been such a great power with the mass of the English people in the latter part of last and the early part of this century—that creed which believes the plan of salvation to be set forth in the prophets, and fulfilled in Christ, it would be difficult to imagine how it could be put into a more impressive and pathetic form than in many parts of this oratorio. The opening recitative, "Comfort ye my people," is unsurpassable in beauty and appropriateness, as representing the first dawn of hope and promise to a people walking in darkness. The subject is carried on from point to point with new beauties; such as the simple and *naïve* illustration of that exquisite legend of the angels appearing to the shepherds; the solemn chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," which forms the index, as it were, to the story of the Passion in the second part; the intense pathos of the song, "He was despised and rejected," and of the succeeding chain of choruses in which the "Passion" scenes are illustrated; and so on from step to step till the real climax of the work is reached in the "Hallelujah," which after being strummed and scamped in every form, *usque ad nauseam*, as one might suppose, still seems as effective as ever when properly rendered, and is certainly unsurpassed in the whole of choral music as an instance of the attainment of a grand effect by apparently the very simplest means. It came straight from the heart of the composer, which is part of the secret; and surely may still go straight to ours, for if it cannot have the same meaning to us which it had to him, that is only because we can supply it with a still deeper and broader meaning; and in some of us, at least, the sight of a large audience rising for this chorus, and the opening of the well-known phrases, never fail to raise an emotion which is, no doubt, utterly illogical, but which we would on no account part with. Then in *The Messiah* Handel

has been especially fortunate in his solos; even the *bravura* displays, which are among his best in that way, not clashing with the feeling of the work; the long-divisions in "Rejoice greatly" and "Why do the Nations" forming really a very suitable expression of the sentiment of the words.¹ As to the song preceding the "Hallelujah," the air for tenor voice, "Thou shalt break them," it is difficult to know where we could find more forcible and fiery vocal declamation, or an accompaniment more characteristic and expressive in design.

Handel himself preferred *Samson* and *Theodora* to *The Messiah*; he was very much annoyed that *Theodora* attracted but small audiences, accounting for it by saying that "The Jews would not come to it, because it was a Christian story, nor the ladies, because it was a virtuous one." *Theodora* is a smaller and slighter work than many, and few of the airs (except the well-known "Angels ever bright and fair") have much interest; but there is a peculiar beauty and refinement in the choruses, which ought to be much better known than they are. *Samson* the composer certainly estimated rightly; in abstract beauty it rises in parts higher than almost any of his works, though it requires a great deal of weeding for performance. Drawn in great measure from Milton's drama, the words furnished Handel with a subject worthy of his genius; the chorus, "O, first created beam," and the air, "Total eclipse," in which the hero laments his blindness, are examples of the noblest pathos, admirably contrasted with the feast-music of the Philistines. The funeral dirge after the death of Samson is at once religious in its feeling and classic in its calm beauty, rising to grandeur at the point where the full chorus enters at the words, "Glorious hero;" and one of our own most ineffaceable musical recollections is of hearing Madame Viardot Garcia, when in the height of her powers, declaim the beautiful prayer, "Return, O God of Hosts," with a prophetic fervour intensified in its effect by the answering masses of the chorus, in sad and slow-moving phalanx—

"To dust his glory they would tread."

To sum up, without too much detail, some other characteristics special to Handel in his highest productions, one may say, in the first place, that he seems not infrequently to rise to what may be called a moral grandeur not often attained in musical expression. A notable instance of this is that chorus in *Saul* before referred to, "Envy, eldest-born of Hell;" one feels that the very "devil envy" itself must cower beneath this stern, inexorable, passionless denunciation.

(1) *Bravura*, or display music, for voice or instrument, is not by any means a thing to be despised at proper time and place, if only for this reason, that it is well to know to what perfection of execution the human voice and hand can be brought, and to keep up the standard of this, since all art, as Mill said, is "an endeavour after perfection of execution."

tion, which reminds us of Schiller's description of the Greek tragedy chorus—

"Strenge und ernst, nach alter Sitte,
Der durch das Herz zerreissend dringt,
Die Bände um den Frevler schlingt."

Other examples might easily be mentioned, though none, perhaps, superior to this. Recalling Wordsworth's complaint against Goethe, that his poetry was "not sufficiently inevitable," we may say, on the other hand, of Handel, that hardly any composer is so inevitable as he is when at his best. From the very commencement of one of his great choruses we feel that he has not the slightest doubt or hesitation as to what he intends to do, and the whole develops from beginning to end so naturally that it seems impossible to imagine that it could have been carried out in any other way, or that a single phrase could be altered without impairing the unity of the whole. There is something, again, peculiar to Handel in the largeness of manner,^{*} the extended perspective, as one may say, of many of his great choruses; such as the first chorus in *Israel*, where the sighs of the people oppressed with burdens seem to come up from the whole length and breadth of the land, and still more in the chorus towards the close of the work, "The people shall hear," which we have sometimes thought is the central effort of his genius, and which is in every sense Hebraic in its grandeur; we seem to feel the hush and awe of the surrounding nations while the endless files of the chosen people pass over into the wilderness. And in a totally opposite way should be noticed the power which Handel had of treating less dignified subjects with an almost realistic force and picturesqueness, yet strictly within the limits of pure art; as in the chorus, "He trusted in God," in *The Messiah*, where the jeers of a mocking crowd are so forcibly painted within the defined limitations of a fugue; the grotesque and yet giant-like humour of Polypheus's love story, "O, ruddier than the cherry"; the Philistines' song of triumph over Samson, "Great Dagon hath subdued our foe"; and (most remarkable in this way of any) the bacchanalian chorus in *Alexander's Feast*, "Drinking is the soldier's pleasure," where the swinging chant for men's voices has all the abandon of a half-drunken revel, and yet it is noble music; a feat of combination of artistic power with realism which only genius of the highest order can achieve. Lastly, run over but a very few of the examples of Handel's power of seizing the local colour and picturesque suggestions of his subjects. Mendelssohn has been much and justly praised for the depiction of the sentiment of Pagan worship, its cold gracefulness devoid of spirituality, in the chorus of the Priests of Jupiter in *St. Paul*; but Handel has done the same

thing to perfection in the chorus, "Cheer her, O Baal," in *Athaliah*, which we never hear; nor is he any less vivid in painting the fiercer aspects of Paganism in the chorus in *Jephtha*, "No more to Ammon's God." He has blown with equal effect the trumpet of warlike patriotism in *Judas*, and the pastoral pipe in *Acis*; he could sing alike the dirge of "The world's avenger" in *Hercules*, and the simple music of the village sports "With many a youth and many a maid" in *L'Allegro*. And his unerring instinct in seizing on any poetic element that his subject affords cannot be overlooked. Too often the words he had to set were little better than doggerel, and his acquaintance with the English language was too imperfect to enable him to judge of style, or to be aware often how commonplace the words really were. But give him the slightest suggestion upon which a poetic association can be hung, even if it be but a single word, and Handel rises to it infallibly. Let the chorus in *Solomon* sing of "Death and wild despair," and they sing in the wildest and most thrilling harmonies that ever gave voice to the majesty of grief. Let the patriarch in *Joshua* give thanks that it is his lot to end his days in "Mamre's fertile plain," and forthwith Handel is inspired with a religious pastoral which seems to breathe the very spirit of the peaceful, far-off patriarchal life of the Old Testament. Let the chorus in *Theodora*, musing in melancholy strains on the departed saint, express with a sudden turn of sentiment the hope—

" That we the glorious spring may know,
Whose streams appeared so bright below,"

and immediately the music rebounds to the sentiment in a phrase so nobly ecstatic that it seems to raise us on the wings of hope—so simple, that we might be tempted to think that any one could have written it: but it is the simplicity of inspiration.

And if it be remembered that, after deducting from the works of Handel all that can be said to be antiquated in feeling or careless in style, the few examples we have recalled are but a small proportion of what remains that is equally noble and pathetic, surely we may say that the ungainly, irritable, proud, yet in his way genial German, who one hundred and fifty years ago made London his home, left us a legacy not to be lightly esteemed. That he was in the main a high-minded and honour-worthy man the records of his life sufficiently show; that he was a gifted musician has never been questioned. But he was more than all this. In his own special language, and with his own materials of utterance, he was a great poet.

H. H. STATHAM.

FREEDOM OF LAND.

AN apology is due for the magnitude of this subject and the many issues it raises. What has induced me to attempt it is that there is a single thread running through the whole subject, which is of the very essence of Political Economy. To make this clear, and to discuss one or two practical points of much interest at the present time, is all that I can hope to do, and with this object I must pass over or touch in the slightest way some of the most important subjects to which the question leads. For instance, I shall not attempt to argue the question of Protection; nor shall I do more than allude to the arguments on the vexed question of Peasant Proprietorship. I shall avoid the case of Ireland altogether; not because the principles I advocate are not applicable to Ireland, but because the peculiar circumstances of Irish land may require a peculiar application of them. I shall also try to avoid all considerations which are not economical. On some of the points which I shall urge, social and political considerations are at least as important as those derived from economy, but any attempt to deal with them fully would transgress the limits of an article. My endeavour has been, as I have said, to find a leading principle or clue which will guide us through the mazes of the different questions concerning land, and I think the history of Political Economy will furnish one.

If we inquire what have been the practical triumphs of Political Economy, we shall find that, wide and complicated as are their developments, they may be summed up in one word—Freedom: freedom of labour, freedom of market, freedom of cultivation, freedom of use and disposition. To describe them would be to write the economical history of Europe, but I may mention the following as instances:—

In England the abolition of feudal tenures (long since accomplished), the enfranchisement of trade and manufacture from all guild restrictions, and finally the freedom of external trade.

In France the abolition under Turgot and his successors of guild restrictions on manufacture; of internal customs duties; of legal and official restraints on the practice of agriculture, and on the exportation, purchase, and sale of agricultural produce;¹ and, finally, of feudal rights.

In Germany² the reforms of Stein and Hardenberg, viz., the abolition of caste restrictions on personal labour, and on the legal capacity

(1) Lavergne, *Economie Rurale de France*. 1877. P. 11.

(2) Morier, in *Cobden Club Essays*. First Series.

for holding land ; the abolition of feudal tenures ; and the appropriation to lord and tenant each of his own distinct portion of the soil.

In Russia the recent abolition of personal serfdom, and the appropriation of the land between lord and peasant.

In the principle that so far as production is concerned, each person will do better for himself than other persons can do for him ; and that for this purpose each person should have the utmost possible freedom in using and disposing of his faculties, his earnings, and his investments, is to be found the basis of modern industrial development. It is the more desirable to insist on this at the present moment, since there is a disposition to pare down and limit this all-important principle. Feudalism and socialism, philanthropy and tyranny, patriotism and protection, all the specious forms in which impatient benevolence, selfishness, and love of domination manifest themselves, are only too ready to shake hands, and form unholy alliances against the spirit of freedom.

To apply this principle to the practical questions now arising with respect to land.*

Freedom of Labour.

On this there is now little to be said. A century ago the restrictions in Europe, if not in England, were numerous. The noble, the burgher, the peasant, were confined to their respective ranks, and each was unable to undertake the occupations of the other. Even in England the restrictions of the old guilds and of apprenticeships remained. Thanks to the economists these restrictions have disappeared, and with the final repeal of the laws against combination, and of the criminal penalties on breach of contract, the agricultural labourer, as well as every other worker in the country, may dispose of his labour as he pleases. As a matter of fact his wages have, according to Mr. Caird,¹ risen in the last twenty years sixty per cent., whilst the price of necessaries has not risen. Even now and in these bad times his wages have fallen little, if at all.

Is he then entirely free ? There is no external legal restriction on his actions. But if the law is such as to deprive him of the motives for energy, for prudence, for thrift, can it be said to leave him free ? Surely not ; and that it does so is, I think, also clear.

On the one hand, the Poor Law gives him the prospect of a certain, if a miserable, provision for his old age ; and, on the other, his opportunities for creating an independence for himself are of the most limited kind. Such opportunities may be of different sorts. In Scotland we see that thrift can exist without the ownership, or prospect of ownership, of land ; and opportunities for thrift in England are, we may trust, being slowly developed through such

(1) *Caird, Landed Interest*, p. 65.

agencies as Friendly Societies, Government Savings Banks, and Penny Banks. But one great opportunity is closed to the English labourer, viz., the opportunity of owning, or of hoping to own, a bit of land, or even his own cottage home. I have not time to argue the question of Peasant Proprietorship; but I think there can be no doubt on the mind of any one who has paid the least attention to the present state of things in Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, France, and our own Channel Islands, that the ownership of small plots of land does in those countries give the hope and the energy which we so much want here; that it can exist side by side with large properties and large farms; that it is consistent with very ample production; that it gives land a very high price; and that there is nothing in the climate, the soil, or other inevitable conditions of English life, which should prevent the development in England of what succeeds so well in foreign countries. I confess that amid the sunshine of our great prosperity the condition of the English farm labourer, who has no property, except the furniture of his cottage; no house which he can call his own, and no prospect of acquiring one; no outlook in old age, except the workhouse, is a very dark spot; and it is not made brighter by the inevitable fact now staring us in the face, that he will soon have the franchise.

“What labour yields, and what, that labour past,
Age, in its time of languor, finds at last,”

are among the questions to which, we may hope, attention will be directed, when we can spare time from conquering Zulus and Afghans and civilising Turks.

Freedom of Market.

Although in England we have long since got rid of every restriction on the purchase and sale within the country of agricultural produce, it may not be amiss to remember that down to the end of the last century the case was very different in France; that prices were there fixed by authority; that customs duties existed between different provinces, and that to this difference between the two countries, amongst other causes, such observers as M. Leonce de Lavergne and Arthur Young, have attributed the superiority of English cultivation at the close of the century. In this country we have since made freedom of market complete by abolishing all protective duties and restrictions on foreign agricultural produce, and I may assume that any attempt to re-introduce such restrictions, whether in their own naked form of Protection or in the more insidious and hypocritical form of Reciprocity, or in the later and more pugnacious form of a great National Imperial Customs Union, with differential duties against the world; and whether suggested by

farmers or manufacturers, by English legislator or colonial protectionist, will be scorned by the good sense of the nation. I will only make two observations, which are trite and commonplace enough.

The English farmer is not without benefit from the foreign trade, caused and encouraged by the free market in this country for foreign corn. Even with the heavy duty which America puts on our manufactures, Sheffield and Staffordshire and Cleveland are sending iron and steel to America to pay for American corn, and for every increase in the trade of these districts there is an increased demand by them for the milk and butter and meat of the Yorkshire and Derbyshire dales.

The American wheat grower, who is competing with the English farmer, is burdened and injured by the restricted market for English manufactures. For every ton of English iron which America refuses to take, the English manufacturers, the English farmer, and the American farmer, all suffer. It is the common interest of the American and the English farmer, as well as of the English manufacturer, to get rid of all restrictions on the sale abroad of English manufactures.

Freedom of Cultivation.

In France, and probably in other parts of Europe, actual restrictions on freedom of cultivation were, as late as the last century, imposed with all the authority of law by the Government. Such restrictions, if ever they existed in England, have long ceased to exist, and to this, again, amongst other differences, Lavergne and others attribute the superiority of English agriculture at the beginning of this century. But it is alleged that by—

1. Bad customs;
2. Restrictive covenants;
3. Absence of compulsory right to compensation;

The English farmer is still prevented from improving and doing his best with the land.

The farming lease has, in this country, so far at least as law is concerned, for centuries been a matter of contract between landlord and tenant.

But the law, made by landlords, has annexed to this contract a condition—not found in other contracts—known in England as distress, and in Scotland as hypothec, by which the landlord has priority over all other creditors, and exceptional forms of remedy. I shall not dwell upon these further than to say that this interposition of the law is condemned by the principle of freedom. If contract is to be free, no exceptional and unnatural condition should be attached to it by law. And the condition under consideration is

the more to be condemned, because it interferes not only with freedom of contract between landlord and tenant, but with freedom of contract between the tenant and third parties.

There is a further condition which, in the absence of special agreement, the law of this country, till within a few years, annexed to the farming contract, viz., that what was put into the soil by the tenant belonged to the landlord. This presumption also was unnatural and contrary to freedom. To reverse it is the apparent object of the Agricultural Holdings Act. Whether that intention is effectually fulfilled may be doubted. In its half-hearted dealing with fixtures: in the absence of any distinct provision that the tenant may take from the soil anything whatever which he has put into or upon it: in requiring the previous consent of the landlord to certain improvements: in empowering the landlord by a mere line, and without specific stipulations, to get rid of the new law in a lump; the Act appears to leave much of the old presumption standing. However this may be, it was no doubt one principal intention of the Act to leave landlord and tenant free to make any contract they please concerning compensation for improvements, and this freedom is now complained of. It is alleged by those who take on themselves to represent the farmer, that the law ought to be such as to prevent him from giving up his right to compensation; and the following arguments are brought forward in support of their allegation:

1. That land is a monopoly. But as long as there are a number of landowners sufficient to prevent combination amongst themselves, and to secure competition for tenants, there can, as against tenants, be no monopoly. Mr. Caird estimates the number of persons owning agricultural land in the United Kingdom at 180,000 (*Landed Interest*, p. 57). Others estimate it at much less. But whether it be 200,000 or 30,000, it is amply sufficient to secure a competition for good tenants, and no reasonable man can doubt that such competition exists.

2. That tenant farmers are, from a variety of circumstances, a weak class, unable to resist the landlord and his lawyer, and consequently not free agents. But this is not the fact. In Great Britain they number nearly 600,000, and own from £300,000,000 to £400,000,000 of capital.¹ They are free to emigrate, and some are now emigrating. There is scarcely another interest so large and wealthy. If they have difficulty in making terms it is due to the attractiveness of their occupation, not to their weakness. At the present moment, when farms are to let on every hand, a tenant

(1) Mr. Caird gives the figures as follows:—560,000 for Great Britain, 600,000 for Ireland, owing together £400,000,000 of capital. But of this capital a comparatively small part belongs to the tenant farmers of Ireland, probably not above a sixth or an eighth. See pages 86 and 87 of Mr. Caird's *Landed Interest*.

farmer, with capital and foresight, may no doubt make a most excellent bargain. *

3. Then it is said that compulsory interference is necessary in the public interest, i.e. in order to increase the supply of food for the consumer. To this it is only necessary to reply, that the consumer has the markets of the world open to him, and that the English landowner is subjected to a very fierce and successful competition.

4. Finally, it is said that compulsion is justified by the analog of existing legal interference in other cases, e.g. with factories, with shipping, with mines, with buildings, with education.

But the interference of the State, in the cases referred to, is not for the purpose of making the industries interfered with more productive. It is for the purpose of protecting life and health; of educating the young; and for other purposes which are considered paramount to economical production. The very basis of my argument is that for economical purposes, i.e. for purposes of production, the best and wisest course is to leave all parties free, and to allow each to manage what belongs to him as his own interests dictate. It is to the interest of the landlord, *if a free agent*, as much as of the tenant, to improve and to produce as much as possible; and they will find out together how to do this much better than the law can determine for them. This is true of all contracts for production, and it is specially applicable in the case of farming contracts; for the circumstances of soil, climate, holdings, &c., are so different that no single rule, or set of rules, could be made of general application.

It is possible, indeed, to conceive a case in which it would be justifiable to interfere. If, for instance, it could be demonstrated that the owners of property, or the majority of them, had determined, in spite of self-interest, to sacrifice all other production to the pleasure of slaughtering some thousands of rabbits in a day, there might be reason for putting them into a madhouse, and their land under public management. But the landowners of England, happily, are, as a general rule, far from being such fools.

There is another precautionary observation which I desire to make, and it is an important one. There have been abundance of cases where the relations of landlord and cultivator have been successfully altered by expropriating, for due consideration, certain rights of the landlord, and appropriating them to the tenant. Such were the changes effected in Prussia by Stein and Hardenberg. Such, in a small way, is the enfranchisement of copyholds in this country. Similar changes may still be needed in other countries; not, however, I contend, in Great Britain. But what I am particularly anxious to insist on, is that these changes, when successful, have been in the direction of absolute individual ownership; and not, as com-

Compulsory compensation for improvement would be, in the direction of compulsory partnership, with the terms dictated by the State. *

I have said that landlords and tenants will make the best agreements for themselves, *if they are free agents.*

But is the landlord a free agent? It is said, that half or three-quarters of the land in Great Britain is in strict settlement, i.e. it is in the hands of men whose interest in and power over the land ceases with their own lives. At common law such persons could do nothing. They could not cut a tree, or grub a hedge, or make any improvement, except at their own personal expense; nor could they secure to their tenants any compensation for making one. Finding this intolerable, the lawyers, by introducing powers into settlements, have given to tenants for life the power of doing many useful things; and the legislature, adopting these powers, has now made them universal.

The tenant for life may now grant a farming lease for twenty-one years. The Court of Chancery may now, at the instance of any tenant for life, make an order for granting farming, building, or renewing leases, and for cutting timber; and the Enclosure Commissioners may make orders for draining, irrigating, reclaiming, enclosing, clearing, planting, constructing roads, canals, cottages, and farm buildings, engines, piers, and jetties: and for charging the expense on the inheritance. Finally, the tenant for life may, in granting farming leases, procure an order of a County Court charging certain improvements, if made by the tenant, on the inheritance.

These Acts are¹ an admission of the evil of settlements, and a palliation, but they are no more. For—

1. They are surrounded by obstructions and formalities. Notices have to be given and consents obtained; proceedings have to be taken in Chancery, or in the County Court, or before the Enclosure Commissioners; official surveys have to be made; and the act to be done is in fact in general the act of the Court, or of some public authority, and not that of the owner of the property.

2. Especial care is taken that the thing to be done shall be for the benefit, not of the landlord in possession, not of the farmer, not of the consuming public, but of the remainder-man. Unless the improvement is clearly one which will increase the value of the estate to a future possessor, it cannot be done. How different from the action of free ownership, and how much more limited!

3. The very motive for improvement is wanting. To put the law in motion, there must be a moving party, and that party must be the possessor of the estate, i.e. the tenant for life. Now the great incentive to improvement is absolute ownership, and of this, by the

(1) *Improvement of Land Act, 1861; Settled Estates Act, 1877; Agricultural Holdings Act, 1875.*

settlement, he is deprived. If he improves, he must improve for others. Not only, therefore, is his power, under these Acts, of the smallest, but the chief motive to exert what power he has, *ex hypothesis*, does not exist.

The cultivation and improvement of land in Great Britain is, therefore, not free, because the owner is, in a majority of cases, not a free agent. I have dwelt at length upon this part of the case, because the existence of the statutory powers above referred to will no doubt be much relied on in the coming controversy. Only the other day they were treated by the *Times* as a complete answer to Lord Carington's striking account of his own life ownership.

Freedom of Use and Disposition.

We have heard little lately of the doctrine of "the unearned increment in land"—the doctrine, namely, that in a progressive community there is an element of increasing value in land, which does not, or ought not, to belong to the proprietor, and which the public have in some form or another a right to claim. Now if this doctrine were limited to the support of increased taxation on land, in order to meet the increasing burdens which are made necessary by the growth of population, I should have nothing to say against it. But it was pressed farther: it was proposed in some form or other to appropriate the unearned "increment to the State," *i.e.* to make the State a partner in the enjoyment and ownership.

This was at a period of advancing prosperity, when rents had increased for many years, and there was no prospect of their decreasing. At the present time we may ask, what of an "unearned decrement"? Is the State to appropriate that? If it is a partner for purposes of gain, it must be a partner for purposes of loss, and it should now guarantee the landowner against a fall in rents.

This is a *reductio ad absurdum*, but it does not go to the root of the matter. I am not, however, going to plunge into controversies concerning exchange values, and the relation of land to other exchangeable commodities. I will not even ask whether shares in public undertakings, such as railways, are to fall within the same law of the unearned increment.

The real reason why the doctrine of the unearned increment cannot be admitted is, that it is inconsistent with freedom of use and ownership. It deprives the owner of one principal motive for improvement. It makes the State a partner with the landowner, and fetters his free action by joint management of the worst kind. Suppose that one of my fields is, by the growth of a town or other cause independent of myself, capable, without cost or effort on my part, of an improvement or change in cultivation, which will produce me a largely increased rent, I shall, if left to myself, probably adopt it.

If the increased rent is not to come to me, I shall not. And if the State, by virtue of its right to the rent, is to step in and compel me to adopt the improvement, what sort of management shall we have? The proposal is an absurdity, because it interferes with freedom.

But is the use and disposition of land free? More than half the land in the country is under settlement; in other words, the chief part of the interest in it belongs to persons who are not in the possession or enjoyment of it—many of whom are not even in existence, or if in existence are under disability either to use or to dispose of it. The possessor of the estate can sell or mortgage his own life-interest, but he can do no more.

It is said that almost every settlement contains a power of sale, and that where there is no such power, settled lands can be sold on application to the Court of Chancery under the Settled Estates Act.

But what does this amount to? The power is a power of sale and exchange; i.e. a power of selling particular lands in order to buy others. For every acre thus taken out of settlement, another acre must sooner or later be put into settlement. Consequently, these powers, if exercised to the uttermost, would not add to the quantity of land in the open market.

There is another limitation on the effect of these powers of no less importance. They are to be exercised, not for the purposes of the tenant in possession, but of the remainder-man. The tenant in possession, who must be the moving party, is therefore deprived of the principal motives for selling. He may wish to sell for various purposes. He may wish to improve the estate, but in that case the settlement is needless. He would in that case do freely without the settlement what he cannot do, or can only do under embarrassing restrictions, with the settlement. But he may also wish to sell for various other motives. He may be a spendthrift and embarrassed. In that case it would be good for his creditors, for the estate, for the public, that it should pass out of his hands altogether. He may wish to advance his family, or to employ the proceeds in some other and more advantageous way, or to promote some philanthropic purpose. In these cases he is prevented altogether, both from doing something which would be useful to the community, and also from throwing his estate into the market. The law of settlement is intended to prevent sales, and it does prevent them in the most effectual manner.

It is the law of settlement which makes a good system of land transfer impracticable. It is the complicated system of interests, built up by successive life and other estates, which makes it impossible to give a short and inexpensive title. Committee on Committee, Commission on Commission, Act upon Act, all bear witness by their language, or their failures, to this conclusion. Sweep away suc-

sive interests—"substitutions," as the French well call them—and you may sweep into the rubbish heap a mass of legal learning concerning uses and remainders, which is at present only a pain and grief to human intelligence, and an embarrassment to the affairs of life.

It is impossible here to enter at any length upon the question of the mode in which a change can be best effected; or how the abolition of the present law of settlement or "substitutions" is to be reconciled with the power of making a reasonable provision for wife and children. Many plans might be suggested. One would be that proposed in Mr. Lefevre's Bill, to the effect that the settlement of land should never go beyond that which is contained in an ordinary marriage settlement of personality, viz. a life interest to husband and wife, with a power to them to appoint estates in fee simple among the children of the marriage. I will not here attempt to follow out this suggestion. One observation may, however, be made, viz.—that settlements would probably be needed less often than they are, if married women were intrusted by law with an independent control over their own property.

In proposing to abolish the law of settlement, I am not suggesting any law of equal division such as exists in France. How deeply the whole of that country is attached to that law is obvious, and it is a strong argument in its favour. But I prefer absolute testamentary freedom—not indeed that sort of *freedom* (as it is pleasantly styled in our moderate Liberal journal) which consists in destroying the freedom of subsequent generations, a freedom which is something like the freedom of the slave-owner to do what he likes with his slaves—but freedom to the testator to select the immediate object of his gift.

I have said that I would confine myself to the economical view of this question of settlement. The social and political aspects of it are, I believe, even more important. To cripple the father in providing for his family; to make the son independent of his father; to expose the son at the most critical time of life to the worst sort of temptations; to bribe him by the offer of temporary relief to give up his future freedom; to embarrass the possessor of the estate in doing his duty by it; to maintain worthless families in positions of dignity and power; and finally, to perpetuate this endless chain of evils from generation to generation—such are the social and political tendencies of the present law of settlement. But there is one observation I should like to make by way of precaution. It will be said that in this aristocratic country settlements are necessary in order to keep up families. To this objection I attribute no weight. I feel as strongly as any one the value of the great families and of the great estates. But settlements are not necessary to keep up the Russells, or

the Stanleys, or the Cavendishes. In fact, so far as they go, settlements militate against the prudence which is the real salvation of such families, and where that prudence does not exist, better that the families and their estates should go.

I have not space to add what I should have liked to say about the desirability of encouraging the sale of land. What the ultimate effect might be on the distribution of land is uncertain. In some cases, especially in those of great estates ~~prudently~~ managed, it might lead to aggregation. In other cases—probably in the majority of cases—it would, I have no doubt, lead to dispersion. Few will be found to dispute that a greater division of land, and a greater variety in the size of estates, would be a great advantage to this country economically, politically, and socially. But all I seek for is, that economical and social causes shall be allowed to operate freely; that law, and the habits which spring from law, shall not restrict their operation; and that land in England shall be freed from the chilling grasp of the dead hand.

Of the settlements of personality I have said nothing. The economical evils of such settlements are fewer than in the case of land, because personal investments require, as a rule, less active management than landed estates. But the evils to the family and to society are equally great. The wholesome tendency of recent legislation has been to assimilate the law of realty to that of personality; and I can see no reason why any limitation of the power of settlement should not be made to apply to both alike.

I conclude, therefore, that the leading principle of political economy, viz. *freedom*—freedom of labour; freedom of market; freedom of cultivation; freedom of use and disposition—is opposed to any attempt to introduce—

Protection against foreign produce;

Compulsory compensation to tenants;

State interference with ownership and management of land;

But, on the other hand, that it condemns—

The existing law of distress and hypothec;

The existing Poor Law;

The existing law of settlement.

T. H. FARRER.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ADOLPHE DE CIRCUORT.

[One of Mr. Senior's oldest, most valued, and most intimate friends died on Nov. 17th, at his country house, La Celle, St. Cloud. Although well known and highly appreciated for his extraordinary attainments and social qualities in most of the capitals of Europe, the name of M. de Circourt is not familiar to the public, owing to his total absence of vanity and his shrinking from every sort of publicity. The articles which he wrote did not always bear his name, nor did he ever collect them into a book. Mr. Senior, however, did this for him, and we have in our library a thick octavo, containing papers by M. de Circourt on various subjects. His conversations also were carefully reported by his English friend. Only some portions of them have as yet been published. The following extracts from an article by M. Edmond Scherer give a vivid description of this distinguished man, and will prove the best introduction to the conversations.—M. C. M. S.]

[“ * * * M. de Circourt's friends will never be able to forget his extraordinary intellectual gifts or the simplicity of his character, his geniality, and the absence of all affectation and pretension for which he was as remarkable as for his immense knowledge. He was born September 22nd, 1801, at Bouxière-aux-Chênes, near Nancy. His father's family came from Lorraine, and his mother's from Franche Comté. From his earliest years his facility for learning was prodigious. When he was only eight years old he knew Latin, and, as one of his brothers said, from that time forth he forgot nothing that he read or heard. At the lycée of Besançon his precocity became a source of embarrassment to his masters, who could not refuse to give him the prizes he deserved, and yet could not let him move up to the higher classes at an age which was too early for the established rules. He went to Paris wishing to serve in a Government office. The knowledge which he already possessed, his promptitude in acquiring what remained to be learnt, his capacity for work, could not fail to strike those with whom he came in contact. M. de Corbière took him as his private secretary, and M. de Labourdonnaye, on entering the Government, made him his *chef de cabinet*. When his patron left the Polignac Ministry Adolphe de Circourt naturally followed his fortunes.

“ The young man, however—he was then only 23—remained attached to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs as well as some of his friends—MM. Bois-le-Comte, de Flavigny, de Viel Castel—in a rather indefinite position. I believe that M. de Circourt's intimacy with Lamartine dated from this time, and was owing to these circumstances. He never, however, took the place in the Foreign Office which, I am told, was long reserved for him, but passed the

years which followed the July revolution in travelling. He spent three years in Italy, went to Switzerland, Russia, and Germany, and did not finally come back to settle in France, or at least in Paris, until 1837. Towards the end of 1830 he married at Geneva a young Russian lady, Mdlle. de Klustine, whose memory will always remain closely associated with his in the thoughts of their friends. I cannot say when Madame de Circourt first opened the *salon* that I only knew much later, which became famous, and was stamped with its own particular character—one of the last of those charming *rénunions* where people met two or three times a week, conversing, telling stories, discussing—bound together, in spite of differences of opinion, by their intellectual and social tastes. Madame de Circourt had in the highest degree the art of bringing together people of all shades of opinion and of all parties. There were Catholics and Legitimists to be found side by side with Liberals—I was going to say Revolutionists. Cavour was an assiduous frequenter of her *salon* when he was in Paris, and often found himself sitting beside people who were somewhat scared by his presence. M. Thiers came there in the latter years of Madame de Circourt's life, at the risk of meeting an Economist* or a Bonapartist for whom he had not concealed his aversion. It must be admitted that the gracious hostess of the Rue des Saussayes took infinite pains to maintain, renew, and augment her circle of friends. She recalled them to their duty if they absented themselves for several weeks in succession, awakening their zeal, stimulating their interest, and drawing closer by many little acts of kindness the ties already formed. She was equally careful and showed as much tact in the way in which she tried to make the conversation interesting and to avert the jars of conflicting opinions. She had never been pretty, and during the last years of her life she was a great invalid, confined to her sofa by severe and admirably supported sufferings, the result of an accident. Nor can she be said to have possessed a great intellect or extraordinary powers of conversation. But she made up for all this by a peculiar charm which is often to be met with among the women of her nation, and by the attractions of a singularly affectionate and engaging disposition.

“I am letting my recollections carry me away from M. de Circourt, who was often absent from these *rénunions*, preferring his books and studies of all kinds, his own particular relations with eminent politicians or authors, his correspondence with friends in Italy, Switzerland, America, and elsewhere, to the pleasures of society. He was only once interrupted in this life of studious leisure and incessant intellectual activity; this was in 1848. I have already said that in early life he knew Lamartine. I cannot say that they were intimate, because the difference of character in the two men seems to

me to exclude the complete confidence which this word supposes ; but their intercourse was frequent. Our friend had in his dining-room at La Celle Saint-Cloud, a drawing of Milly, the "Milly ou la terre natale" of the "Harmonies," which M. de Lamartine had given to M. de Circourt, and under which he had written with his own hand the admirable lines :—

Pourquoi le prononcer ce nom de la patrie ?
Dans son brillant exil, mon cœur en a frémi ;
Il résonne de loin dans mon âme attendrie
Comme les pas connus ou la voix d'un ami !

I mention this present in order to show the kind of connection that existed between these two men. Lamartine, a man of imagination and improvisation, must have been struck by the prodigious erudition of Adolphe de Circourt. He listened to him, as did every one else for that matter, with admiration and astonishment. He delighted in opening by chance and in turning over the leaves of this living dictionary, sometimes for amusement, sometimes for information, on languages, history, genealogy, geography, statistics, the most remote antiquities as well as those of later times, anecdotes of society as well as histories of battles which have decided the fate of nations. And on all these subjects M. de Circourt was equally well informed. This learning was not given out merely cut and dried, but with animation and life, sometimes so dramatically that one might fancy one's self listening to an old chronicle, or a memoir, or even to a novel of Sir Walter Scott.

" When Lamartine was made Minister for Foreign Affairs after the revolution of February, he wanted men capable of filling, under such difficult circumstances, the great diplomatic posts in the European courts. He selected Adolphe de Circourt for Berlin. It was a happy choice. The envoy of France to Prussia already as it were belonged to the diplomatic service through his former apprenticeship, and the qualities of his mind must have been particularly pleasing to a king who like Frederick William IV, was also a cultivated and an intellectual dilettante. M. de Circourt met with complete success in Berlin, enjoying the confidence and friendship of the Sovereign, and thus rendering incontestable services to France. Then came the Polish question, when Lamartine imprudently betrayed Circourt by publishing a dispatch which was calculated to compromise the minister with the fanatical propagandists of that time. Our friend was recalled soon after May 15th, 1849. He then retired finally into private life. The death of Madame de Circourt in 1863 naturally made a great change in his life. He left Paris and spent most of the year at La Celle, with the exception of visits to Italy and Switzerland, which became more frequent and of longer duration as time went on.

"M. de Circourt, who, like most men of vast knowledge and prodigious memory, found too much pleasure in acquiring knowledge to have the time or the inclination to produce, wrote several articles in geographical, historical, and literary publications, but never collected them. He has left no book bearing his name except a translation of Bancroft's *History of the Independence of the United States*, to which he added notes and about a hundred pages of *Conclusions historiques*. It must be admitted that, although he was familiar with the standard works of most European nations and had made an especial and thorough study of some of them, he was not of a poetic or artistic temperament. It was from an historical point of view that he criticised the great classical writers.

"I have already spoken of his simple kindly manners and easy intercourse. He had no petty passions—I ought, perhaps, to say no passions at all. Even politics to him were only history, a subject of curiosity and study. Therefore he carried into them an absence of party spirit which risked being mistaken for indifference. It is a strange fact that I never even thought of asking him his opinion on the questions which agitate our country. I never even supposed that he might have an opinion. He lived in a sphere so completely different, that in order to converse with him one was forced to lay aside the preoccupations, struggles, and cares of our daily public life. Can this have been due to his superior nature or to a deficient patriotism? I leave the question to the decision of others. What there can be no question about, was his modesty. I never once knew it at fault. This man, who enjoyed such a high and well-merited reputation in foreign countries, never appeared to be surprised that the Academy had not thought of admitting him within its walls, that our biographical dictionaries awarded him no paragraph—that, in fact, he was a stranger in his own country."]

Sunday, February 19th, 1854.—On my return I found Madame de Circourt sitting with Mrs. Senior.

Madame de Circourt. The terrible rumours that we have been hearing for some days prove to be true. Napoleon Bonaparte is to be commander-in-chief—*nominal* we hope—but even his name will be disastrous whoever may be viceroy over him. Nothing can be better fitted to add to the unpopularity of the war. I hear that it has been arranged for some time, and that the papers have been forbidden to allude to it. It will excite infinite disgust in the Army. M. de St. P., who is a friend of mine, has just heard from his brother at St. Petersburg. Nicholas received him on the 2nd of this month. He was confined to bed by gout. "There is only one man in Russia," said Nicholas, "who deplores this war, et cet homme, c'est moi."

February 24th, 1854.—I went in the evening with Mrs. Edward Villiers to Madame de Lamartine. She receives every evening, of course abstaining from ever going out. I found there one or two ladies and several men, most of them with the large beard and moustaches assumed by the Republican party. The only person there whom I knew was Circourt. He told me that the bulk of the moustached men were Italians, Poles, or Americans. I alluded to the dilatoriness of the French armament.

Circourt. Do not trouble yourself about that. Only 20,000 may be sent to the East this month; 600,000 will be sent there before the war is over. We are now spectators of the opening scene of one of those sublime and frightful convulsions by which the moral world, like the material world, is periodically broken up and recomposed. Two great principles going by different names are opposed to one another on the Continent of Europe. The contest is said to be sometimes between Democracy and Aristocracy; sometimes between Revolution and Legitimacy; sometimes between the Peoples and the Thrones; sometimes between the will of the many and the will of the few; sometimes between Innovation and Stability; sometimes between Progress and Resistance. One of these principles has its strongest seat in France, the other in Russia. As for you, you do not belong to the Continent; your Empire is as much American and Asiatic as it is European. You are governed by no single principle. In Asia you are autocratic, in America democratic, in Europe you represent liberty, a political element little known and still less valued on the Continent. Well, the democratic and autocratic principles are now coming into collision in the persons of their two most powerful supporters, and you, who are stronger than either of them, have thrown your weight into the scale of France. The folly of Nicholas has rendered the Russian name hateful throughout the world. The German sovereigns would willingly support him, for they see that they shall fall with him. But their peoples see this too, and will force their rulers to be neutral, or even to side with France. The struggle may be long and furious, but I cannot doubt its result: Russia will be beaten down, her strength will be broken for centuries; but when that solid wall has fallen, on which Autocracy in Germany reposed, the rotten empires and kingdoms and grand duchies which leant on it will tumble like houses of cards. The only independent power on the Continent will be France; around her will be grouped, according to what may be her fashion for the day, kingdoms or republics, joining in her feelings and subject to her influence. What will become then of the Treaties of 1814? Will you say that she shall not extend herself to the Rhine? I hope that you will not. If you do, another act in this great tragedy will open—a war between Democracy and Liberty. You may suc-

deed. The power of France, great as it is now, greater as it will be then, may be broken on the rock of England; and then you, or rather you and America—free, like yourselves—will be the rulers of the world. Or you may fail; in that case freedom will be gone, or at least will be suspended, in Europe. It will be succeeded everywhere, as it has been here, by Democracy, using as its instrument, sometimes an elected tyrant, sometimes an elected Assembly, and overwhelming and covering with its low agitated waters the independence of feeling, thought, and action which has produced all the great men, and all the great acts, and all the great works of which humanity is proud.

Senior. You expect to see the power of Russia effectually broken down?

Circourt. Whether I shall live to see it is of course doubtful. The struggle may last longer than my life, but I believe that such must be the termination.

Senior. But that can only be by a partition. Who is to have what we cut off from her?

Circourt. Poland, of course, must be reconstructed, and that will hasten the fall of monarchy in Austria and Prussia. It cannot possibly resist the democratic contagion that overspreads Poland. You will take the Crimea.

Senior. Impossible! We shall take nothing, for we want nothing. There is nothing that would not be an encumbrance to us.

Circourt. You may think so now, but you will be carried away by the force of circumstances. You will not be allowed to remain as you were, with no increase except that of your debt, while your great rivals, France and America, are growing. The least that you can take is Egypt; and I am anxious on many grounds that you should have it. I am anxious to take that fine country and industrious, docile population out of the hands of the barbarians that have trampled on it ever since the fall of the Roman Empire. I am anxious, too, to save it from France; and French or English it must be. You would give it free trade, light taxes, and internal tranquillity; you would make it pay its own expenses, and more; and it would complete the chain by which you surround the world, the links of which are Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, Aden, Hindostan, Australia, Singapore, Hong Kong, Oregon, and Canada.

Senior. Are we, then, to rob our friend the Sublime Porte?

Circourt. The Sublime Porte falls the instant the first French detachment enters Constantinople, or, indeed, lands in Roumelia. It is absurd to suppose that ten millions of Christians will submit to the oppression, or even to the rule, of some hundreds of thousands of Turks, after they have seen the dependence of the Sultan on

foreign support. We may prevent Constantinople from becoming Russian, but we cannot keep it Turkish. We may give it to Greece, or we may make it the subject of a joint occupation, or we may declare it a free Greek city, and destroy all the fortifications of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont—in short, we may make any arrangement which does not involve the permanence of the Turkish dominion in Europe. Posterity will say that Louis Napoleon has made two attempts of equal absurdity—maintaining the sovereignty of the Pope in Rome and of the Turk in Europe. . . .

Senior. Is Baraguay d' Hilliers a good choice?

Circourt. By no means; he will quarrel with every one that comes near him. I trust, however, that he will keep it only long enough to entitle him to the baton of Marshal. Canrobert goes with him, and Bosquet. At the head of the staff is Martin Pret, quite young, but very distinguished. He was with Cavaignac in June, 1848, and was employed by him whenever there was any difficulty. Cavaignac was reproached for having taken an hour's sleep during the action. "I lay down without being uneasy," he answered, "for Martin Pret was there." As Lord Raglan cannot serve under Baraguay d' Hilliers, the two corps are to act independently.

Senior. But what is to become of Napoleon Bonaparte?

Circourt. He is to command the reserve, which is to be collected at Marseilles and Toulon. He is to be kept there till the troops have been accustomed to his sight, and then produced as Commander-in-Chief. If he were shown to them abruptly, he would frighten them as an elephant does cavalry. . . .

Some one deprecated an alliance with Austria.

Circourt. You need not fear the alliance of Austria; Croatia, the Banat, and Transylvania, the parts of the Austrian Empire nearest to the seat of war, are inhabited by a Slavonian population hostile to Austria, and kept down principally by the 50,000 troops that are there. If Austria were to make war on their Slavonic brethren the Russians, in favour of their old enemies the Turks, they could not be kept down at all. Even Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, petted as he is by the Austrian Court, would desert it if he were ordered to attack the Russians. As for Hungary, Nicholas has merely to send them one of his sons as their king, and they will embrace him as their saviour. I am angry when I hear the Austrian Government despised as cowardly. It faces the extreme perils to which it is exposed with marvellous courage; what it wants is statesmanship. The young Emperor is a brave soldier, but he has no political talents or knowledge or experience. His counsellors are second-rate men, but they have sense enough to know that half the empire is lost if they quarrel with Russia. By pressing Austria she may be turned into an enemy, but not into an ally.

* *Saturday, March 11th, 1854.*—Barthélemy de St. Hilaire and Circourt breakfasted with me.

Circourt. The depravation of our national character since 1848 is frightful. Four years of revolution and two of despotism have destroyed, or at least suspended, our powers of combination, our powers of resistance, even our sense of right and wrong ; ten years more of this tyranny would sink us into Italians—ingenious, learned, scientific, full of art and taste and refinement, but without moral feeling or public spirit or public virtue, with no pursuits except those of pleasure, ease, or wealth. . . . In fact our religion is not Christianity, but an imitation of it. The doctrines of Christ and his apostles are not studied by us ; our priests read the fathers and their breviaries, our women read legends and meditations and Thomas à Kempis. They are very charitable, but their charity is selfish ; it is subjective, not objective ; its purpose is the good of the giver not of the receiver, and accordingly the greater part of it is absolutely mischievous.

Senior. What sort of a book is the *Imitation of Christ* ?

Circourt. It is a book to be studied by a man who is condemned to solitary imprisonment for life and deprived of ink and paper. Its tendency is to promote total inaction, torpidity of mind and body. It deprecates the performing, or rather the incurring, any duties, the indulgence in any inquiries or speculations, in short, anything that connects the reader with the external world. A Hindoo Faquir who has allowed himself to stiffen into one attitude is the real model which Thomas à Kempis proposes for imitation.

Senior. Is this the sort of Christianity which excites Cousin's admiration ?

St. Hilaire. Cousin is often carried away by his own imagination. He fell in love some time ago with Madame de Longueville, and wasted a year on her. Since that he has been writing up the Carmelites.

Circourt. Yes, with most mischievous success. His book has made perhaps twenty or thirty Carmelites. Now if the question were whether I should make my daughter a Carmelite, or plunge a dagger into her heart, or throw her out of that window, as a good father I should prefer either of the two latter alternatives to the first.

Saturday, March 18th, 1854.—Circourt, St. Hilaire, and Culpepper breakfasted with us. We talked of relics.

Senior. Are they still venerated in France ?

Circourt. You shall judge by what I am going to tell you. M. de —, son of the Marshal, had been an unsuccessful candidate for his department in —. He is a man of talent, but of bad

temper and character. He was advised to go to Rome to try to flatter the clergy by importing from thence a new saint. The bones of a child of about three years old had just been found in a new excavation of the Catacombs. One of the vertebrae of the neck was injured, and it was assumed that the death had been violent. He persuaded Gregory XVI. to make him a present of the bones, with a certificate recognising them as those of a martyr, and giving to the young Christian the name of Santa Prima. He put Santa Prima into a shrine, brought her in great pomp to his department, where he was met by the bishop and the clergy; built a little chapel in her honour, in which she is now actively performing miracles; and at the next election the priests brought him in for his department with a large majority.

Senior. I thought that the making a saint was a long and expensive process.

Circourt. So it is, if the proposed saint be not a martyr. A Franciscan priest was *quête-ing* from me the other day. I reminded him that I had made a donation to his convent last year. "Ah," he answered, "but since then we have made a saint, and you have no idea how much that costs!" But if the candidate be a martyr, he is admitted cheaply and expeditiously. Now all bones found in the Catacombs are assumed to be Christian, and are admitted on slight presumption to be those of martyrs. A few years ago the bodies of two young women were found there. They had been pushed into a hole, apparently without coffins or clothes, and the opening closed by a tile. On that tile was cut Philomena Virgo Christiana, and Deodata Virgo Christiana. From their mode of interment they probably were slaves. Good judges of bones pronounced that they found marks of violence, and they were canonised as martyrs. Saint Deodata never reached much notoriety, but Saint Philomena, I know not why, obtained great success in France. There are some hundreds of chapels erected to her, she performs miracles, and her hagiography has been published, showing that she was the daughter of a king of Paphlagonia, that Diocletian fell in love with her, that she refused to marry a Pagan, and was duly martyrised. We found, however, in Algiers an indisputable martyr. We know from contemporary historians that a Moor, who had been converted and served under Charles V., was taken prisoner by Hussein, the celebrated Dey of Algiers; that he refused to save his life by returning to Mahometanism, was put into a coffin full of mortar and built into one of the bastions of the Fort called Des 24 Heures, which Hussein was then erecting. The fort has just been destroyed, as interfering with the new fortifications. In the bastion were found the coffin, the bones, and the impression of the face on the mortar. I have seen it; the

features were those of a handsome Moor. We immediately got him made a saint, and the circumstance is said to have much affected the Algerines. It seems to them a sort of *prise de possession* by the God of the Christians.

Senior. Is the Greek Church a worshipper of relics?

Circourt. Certainly. I saw in Moscow a shrine intended to receive the bones of a Russian bishop, which was to cost 250,000 francs. His see was on one of the higher confluents of the Don, and when Peter the Great was marching against Turkey the Bishop assisted him with men and money. Alexander found his name still venerated on the Don, and had him canonised, and I have no doubt that in this war thousands will go to battle invoking his name.

This story led the conversation to the Greek Church.

Circourt. It is the largest of the three, and I am not sure that it is not the best. Its merit is stability; that of the Roman Catholics is activity; that of the Protestants is intelligence. But you Protestants are too exclusively intellectual, you do not sufficiently appeal to the feelings or to the imagination. The Roman Catholics, by their horrible doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope and of General Councils, are straying every century farther from primitive Christianity. Every error and every puerility which the Church has once sanctioned becomes irrevocable. When they boast of their unity of opinion, they boast of their greatest vice. God did not intend people to be of only one opinion in matters of religion, or He would have made his Revelation capable of only one interpretation. The idea cherished by every sect, down to the minutest fraction of Protestantism, that it is sinful to differ from it, is one of the strangest errors of the human mind. As the Latin Church professes to be infallible, it cannot change, and need not investigate; the Greek Church, having no such pretension, can do both; it can discover that it has wandered from the truth, and can return. An abbot of a great Russian monastery, now a bishop, once said to me: "We are covered with abuses and superstitions, but under them is concealed true Christianity. We are clad in rags, but they do not adhere to us; the body is sound beneath; we can, and we shall, throw them off. The superstitions and abuses of Rome have entered into her substance; her infallibility makes every new one, like those which came before it, a part of herself; if she were to tear them away she would tear the flesh from her bones." The most remarkable among the Christian sects is the Moravian. The ruling powers do not employ rewards or punishments, yet they seem to succeed in extinguishing all individual will. The children whom they educate all profess to be happy, but there is nothing joyous about them; when they play, it is as if they were performing a duty. I have inquired of the heads of the establishments at Herrenhut and Neuwied about their marriages; the answer

always was, "They are purely voluntary. We exercise no authority." "But," I said, "how do they fall in love; where do they meet?" "When a young man, or a young woman," they answered, "wishes to marry, he or she comes to us; we inquire if the parents' consent has been obtained, and if it has, we invite from time to time the applicants to a little party where they can see one another and converse. We then ask them if they have made a selection; the answer almost invariably is, 'I am very much pleased with the young people to whom you introduced me, you know more of them than I do, pray choose for me.' Such marriages are generally happy, as the parties are matched by those who know them well." When I was at Neuwied, I saw much of a young Moravian surgeon; he was well married, and had a good increasing practice, not confined to Moravians. One day, when I was at dinner with them, he received a letter, which he read without apparent emotion, and put under his plate. When dinner was over, he showed it to his wife, and to me; it was an intimation from the headquarters at Herrenhut, that the surgeon of the Moravian Mission at Tain, on the Labrador coast, was dead, and that he had been selected to supply his place. "It is perfectly at your option," he said to his wife, "to go, or to stay." "It is the will of God," she said, "that we should go, or the offer would not have been made to us." And they began the next day to make preparations to leave a happy home, in order to pass the rest of their lives among Esquimaux, in almost the worst climate in which man can dwell.

Senior. Of course, no men of eminence are formed by such an education.

Circourt. No; and what is remarkable, although the Moravians are healthy, they are not long lived. The absence of passion and excitement seems unfavourable to vigour of constitution.

Wednesday, March 29th.—Circourt breakfasted with me. After breakfast we walked to the Bois de Boulogne, and looked at the bed which has been dug for the intended lake. It is a curious proof of the narrow limits within which a Parisian oscillates, that Circourt had not been in the Bois de Boulogne for sixteen years.

Circourt told us, that at a dinner given on Monday by Napoleon Bonaparte he asked one of his guests, Tillot, the editor of the *Siecle*, "what were his expectations as to the war?" "I expect," said the editor, "several little Austerlitzes ending in one great Waterloo." "That is just what I expect," said Napoleon Bonaparte, "therefore I would not go there unless I were forced; and will not go until I am forced. I may be wanted here."

Senior. Instead of small Austerlitzes ending in a great Waterloo, I expect little Waterlos ending in a great Austerlitz. With your dilatory preparations, inexperienced soldiers, and dying general, I

anticipate no immediate success. But when the military spirit of the nation has been roused, when you have found out and got rid of your bad administrators and commanders, when your full force is put forth and well directed, I believe that ultimately you will be victorious.

Circourt. I hope that you are right; but I see the future very indistinctly, and only through a vista of wars. This war is made to prevent the partition of Turkey; if it succeeds, the next may be occasioned by the partition of Austria. It is impossible that the discordant elements of which that strangely collected Empire is composed can continue to adhere when the central authority that keeps them together is unsupported by Russia, and is exposed to the hostility of France, the rivalry of Prussia, and the disapprobation of England, and has no friends except the petty despots of Southern Germany and Italy. It is impossible that those elements can maintain their separate independence, and it is impossible that their neighbours should not quarrel about their appropriation.

Thursday, April 13th, 1854.—I breakfasted with De la Rives of Geneva, and met Circourt.

We talked of Montalembert's speech.

Circourt. The general opinion is that it lost him forty votes. Though five members of the Commission reported in his favour, only two voted for him; the three who abstained, or voted against him, were evidently frightened by his speech. It reads much better in Mr. Senior's report than in the *Moniteur*, and, perhaps, was intentionally deteriorated by the official reporters. It is said that he expected to be stopped when he expressed his disappointment at the want of honour and moderation in the Government; and had prepared less carefully what was to follow. Montalembert, in many respects, resembles his master; he is selfish and ambitious, false and unscrupulous. These moral faults, however, are often elements of success. But they have in common another quality which is an element of failure; they are both of them imitators. Montalembert's model is O'Connell; he wishes to be a Liberal and a saint. Those characters might be united in Ireland, where the Catholic religion is oppressed; they are destructive of one another here, where it is the oppressor. The Liberals are disgusted and frightened by Montalembert's bigotry; they find that "la sentinelle perdue de la liberté" is willing to open her gates to tyranny, if it comes in a priestly garb. The clergy, while they adore his fanaticism, execrate his liberality; they are offended by his denunciation of despotism, and by his attacks on their favourite despot; the Empress is now their pet, she has all the unreasoning faith and puerile submission to rules and observances of a Spanish child. The Emperor is their idol; the flagship of each squadron carries a great picture of the

Virgin, the first time that such a thing was seen on board a man-of-war since the times of the Spanish Armada. If Louis Napoleon should have a successor, he will find himself in the state in which Louis le Débonnaire was left by Charlemagne, the slave of the priests. It is impossible to exaggerate the mischief which the Jesuits are doing ; they are authorised mental poisoners ; they instil asceticism, superstition, fanaticism, falsehood, servility, the fear of inquiry, the fear of responsibility ; every quality, in short, which unfits a man for active or for theoretic life, for being useful to his country as a citizen, or to mankind as a philosopher. Millions of ignorant, timid consciences in France are perverted, by their abject submission to minds equally ignorant, but unhappily restrained by no timidity.

Senior. The Catholic clergy may be ignorant on many, perhaps most subjects, but the confessional must give them much insight into human nature.

Circourt. The confessional acquaints them, not with human nature, but with human nosology. They hear what is bad, not what is good. A man whose own morality was healthy and enlightened, would be fitted by the experience of the confessional to detect, and perhaps to check, moral disease in his penitent : but that very experience would unfit him for the management of a pure, undraped, unsuspicuous conscience. The clergy are now preaching a crusade against Russia. To have told them that the contest was between civilisation and barbarism would have been useless ; to have told them that it was between liberty and despotism would have been worse than useless, it would have made them at once take part with Russia. But they have been assured that Louis Napoleon is fighting for the Latin Church against the schismatic Greeks, and they have thrown themselves into his cause enthusiastically. If he had carried out his first plan, and made his war on England, it would have been just as easy to turn his fanaticism against you as Protestants ; and you will see that done if a war with you is the result of this tempest. There is wonderful truth in popular presentiments. When I was in Moscow, three years ago, I tried to cure my Russian friends of their detestation of England. "England," I said to them, "is pacific and commercial ; she wishes for nothing but to buy from you, and to sell to you ; for those purposes, to see your wealth increased, and your institutions more liberal." "That is true," they answered ; "we cannot defend our hostility to England, or explain it, except by our deep conviction that England is destined to inflict on us a great calamity. We cannot tell why we believe this, but we do believe it. We are anxious, therefore, to crush her, before she crushes us." In the same way, when Louis Napoleon exclaimed, "The Empire is peace," we all instinctively felt that the Empire was war. You felt

it, too ; all Europe felt it ; and yet at that time there was not a war-cloud to be seen in the heavens. Now, we instinctively feel that war is revolution. I hope that we may be mistaken. I believe, indeed, that this crazy Government can ride through a short and triumphant war, and be strengthened by it ; but a disastrous war of six months, or any war at all for two years, will break it up.

May 10th, 1859.—Circourt came in.

Circourt. I had a long talk yesterday with the Prussian Minister.

"We hope," the minister said, "to be neutral ; we are resolved not to move, unless the territory of the Confederation be attacked, and we are resolved not to allow the preponderance of Austria in the Bund to degrade us into her satellites. Of the six royal votes we have only one, while Austria, disposing of Bavaria and Saxony, has three. Rather than allow a majority to lead us into a war for the Italian interests of Austria, we will retire from the Bund." *

Austria, with her usual *mal adresse*, has got into a quarrel with Switzerland. In case of war between Austria and France, the Swiss Diet is entitled, in order to prevent the violation of its territory, to place a line of posts, running from near Martigny in Switzerland to the French frontier, and passing between the Lac de Bourget and Chambéry. This line was arranged before the railway from Lyons to Mont Cenis was thought of, and intersects it below the Lac de Bourget. The Austrians required the Swiss to insist on the neutralization of the railway, and to prevent the French troops from using it. The Swiss Diet answered that the right was given to them for their own protection, not for that of Austria, and that as the passage of the French troops through that remote portion of Savoy cannot affect Switzerland, they shall not protest against it. Austria answers that in that case she may not respect the neutrality of Switzerland.

I have just left my cousin, Admiral _____. He has advised the Emperor to lay up his ships, and let their crews join the army. They would be a valuable reinforcement of twelve thousand men. It seems that little is to be done in the Adriatic. Pila might be burned, and a few Austrian frigates taken ; but neither Venice nor Ancona is assailable, and a detachment sent, as has been proposed, to Leghorn, might be cut off, as the Austrians are much stronger in Central Italy than we are.

I have received a note from Cavour, dated the evening of May 3rd. He expresses great confidence as to the result, though they may have much to undergo during the next five or six days. It had been opened and resealed at the post-office.

Thursday, May 12th, 1859.—We had a succession of visitors this morning ; among them were Circourt, Mignet, and Marochetti.

We talked of the Countess d'Harcourt's little Memoir of the Duchess of Orleans.

"It has been the most successful pamphlet," said Circourt, "of modern times, not only among the higher classes, but with the people. A cheap edition has sold by thousands.

"Though it is an *éloge*," he continued, "some of the most remarkable portions of her conduct are passed over—such as her adherence to Protestantism against great pressure and seduction, and her efforts to liberalise the Government of Louis Philippe. She was always struggling against the retrograde spirit of his cabinet.

"I am glad," he continued, "that the Conseil de Famille has decided that the Duc de Chartres shall continue with the Piedmontese army. Louis Napoleon behaved well in that matter. When the King of Sardinia asked his consent to the Prince's becoming his aide-de-camp, Louis Napoleon said that he would not give an official answer, but that, *officieusement*, he would say that he was glad that the Duke was with the Sardinian troops, and that the French had been ordered to treat him with proper respect.

"I hear," continued Circourt, "that the Roman States are not to become a field of battle. A line has been drawn along the ridge of the Apennines, which neither party is to cross. This is the only compensation which the Romans get for being forced by France and Austria to submit to the very worst government in Italy. But it cannot last. 'When rogues quarrel, honest men get their own.'"

"It may last a long time," said Mignet. "Louis Napoleon tells us that he shall return in two months; he has given some of his intimates a rendezvous at Plombières for August. Two battles and one siege, he says, will finish the business. It took his uncle fourteen great battles and ninety-four actions, several of which might be called battles, to beat Austria, and at last he was forced to purchase Lombardy by handing over to her Venice and the *terra firma*. The Austrian troops may not be what they were sixty years ago. We found the Russians degenerated, and so we may find the Austrians. But are *our* men what they were in 1809? They may have more *clan*, but the cool indifferent intrepidity produced by the habit of enduring danger and the habit of victory is wanting. I fear that we are entering on a war of years, rather than of months. I fear that instead of a battle we may have to begin by a siege, and have to spend weeks or months before Placentia or Verona under a hot sun, with inundations and marshes round us. I fear fever and malaria more than I do the Austrians. Still I have a superstitious confidence in this man's luck. Most men are lucky in the beginning of their career; most men are unlucky towards its end. 'Nous sommes trop vieux pour être heureux,' was a true remark of Louis XIV. to Villeroi.

When was there ever such luck as Napoleon's at the beginning? Fortune seemed to be his slave. But from 1812 she was his implacable enemy. At Waterloo he had ninety-nine chances to one. The endurance of the British army, wonderfully unexampled as it was, he ought, perhaps, to have thought possible. But that Grouchy, within hearing of the cannonade, should, in defiance of all traditions of the French army, refuse to march towards it, was what could not have been foreseen, can scarcely be believed even now. And if Grouchy had joined him, the battle was gained.

"This man's tide of good fortune seems rising and rising. Who could have expected such blunders on the part of England? or such follies on the part of Austria? That you should have withheld her, and that she should have allowed herself to be withheld, when if she had acted she must have succeeded; and that she should have attempted to act, when she must have succeeded if she had been quiescent! She surely could have afforded to remain armed for three months longer. We could not have interfered, and mere penury must have forced Piedmont to disarm in six weeks. I fear that now she is in greater danger than she ever was. She was always hated in Italy and in Galicia. During the last ten years she has become hated in Hungary, and in her Slavonic Provinces. If she falls to pieces, her fall shakes the balance of Europe. It is a singular calamity, that a power with such important duties should be so unfit for their performance."

"You complain," said Marochetti, "of Cavour's ambition. You think that he and the King invented and forced on this war. I believe that the King likes it. He is a soldier; a life of peace, ceremony, and field sports does not suit him. But Cavour is not a free agent. Our little country is deluged by the refugees, whom the tyranny of Austria, Rome, and Naples has thrown on us. Many have fortune and rank, many are men of ability. All are active and remuants—they are Italians. We cannot repel them; we cannot treat them as *aliens*. Those who belong to the higher classes influence our salons, enter into our Chamber, become leaders and ministers; the middle and lower classes among them contribute largely to form the popular opinion of our bourgeoisie, and of our people. Cavour, by joining in the anti-Austrian movement, has been able, to a certain degree, to moderate it, and to direct it. If he had resisted it, it would have become only more furious and more wild, and might have shaken off him, and the King, and the constitution."

Monday, May 16th, 1859.—Circourt called on us. In right of his wife, a Muscovite, he is a Russian proprietor, and has frequently visited Russia. I gave him an outline of my conversation with Tourguénieff.

"I agree," he said, "with Tourguénieff as to the badness of the instruments with which the Russian Government must work. Its ministers and its bureaucracy are scarcely better than those of Turkey, if indeed they are better. The nobles are the worst in Europe. If you were to hang the first Russian that you met in the Tuilleries, you would be in little danger of doing injustice. The peasants are wonderfully good when we recollect that they are slaves who gain little, perhaps nothing, by diligence or by frugality. They are idle, improvident, and drunken; and, never having been allowed to manage their own affairs, of course do not know how to take care of themselves. To effectually reform Russia, a foreign agency is necessary. Peter the Great was, by education and feelings, a Dutchman. That was one of the principal causes of his success, such as it was. But it is certain that emancipation, dangerous as it is, must be effected quickly. So far, I agree with Tourguénieff; but I differ from him as to the mode. He proposes that the lord should be forced to give up a portion of his land, and be paid for it; and should be forced to give up all the services of his serfs, but should *not* be paid for them. I would deprive the lord of the right to the services and the property of his serfs. I would pay him for them according to the real amount of his loss, but I would not force him to give up an acre of his land. I would enable him to sell or lease it to the serfs at a price or rent in money or in labour, but I would not force him to do so. I would make the serf master of his own farm, and the lord master of his own land."

"At present," I said, "the serf considers the land which he occupies as belonging to himself, though under the control of the *Mir*, and himself as belonging to his lord. You would reverse these relations?"

"I would," he answered; "and that is the great difficulty of the question. Opinions and feelings the growth of centuries have to be changed in years. But I see no other solution."

"From what source," I asked, "would you pay the lord for the loss of the services of his serfs?"

"From the Treasury," he answered. "There is no other fund. The sum would be great, but not extravagant. The liberation of the serfs would occasion a considerable movement in the population; it would go from the over-peopled to the under-peopled districts. The Russian peasant has little local attachment. In both these cases the lord would gain. In one case there would be a clearance of useless mouths; in the other, an immigration of useful labourers. No indemnity would therefore be due."

"A loan of thirty millions sterling would probably pay all that could be justly claimed. The less that is paid the better. It will

be wasted in St. Petersburg, or in Paris, or in watering-places. I doubt whether I would allow the lords to sell, except to their peasants. They would sell a property worth 500,000 francs for 100,000, in order to shine for six months in the Champs Elysées. They hate their country, and are perhaps the only aristocracy in Europe that does so; and they hate still more a residence on their estates. They are essentially absentees and spendthrifts."

"Do you agree," I said, "with Tourguénieff as to the incapacity of Russia for immediate external action?"

"I certainly do," he answered. "You need not fear her at present. She cannot increase her army, and it is very expensive to her even to move it."

March 14, 1862.—We spent a dissipated evening, going to Madame de Circourt's, and Madame Duchâtel's, and Madame Drouyn de Lhuys'. We talked at Madame de Circourt's of Madame Mohl's book on Madame Récamier.

"One of my friends," said Madame de Circourt, "is going to translate it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and begs me to write a preface. Now I am too French and too foreign. Too French to criticise impartially Madame Mohl's comparison of French and English society, and too foreign to write safely in French. My only qualification is my delight in the book. Besides, I never knew Madame Récamier. She took for her salon the day which I had taken for mine, and it was full of idolaters. Now I hate idolatry, and, with all the merits of Chateaubriand, I could not worship so selfish and capricious a deity. I liked to see him, and to hear him in his wife's salon, where he was only a mortal."

"Tell me," I said, "a little about Madame de Chateaubriand."

"She was a *petite bourgeoisie*," said Madame de Circourt, "full of talent, vivacity, and character. When she was Ambassador at Rome, she found that the old etiquette requiring the first visits to be paid to the French Ambassador had become obsolete. She resolved to restore it; the Roman ladies would not consent. So for four months she was in a sort of quarantine. Chateaubriand was not satisfied with the diplomatic and English society; he wanted to shine before a large audience, and kept remonstrating, but she persisted, till at length they yielded and came to her.

"Augustin Thierry was one of my subjects, and one of Madame Récamier's slaves. He was blind and paralytic, yet she scarcely exceeded him as a *trneur de salon*. He knew by the voice who every one was, and where every one was. By the rustle of her gown he knew how every lady was dressed. I came to him one evening with natural flowers in my hair; 'Ah,' he said, 'you have taste enough to wear real flowers,' and he distinguished them by

the smell. Madame Récamier kept him at Madame de Chateaubriand's as a spy in the enemy's camp.

"He was in fact a terrible spy, for he told to each of us what happened in the salons of the other two. After Chateaubriand had begun to read his memoirs at Madame Récamier's, he wished them to be heard by some who did not visit there.

"He went to Thierry's to settle who they should be. A list of auditors was, after much discussion and much revision, finally settled. At the top were Monsieur de Circourt and I. Chateaubriand took it away, as he said, to think it over, but in fact to show it to Madame Récamier.

"She struck us out."

March 17th.—The Lasteyries were followed by Circourt. I repeated to Circourt Lasteyrie's opinions, and asked if he agreed with them.

"Perfectly," he answered; "the society of Paris is the most aristocratic in Europe."

"You except," I said, "Vienna."

"That is true," he answered, "but it is the only exception that I can make. There are about three thousand families in Paris, noble, or received as noble, and they are almost omnipotent in society."

"How do you arrive," I asked, "at that number?"

"We know," he said, "that in 1789 there were about two hundred and twenty thousand persons in France *censés* to be noble. At least nine-tenths of these families perished in the Revolution, or became extinct, or sank into poverty so abject as to be now unknown. In my country, Lorraine, there were then about two hundred and fifty families of recognised nobility. In 1815 only eleven were left. Now there are only six. The creations by Napoleon, by the Restoration, by Louis Philippe, and by *celui-ci*, have not been enough to affect much the number. If there are now in France 22,000 nobles it is the maximum. At 3 to a family they form 7,333 families, of whom about one-third, or 2,777, inhabit Paris. Lasteyrie is right in saying that the distinction shows itself most in marriages. A young man of rank, though poor and insignificant, finds easily a rich well-educated wife in the bourgeoisie. Not long ago a M. E—, a banker of some eminence, told me that he wished his daughter to marry in the Faubourg St. Germain. The person on whom he had fixed, not from knowing him, but from his reputation as a well-disposed young man, was Baron de ——.

"'I give my daughter,' he said, 'immediately 500,000 francs, and 100,000 more on the birth of each child; but I fear that it is not enough to compensate for the difference of birth.'

" 'I admit,' I said to him, 'that there is a difference in birth, but I think that the advantage is all on *your* side. M. de ——'s barony was created by Louis Seize. Your ancestors filled for centuries high municipal offices in Bordeaux. Your wife was a Hope of Amsterdam. Your daughter's ancestors were considerable people when the —— were nothing. But I will enter on the negotiation for you.'

" Young de —— received the proposal coldly. He was not sure how he should like the young lady or the family. I told him that the girl was charming and the family thoroughly honourable and respectable. So he agreed to meet them at my house. Both parties were pleased, the marriage took place in a few weeks, and has turned out well. My wife arranged just such a marriage a few months ago."

" I find," I said, " excellent society, and of the highest rank, at Madame A——'s. Yet the A——'s must be bourgeois. A——'s father was a partner with Réveillon, the paper-maker, the destruction of whose manufactures was the signal for the Revolution in 1789."

" It is true," said Circourt, " that there is no society in Paris better than that of the A——'s, and scarcely any so good. They, and two or three other families, hold an exceptional position. Their character, their wealth, their intermarriages, and the political importance of A—— the father, have placed them in the aristocracy."

" What position," I asked, " do the C—— hold?"

" A very high one," said Circourt, " but a different one. They are at the top of the bourgeoisie. Their only daughter refused the Duc de St. A——, and I can scarcely tell how many great aristocrats. She said that she was resolved to marry in her own sphere, and did so."

" She was the friend," I said, " for whose loss Ampère is inconsolable."

" Yes," said Circourt. " He has devoted the latter years of his life to her, and since her death to her parents. His own tastes carry him to Rome, but theirs took him to Pau. The noble young ladies dislike this state of things. They complain that the rich bourgeois girls spoil their market."

" They refuse," I said, " to marry the bourgeois men."

" Utterly," he answered; " a friend of mine, of good family but small fortune, is now becoming an old maid. ' If I were a man,' she says, ' I should have married long ago; whether a noble or a roturière, would not have signified. But I cannot marry a bourgeois, and I have no chance against the rich bourgeoisess.'"

March 22nd, 1862.—Lasteyrie was followed by Circourt.

"M de Lasteyrie," I said to him, "has been talking to us of the ignorance of the clergy."

"It is wonderful," said Circourt. "Père Lacordaire was perhaps the most ignorant man that ever entered the Academy. His history and theology were full of originality. Indeed they were absolutely original, for he invented them as he went on. This gave to his sermons the charm of perpetual novelty. They never resembled one another."

March 24th, 1862.—The Hores, Kergorlay, and Circourt breakfasted with us. * * * "Let us ask Circourt," I said, "whether he thinks that Paris is ever safe from an émeute?"

"It has not been so during my remembrance," said Circourt. "It is not now. One seemed to be imminent two months ago. A dynasty cannot be opposed by Pretenders more dangerous than the Orleans family. Their mere number renders them formidable. A single childless competitor, a Henri V., may die. Nothing but an Eastern massacre, like that which Jehu executed on the Royal Family of Ahab, could extirpate the descendants of Louis Philippe. Then there is not one of them who is not distinguished by the qualities which the French most esteem and admire."

"Were the French princes," I asked, "right in taking service in the American contest?"

"No one can deny," answered Circourt, "that as a general rule foreigners ought not to take part in a civil war. But I think that this was an exception. The cause of the Federals is a just one. The Secession of the South was not justifiable on the only grounds on which rebellion can be justified—illegal government or intolerable oppression. It is tainted by slavery. The princes have a right to consider themselves as fighting in defence of the principle of lawful authority and national coherence. And probably, though with less right, they think that they are fighting against slavery. Then a French prince ought to be a soldier; the opportunities of an exile are rare. I think that the princes are right in seizing all that offer. McClellan's school may not be a first-rate one, but war is to be seen there on a gigantic scale. Half a century has passed since such enormous armies have had to be moved over such enormous distances. I hear that the young princes are among the best officers in the Federal army, and that the advice and the influence of the Prince de Joinville are great, and have been very useful. It seems that Lincoln had obstinately determined not to surrender the commissioners, and that having resisted the majority of his own cabinet, he yielded to the remonstrances of Joinville."

"Many of the friends of the princes," I said, "regret their conduct."

"Of course they do," answered Circourt. "The friends of princes

always disapprove of everything that they do. To please them a prince must imitate Henri V.,

‘Who never did a silly thing,
And never said a wise one.’’¹

The conversation turned on language.

“How many words,” I asked Circourt, “go to the vocabulary of a peasant?”

“Of words that he understands more or less vaguely,” said Circourt, “perhaps four hundred.”

“And how many to that of a lady of the Faubourg?”

“Not so many,” he answered, “except proper names. But of these perhaps five hundred. They form the stock of her conversation. ‘Where were you, Madame, last night? whom did you meet there? How did So-and-so look? How was So-and-so dressed?’ The terror of a French woman is to be supposed to be guilty of originality, to be supposed to express any opinion that is not universally received, and she escapes by expressing none. I have stayed out visitor after visitor at a lady’s morning reception, and never heard anything but the same questions and the same answers about the same people.”

“I was walking,” I said, “in Cairo with a Turk, and we saw two Turks meet. They talked together with great volubility for about five minutes. I asked my companion what they were talking about. ‘They are repeating,’ he answered, ‘the same questions over and over again, and repeating over and over the same answers. ‘How do you do?’ ‘How do you do?’ ‘Very well,’ ‘Very well.’ ‘God be thanked.’ ‘God be thanked,’ and so on.’”

“Well,” said Circourt, “the conversation of the Faubourg is much the same.”

April 11th, 1862.—“I find,” I said, “in Paris, a general wish for the success of the North, partly on the ground that the North is supposed to be fighting for liberty against slavery, but much more because the United States are supposed to be the enemies of England.”

“That the United States are natural enemies of England,” said Circourt, “is true—but they are also the enemies of all Europe. England without doubt is our rival, but she is pacific, she understands international law, and obeys it. Her ministers always act in the face of a powerful opposition which pulls them up if they venture to behave fraudulently or unjustly. The government of the United States does not consist, as a Constitutional monarchy does, of an administration and an opposition, each watching and criticising the other. Neither the President nor his ministers are members of

¹ I suppose this to be a parody on Charles II.’s epitaph.—M. C. M. S.

Congress. They have not to defend their acts in public. They cannot be turned out if Congress disapprove them. Formerly, when the President was re-eligible, his hopes and fears as to re-election were a check on him. Now, when re-election is practically at an end, almost all restraint is gone. If the nation is with him, as it always is whenever his foreign policy is fraudulent or aggressive, he is omnipotent; and even if it be opposed to any of his acts, he can be restrained only by the Senate, a body which seldom takes the trouble to interfere, except in some petty matter of patronage. Under the influence of the insolent, arrogant habits acquired in fifty years of wonderful prosperity and unchecked ambition, the United States are always threatening war. They know little of the law of nations, and care about it still less.

"One of her naval officers writes to his Government to ask whether he ought to act legally or not. And the Government prints the dispatch without a remark.

"Mr. Seward apologises for giving up the commissioners taken from the Trent, on the ground that their retention was useless.

"If the empire of the seas is to belong either to England or to the United States, I had rather a hundred times see it in the hands of England. If the North can conquer the South, and re-establish the United States, it will in twenty years be the most arrogant, the most rapacious, and the most unscrupulous power on the globe. All Europe, and still more all America, is interested in its disruption.

"'The most disagreeable country to negotiate with,' said Guizot, 'is the United States. The best is England. The English are proud, and obstinate, and touchy, ready to take offence, but they never deceive you.'"

We went to a full-dress party given by Lady Cowley in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The large rooms were full, but we did not meet a French acquaintance except the Maréchale Randon and the Drouyn de Lhuys'. There were many French people, but none whom we knew. Among the guests were Mr. Dayton, the Minister of the Federals, and Mr. Corbyn, from the South, each confident of the justice of his cause and of its success, and each angry with us for our partiality to the opposite side.

"If you had been really neutral," said Dayton, "and had not raised the rebel provinces into a nation, by allowing them belligerent rights, we should have suppressed the rebellion in three months."

"If you had been really neutral," said Corbyn, "and had not supplied the Federals with arms and ammunition, they would have given up in three months."

Sunday, April 12, 1863.—Circourt breakfasted with us.

It is the first time that he has gone out since the death of his wife,

about six weeks ago. He was in better spirits than I expected. The constant spectacle of her sufferings for six years, cheered by little real hope, every day getting a little worse, must have so preyed on him, that I am not sure that their termination was not almost a relief to him. Incessant pain had injured every internal organ : all were found diseased, some extensively so. The prolongation of her life for so many years must have been owing to her great courage and patience, to very skilful treatment, and to Circourt's assiduous attention.

He stayed with us from ten to two. We talked principally of the subject which now most interests the French : Poland.

Circourt. The enforcement of the conscription as a political measure directed against a particular class was an unjust act. But it was a Polish act. Wielopolski, the Governor, is a Pole ; so are almost all the officials in the Kingdom of Poland. The Russian army has not been recruited since the Crimean war ; a new levy has become absolutely necessary. The proportion required from Poland was small—fifteen thousand men, not four per thousand. The only impartial mode of forced recruitments, the ballot, has never existed in the Russian Empire. It is new, indeed, in Europe. Look at Shakespeare's description of Falstaff's proceedings. He requires from Justice Shallow four men. The justice tenders to him six to choose from ; he takes the four who do not bribe him to excuse them, and boasts that he has formed his company out of the worst prolétaires of the country. The practice in Russia has always been to require from every seigneur a certain number of recruits, and he chose whom he thought fit. Any who had incurred his displeasure were sure to go ; so were any who were generally unpopular.

Wielopolski recommended that on this occasion they should be taken, not, as was usual, from the agricultural population, but from the towns, and that, as there are no seigneurs there, the officials (Poles themselves) should point them out. The Emperor objected that it was a new plan. Wielopolski persisted, and it was done. It is a mistake to suppose that he turned educated young men into soldiers. He took none of the upper classes, none even of the bourgeois ; those taken were just such as Falstaff took, except that they were taken only from the towns.

Montalembert tells us that the statement in the Russian papers, that the recruits had submitted to their fate, not only without resistance, but with pleasure, was the drop which made the waters of bitterness run over.

“ Honour to the people which can bear anything except official hypocrisy, except *le mensonge prodigé en son nom et pour son compte*. *Ecclate soit, mais ecclate reconnaissance et satisfaction, non.* *Ecclate qui se laisse flétrir d'être libre et heureux, non, mille fois,*

non. *La mort, et la ruine, tous les désastres et toutes les tortures, plus bâ que l'adhésion silencieuse au mensonge couronné et impuni.*"

Now, I have no doubt that many of these recruits, the refuse of the town population, were really gainers by being turned into soldiers, and that some of them thought so. To suppose, as Montalembert does, that these expressions in the newspapers produced the insurrection, is childish.

What Wielopolski did was what Cavaignac did after the insurrection of June, 1848, and what Louis Napoleon did in 1851 and 1852. Each of them seized and removed, without trial, some thousands of persons whose presence he thought dangerous. Such an expedient is revolutionary, that is to say, both illegal and unjust, even if done honestly, and capable, indeed certain, of being frightfully abused. But Wielopolski's use of it was less objectionable than Cavaignac's or Louis Napoleon's. They made exiles and prisoners—he made soldiers of them. Every one of them supplied the place of an ordinary recruit, and they belonged to the same class as the ordinary recruits, except that they were townspeople instead of peasants. Most of them, without doubt, regretted the change; but so the peasants would have done whose places they filled. The continental nations are not rich enough to make military service attractive. Their armies, therefore, do not consist, as yours does, of volunteers. Their recruits are always unwilling, and I doubt whether those taken in this recruitment were peculiarly so. It occasioned an insurrection, partly because the many years which had passed without a recruitment made it seem to be a new burden; partly because the people of the towns felt aggrieved at being exclusively subjected to it; partly because to be selected by the police was unusual, and was more odious than to be designated by the seigneurs; partly because the recollection of the waste of life in the last war made that selection seem a sentence of death; and partly because the Polish nobility is in a state of chronic disaffection, and the weakness of Russia and the power and sympathy of France made this appear to be a favourable occasion.

Senior. But the peasants have joined in the insurrection.

Circourt. Very few of them, only on the compulsion of the town insurgents, and when driven to it by the excesses of the Russian troops, who, like all semi-barbarians, often treat neutrals, or even friends, as if they were enemies. Scarcely any of the noble proprietors, or even of the bonne bourgeoisie, have risen. The bulk of the insurgents consist of the low townspeople, and of the poor nobles, the Szlachta, about eighty-five thousand families, without property or industry, who live principally as the retainers of the richer proprietors. They are the people who give to the Poles their national character. They have the vices both of a conquering and

of a conquered race: the *misera orgoglio d'un tempo che fu*, and the cunning dissimulation and perfidy produced by long oppression. They sigh, and as long as they are kept poor by their idleness, and idle by the want of education and by the prejudices of caste, they will sigh, for the good old times, when they were the human beings of Poland, and the peasants mere domestic animals; when any one of them had power to stop by a *liberum veto* the legislation and the policy of the kingdom. They hate the improvement which has followed the Russian Government.

Senior. Who, then, are the Scythemen of whom we hear?

Circourt. Szlachta and the poor townspeople. The bulk of the peasants are indifferent, or opposed to the insurrection. The Russian Government has not been a bad one to them. Even despotism is better for the lower classes than an ignorant aristocracy. In 1848 Prussia resolved to give different institutions to the Germans and to the Poles in the Duchy of Posen. I was employed to distinguish them. Every family wished to be registered as German. If I had blindly admitted their statements, I must have reported that there were no Poles in the Duchy of Posen.

Senior. And how many are there?

Circourt. 780,000 in a population of 1,494,000. All the western frontier of the Duchy has been—to use a German expression—conquered by the plough. The Poles have been improved off the face of the earth. The superior diligence, thrift, and energy of the Germans have enabled them to buy out the Poles.

Senior. The Poles complain that the Prussian Government interferes—that it lends money to Germans below the market rate of interest to assist them in buying estates from Poles.

Circourt. I dare say that it does so; but ought the Poles to complain of that? It is a most mild form of oppression, for it brings in new purchasers, and increases the price of their estates. They are not forced to sell, though the Germans are tempted to buy.

Senior. What is the whole Polish population?

Circourt. Six millions seven hundred and ninety-two thousand—3,872,100 in the Kingdom of Poland, 1,100,000 in Galicia, 1,140,000 in White and Little Russia, to the west of the Dnieper, to whom must be added 1,615,000 Roman Catholic Lithuanians, who, though not of Polish race, sympathise with the Poles as co-religionists.

But of this total of eight millions and a half only the 3,872,000 of the Kingdom of Poland are compact enough to form a separate State.

In the Russian provinces to the west of the Dnieper there are 5,950,000 Russians of the Greek Church, 1,140,000 Jews, and 115,000 Wallachs—that is, 6,215,000, as against 2,661,000 Poles and Catholic Lithuanians.

In Galicia the Poles are only 3,100,000; the Ruthenians and others of Russian descent and religion are 2,100,000.

So that in these outlying provinces the portion of the population which is not Polish or Catholic is 9,317,400, that which is Polish or Catholic is only 3,001,000.

Senior. How did the Poles pass into Russia?

Circourt. The inhabitants gave themselves up to Poland in order to escape the attacks of more barbarous nations, the Magyars, or Huns, and the Tartars. That was the beginning of Russian serfdom. It was not a Russian institution.

The Poles—that is to say, the Polish nobility—seized the land, and gradually reduced the peasants to the same condition.

When the King of Lithuania, Jagellon, married the Queen of Poland, the Lithuanians and Poles gradually coalesced. The Lithuanian nobles adopted the Catholic religion, while the peasants remained Greeks, and they also were reduced into serfdom. From Poland the malady of serfdom spread over Russia, but was not firmly established in Russia proper—that is to say, in Muscovy—till about the year 1618.

On the whole the Poles are the worst nation in civilised Europe: the most turbulent, the most unscrupulous, the least capable of doing good to themselves or to anybody else, and, after the French, the most capable of doing harm. And, as is the case with all weak, silly, ill-conditioned nations, they have been always ill-treated since the time when they were strong enough to ill-treat others. Nations are beasts, who tear to pieces those who have not the wisdom or the strength to defend themselves.

Senior. Jules Simon told me that a month ago he feared that this rebellion would produce an European war; that Louis Napoleon would be delighted to make it an excuse for escaping from Mexico, and rushing into another revolutionary struggle in support of Polish nationality; that public opinion in France would support him; that the common danger would create a new holy alliance between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and that England would join them rather than see the first Empire renewed; but that his fears were abated when he saw the first effervescence in France cool, and when he saw reinforcements sent to Mexico.

Circourt. It is certain that the Mexican affair, which we thought disastrous, has saved us, at least for a time, from a great danger. I begin to think—almost to wish—that we may keep Mexico. A military friend of mine who has served long in Africa, said to me, "Algeria has been a great financial burthen, but it has given to us an excellent army." Now, however, it is almost worn out as a school. The Arabs have long submitted, the Cabyles are submitting. Soon there will be no fighting there. Mexico comes happily to supply its

place. We shall bridge over the mortal district between Vera Cruz and Jalapa by a railway, and then our troops will be healthy. Their campaigns will be on mountainous plateaux. The long voyage will give experience to our sailors, and the treasures of Mexico will pay our expenses.

Senior. I do not believe in the last prophecy. Neither wars nor colonies pay their expenses; but I have thought from the beginning that your occupation of Mexico was the only mode by which that fine country could be rescued from barbarism, the best mode by which the insolence and ambition of America could be subdued, and the safest outlet for your superabundant activity.

Do you accuse us of having occasioned the Mexican war?

Circourt. I suppose so, for we accuse you of having occasioned everything that we dislike. We accuse you of having produced the 24th of February and the 2nd of December; of having created the Kingdom of Italy, and having robbed the Pope.

Senior. Just as the Confederates accuse us of having armed the Federals, and the Federals of having made a nation of the Confederates.

Circourt. It is the price that you pay for your power and your prosperity. You are the objects of general envy, and therefore of general dislike and general calumny. If you will only allow us to make MacMahon King of Ireland, Prince Napoleon King of Scotland, and restore the Heptarchy in England, we shall be your affectionate friends.

Senior. Whence do you take your Polish figures?

Circourt. Principally from Saitzler's *L'Empire des Tiers*, vol. ii.; *La Population*, Paris, 1862; and from M. de Buschen's *Beobachtung des Russischen Kaiserreiche*. They are both laborious and conscientious statisticians, and have made great use of Polish authorities.

Senior. What will be the result if Europe does not interfere by force?

Circourt. Ten thousand Russians could beat the whole Polish army if it could catch them in a mass. They are about as formidable as the brigands of the Neapolitan dominions; supported by French money they may long keep up a guerrilla war, destructive to the country and mischievous to Russia, but they must be worn out in time. Russia will fight to the knife rather than create an independent Poland. It would be a mere *avant-garde* of France in her next war against Russia.

April 22nd, 1863.—Circourt breakfasted with us. I mentioned to him Thiers' fears of an attack on Russia by Sweden, which might draw France into war.

Circourt. I have no such fears. The Swedes must know that Finland is irrecoverably lost to them. They ruled it oppressively.

Not a Fin was allowed to take part in the management of his own country. It is now one of the best governed countries in the world. The population consists of about 50,000 Russians, 250,000 Swedes and 1,600,000 Fins. The Finnish population has doubled since Finland became Russian. They detest Sweden, and are loyal Russians.

Senior. How do you account for the popularity of Russian rule in Finland and its unpopularity in Poland?

Circourt. The causes are religion and race. The Fins are Lutherans, enjoying the best form of Christianity. The Poles are Roman Catholics, subject to the worst. Lutherans are tolerant, and are satisfied with toleration. Roman Catholics require supremacy. In Russian and Prussian Poland and in Lithuania they are merely on a par with the other Christian sects.

Senior. Are they on a par? We heard of persecution under Nicholas; we heard of outrages inflicted on the abbess and the nuns of a convent at Minsk, to force them to apostatize to the Greek creed.

Circourt. I do not believe a word of those stories. I do not believe that there ever was such an abbess or such nuns or such a convent. The lies of the Poles are beyond description or enumeration. Never believe a word a Pole tells you. He secretes and then pours out falsehood naturally, almost unconsciously. The Lutheran Fins are not merely unpersecuted, their clergy are paid by the State. Then they are an admirable race; honest, diligent, quiet, and moral. They are among the happiest people in Europe, as the Poles are among the unhappiest. The Polish peasantry are less miserable than the nobles or the townspeople because they are better, but they are idle, dirty, and superstitious. The townspeople and the nobles have these faults, and all the others that belong to a subject race which has once been dominant. All my information leads me to believe that the insurrection is subsiding. A friend who reached Paris a few days ago from Warsaw tells me that he saw no signs of it. The letters come punctually in six days; the railways are untouched; the peasants have not joined in it. I do not believe that it is really much more important than the brigandage of Naples. I know that the Russian Government is anxious to do for the Poles all that can be done for them without injustice to its subjects. It cannot surrender to Poland a population of five millions of Russians in its western provinces in order to please scarcely more than one million of Poles. It is ready to execute the Treaty of Vienna by giving to its Polish subjects a national representation and national institutions *réglementées d'après le mode d'existence politique qu'il jugera utile et convenable de leur accorder.* I believe that it would consent even to exempt the Poles of the kingdom from the conscription.

Senior. Perhaps it would be better to make the conscription over the whole empire depend on ballot. The old mode of effecting it by the arbitrary designation of the local authorities seems inconsistent with the abolition of serfdom. Such proceedings as those which occasioned this insurrection would then be impossible.

Circourt. I do not believe that the conscription was the cause of the insurrection, though it was the occasion on which it exploded. The mine had been long prepared.

Senior. By whom?

Circourt. By the great anarchical party; by the party of which Mazzini is the type, perhaps the head. It might have broken out in Hungary, or in Venetia. No amount of good government short of the good government which makes a whole population loyal, would have prevented it. Bad government might have done so by crushing the spirit of the whole nation. But I have no doubt that what you suggest ought to be done, and will be done. The institutions of Russia are rapidly improving. The abolition of serfdom, a change which, for the number of persons and the importance of the interests that it affects, and the rapidity with which it has been carried through, has not, and probably never will have, a parallel in history, is succeeding admirably. After a brief indecision, the peasants have set to work diligently and cordially to cultivate their own fields, and to redeem their obligations to their former lords. The state of the Polish *petite noblesse* is hopeless. Their prejudices of caste, unsupported by property, must keep them, under any Government, restless and miserable; but the rest of the nation has its destiny in its own hands. It may, if it will, be a prosperous part of a prosperous empire.

Senior. There seems to be no chance of the leaders of this movement acquiescing in such a destiny. The Polish Provisional Government answers the Czar's amnesty by declaring that, "It was not with the intention of obtaining more or less liberal institutions that we took up arms, but to get rid of the detested yoke of a foreign Government, and to reconquer our ancient and complete independence."

Circourt. In such language I recognise the incurable folly of the Polish nobility. Independence means the right of eighty-five thousand families to oppress four millions of their fellow-countrymen, and six or seven millions more of people who differ from them in race or in religion, and belong to them only because they inhabit countries which two or three hundred years ago went by the name of Poland.

April 24, 1863.—*Circourt* called on us. The map of America was on the table.

"I will show you," he said, "what I expect to be the political

map of America three or four years hence. It will consist of at least three empires. The Western Empire formed of Washington, Oregon, Nevada, California, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. The Southern Empire divided from the Northern by the Missouri River from its source down to its confluence with the Mississippi, then by the Mississippi down to its confluence with the Ohio, then by the Ohio up to the mouth of the Kankava River, then by a line crossing the Virginia mountains and running to the Potomac, and lastly by the Potomac itself and the Bay of Chesapeak. This would give to each empire a well-defined frontier."

"It would give," I said, "the greater part of the Border States to the Confederates." *

"They will not be satisfied," he answered, "with less, and in a short time they will dictate their own terms. The Federals seem to be bent on suicide, and it is by suicide that empires generally perish. Repeated defeats and disappointments may not break their spirit, but they disturb their reason. As the danger of irretrievable defeat grows nearer and nearer, and looks larger and larger, they lose their presence of mind, and rush on destruction as if they were fascinated. The terror of the Federals is foreign intervention, and they are right in believing that it would be fatal to them; but yet, as if—to repeat the word—they were fascinated, they are doing what will inevitably bring it on. They put me in mind of the bird that in its extremity of alarm runs into the serpent's jaws. Their insults and injuries must drive you into war."

"They may," I said, "easily drive us into recognition of the South, but with more difficulty into war."

"They tell the world," he answered, "that recognition will be followed by war. I trust that you will take up the challenge which they have been offering to you for two years. It does not become a great and spirited nation to allow itself to be deterred by threats from an act of justice. We have been expecting you to do so for some months—and our master is eager to join you. The next thing for you to do is to join us heartily in giving a good government to Mexico. Mexico must either be a monarchy untainted by slavery, and protected by France and England, or another Texas, a dependence of the Southern Anglo-American Empire peopled by slaves and semi-barbarous whites. On the result of our interference depends the question whether it shall be a Brazil, a peaceful empire, representing in America European civilisation and European respect for international law, or a portion of a great Anglo-American republic, anarchical and miserable within, and aggressive, unscrupulous, and mischievous without. You committed a gross blunder when you withdrew from us last year. You were much more interested in rescuing Mexico from anarchy than we were. It was a God-send

for you that we were Quixotic enough *pour tirer les marrons du feu*. If we had not done so, you must have done so yourselves, or you would in a very few years have seen Mexico joined to the Southern Confederacy, and the largest and most powerful slave State in the world. You may now repair your folly. I strongly urge you, at the same time, if you can, on the same day, to recognise the Confederates, and to go to the assistance of the only well-intentioned and civilised party in Mexico, that which desires an European sovereign. You may perhaps thereby precipitate a war with the Federals; but in their frantic state of mind, I do not think you can avoid one, and in that case the sooner it comes the better."

N. W. SENIOR.

COLORADO.

COLORADO, the last-born State of the Union, is little known in England, except perhaps in connection with a small insect that had the rare honour of procuring an Act of Parliament entirely for itself. Sceptical observers have doubted whether a genuine specimen of the much-dreaded beetle was ever seen alive in this country, and the curious thing is that precisely the same scepticism may be indulged in with regard to Colorado. Whether the oldest inhabitant of Colorado ever saw a live Colorado beetle may be a matter of dispute ; but there can be no doubt at the present day the beetle is unknown in the country which is supposed to have given it birth and a name. In these times of depression Colorado deserves attention on more serious grounds. There are some classes of persons that may benefit considerably by a knowledge of the capabilities of this newly opened-up country. Farmers who find a difficulty in paying rent, who complain of want of sunshine and of too copious and ill-regulated rain, may turn with advantage to a country where sunshine is abundant all the year round, and where the supply of water to their crops is not dependent on the capricious clouds, but is drawn through irrigating channels from streams that never dry up.

The situation of Colorado is peculiarly favourable to agriculture and stock raising. It lies almost in the centre, and forms, as it were, the apex of the North American Continent. From the Rocky Mountains there stretch eastwards vast rolling plains which stop only at the Missouri. These plains, destined one day to be the home of a large population, stretch from north to south for about 1,500 miles, and from the Rocky Mountains east to the Missouri River about 500 miles. Colorado, in its western half, embraces a portion of the Rocky Mountains, the seat of a rapidly growing mining industry ; in its eastern division it occupies a portion of the great prairie. The mountains attain a height of 14,000 feet, and are rapidly beginning to attract holiday-makers as the Alps of America. The plains begin at an elevation of 7,000 feet, falling toward the eastern side of Colorado to 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. This high plateau lies in the latitude of Spain ; but the elevation and the cool breezes from the mountains reduce the temperature in the warmest months to a mean of 75°. The thermometer sometimes falls low for a day or two at a time in winter, but owing to the extreme dryness of the air the cold is not so disagreeable as in our humid climate. Snow seldom lies on the ground for more than a few days, but frosts, sufficient to stop ploughing, usually last for two months in the year. The rain-fall, with the addition of the snow-fall, is only from 12 to 16 inches a year. The bracing air of

these lofty plains and the mildness of the climate are attracting many invalids, especially those suffering from weak lungs or bronchial affections. The extraordinary abundance of hot and cold mineral springs in the mountains draws patients of a different class, and Colorado bids fair to become the sanatorium of America.

My acquaintance with Colorado began in 1876; it was renewed in 1877, and again in the autumn of 1879. That seems a short time, but it covers the whole period of the existence of Colorado as a State in the Union. The progress of the centennial State has been marvellous. Twenty years ago it was scarcely known to any but trappers; but in 1859 the reports of gold discoveries in the Rocky Mountains brought a rush of adventurers, who formed the first population of the State. Gold had been found in the beds of the streams that flow from the Rocky Mountains, and fortunes were sought and sometimes found in the spadefuls of alluvial mud. Crowds began to cross the plains from Missouri, and performed a tedious journey of six weeks in covered waggons, which were facetiously called the schooners of the prairie. There was gold in the streams, but not enough for the hungry crowd that poured westwards, and the cost of living was exorbitant. Gold washing was abandoned; but in the meantime some of the disappointed ones remained in the country and laid the foundation of Denver, now the capital of the State. The city was laid out in 1864, and, with one or two checks, the population has steadily grown till it is now little short of 50,000.

As the rage for gold began to abate, it was discovered that the mineral resources of Colorado far exceeded even the first glowing reports. Veins of silver ore were found cropping out on the surface of the mountains. The mineral veins already discovered extend for hundreds of miles along the ranges of the Rocky Mountains; and nothing more astonishes the traveller than the sight of holes and mouths of tunnels all over the sides of the bleak inhospitable mountains, side by side with small wooden houses, which afford the hardy miners all the protection they receive from the storms of winter. The general extent of the mining industry may be gathered from the out-put of metal last year, which amounted to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons of pure gold, 193 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons of pure silver, about 6,000 tons of copper, and 10,000 tons of lead. The discovery of large deposits of carbonate of lead ore, each ton containing about 5 lbs. to 15 lbs. of silver, has, in the space of ten years, created a new town of about 20,000 inhabitants. Two years ago the district where Leadville now stands did not number 1,000 inhabitants, but already a city has grown up, with banks, schools, churches, a theatre, and even an opera-house. Leadville is about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and for more than half the year, from November till June, is covered with snow. Some of the miners may become millionaires, but certainly they pursue their

business with slight regard to personal comfort. Nearly all the mines are over 10,000 feet above the sea-level, and some even are marked at 12,000. Communication with the lower world is cut off for half the year. The miners lay in their stocks of provisions in November, and live throughout the cold winter in wooden houses, lined, if the miner is luxurious, with sheets of pasteboard. Stories of sudden change of fortune among the Leadville miners during the last year are plentiful. One man, who six months ago slept in a shed, is now a millionaire. Another, whose family had been starving all winter, at last made a "strike," as it is called, and forthwith treated himself at the store to a feast of sardines, and consumed so many tins of them, that the dealer stopped the supply lest he should suddenly lose a good customer. These are the fortunate ones, and little is heard of the many disappointed miners who search in vain for treasure. It has been stated recently that 6,000 "holes," have been opened around Leadville, of which only 100 pay. But among so many blanks, the prizes, if few, are enormous. One mine alone yields £40,000 a month. The Leadville ores seem to be of a peculiar and exceptional character. The ore is not found in true fissure veins—cracks in the rock through which ore has been forced up from unknown depths—but appears to have overflowed like lava, and spread out in a horizontal stratum. In some places there appear to be two such strata, one lying above the other. These mines are not so enduring as those that work fissure veins, but the ore, while it lasts, is very easily taken out and very easily smelted into silver-lead. In this state it is transported to the east, where the metals are separated. Difficulties may very likely arise in regard to the ownership of these peculiar beds of ore. The law of the State makes no provision for such deposits. The owner of the apex of a true fissure vein gets a certain length of the vein on the reef, and the ground for 75 feet on each side of it. Downwards he can follow the lode, although it dip under the surface ground of an adjacent owner. The law thus contemplated lodes that were vertical, or but slightly inclined, and not deposits that are nearly horizontal. The Leadville deposits will probably soon be exhausted, but not so with the majority of mines in Colorado, which are true fissure veins, and are practically inexhaustible. The mines that have been worked longest are now producing the best quality and the largest quantity of ore. Coal is abundant. It has been mined for many years for domestic purposes and railway locomotives, and now the iron ore industries are to have a start. A company is being formed in New York and Colorado to erect Bessemer furnaces for the production of steel rails. Coal and Clayband iron ore are found in juxtaposition in the southern districts of Colorado. Lime is found at no great distance, and railways run within a few miles of inexhaustible beds of hematite and magnetic iron ore. There is plenty of work on the spot for Bessemer fur-

naces, for although Colorado is already not ill supplied with 1,200 miles of railway, the New York and Boston magnates, who now control the Colorado lines, are committed to an extension of the railway system for another 1,000 miles during the coming years.

The mineral resources of Colorado possess an interest of their own, but they also have a most important bearing on the future of agriculture in the State. The population is between 200,000 and 300,000, and has increased over 50 per cent. within the last two years. About one-half of the population is engaged, directly or indirectly, in mining enterprise among the mountain ranges. Nearly 50,000 live in Denver, and the rest are to be found in smaller towns, or engaged in farming or stock-raising. This large mining population affords a ready market, close at hand, for every species of agricultural produce. Agriculture is thus conducted under specially favourable local circumstances. When the first rush to the mines took place it was supposed the country was worthless for agricultural purposes. The surface is sparsely covered with short grass, and although it seems scanty to the passing traveller, accident discovered, what experience has abundantly confirmed, that it is of fine quality, and sustaining both summer and winter great herds of sheep and cattle. During the first winter at Denver no hay or fodder could be obtained for the cattle that had brought the miners and provisions across the plains, and the owners of the cattle turned them out on the prairie, as they supposed, to die. In the following spring, however, the animals were all found in good condition about thirty miles below Denver, and the nutritious powers of the scanty herbage required no other proof. The soil at the first glance does not look promising. It is composed of a fine dark brown mould mixed with gravel, very compact, but at the same time very porous and friable. Where the gravel has been completely decomposed, or the soil consists of fine dust, blown or washed from the higher portions of the plains (called Bluffs), it inclines to clay. Near the surface the earth is darker than lower down, but the quality is essentially the same and very uniform throughout. The soil is indeed so rich in the mineral constituents of plants, and its depth so great, that with a proper supply of water it yields larger and finer crops of wheat, barley, and oats than any other State in America. Water, however, is necessary, except in the bottoms of the shallower valleys traversed by streams; and the cultivable land is thus limited to the area that the water of the mountain streams will suffice to irrigate. The agricultural portion of the State is confined to the strip of land, ten to thirty miles broad, which extends from north to south, the whole width of the State, along the plains at the base of the foot-hills. Owing to the general flatness and gradual sloping character of the ground the land can be irrigated at small cost. Between Denver and the northern boundary of Colorado six principal streams, besides the river Platte, flow from

the foot-hills across the plains. The water from these streams is conveyed in canals or ditches, which are sometimes as much as 50 miles long. Some of the smaller canals have been built by co-operation among the farmers. In other cases they are owned by local joint-stock companies, of which the shares are held principally by the farmers themselves. The largest of all—the Lorimer and Weld Canal—is the property of the Colorado Mortgage Company of London. It is 50 miles long, from 25 to 30 feet wide at the bottom, and carries water to irrigate 40,000 acres. The company itself owns 20,000 acres, which, with a right in perpetuity to sufficient water for irrigation, it is selling at 52s. to 60s. per acre. The land is sold in quantities of 80 acres and upwards. At this rate the land is freely purchased, payment being taken in five instalments for the convenience of buyers. Settlers on the public lands can buy water for £1 per acre. By homesteading a settler can become owner of 160 acres for a few pounds, but he must reside on it for five years before he can get a title. The settler may choose to pre-empt, in which case residence for six months, together with the execution of certain improvements, gives a title. By pre-emption the land may be obtained for 5s. an acre if distant from a railway, or 10s. an acre if in the vicinity of a railway. A settler can only homestead or pre-empt once. Railways are owners of land along their lines, in square miles alternately with the public lands, which are subject to homesteading and pre-emption. Railways sell their land at prices varying from 12s. 6d. to 25s. an acre according to circumstances.

The undulation of the plains makes ploughing and irrigation very easy. The water is supplied to the farmer, not directly from the main canal, but from a subsidiary ditch, formed with a plough along the surface of the plain, on a nearly uniform slope. The farmer excavates with his plough a similar smaller trench along the top of the land he intends to plough, and then, making breaks in the lower side, allows the water to flow over the whole surface of the field. After two or three days the land is ready for ploughing, and the water is turned off. After irrigation, a pair of light horses will turn over the soil at the rate of an acre a day.* Cereals require to be watered once or twice in the season. The custom is to break new land in August, September, and October, turning the sod two or three inches deep, and the winter frost pulverises it, and makes it into a good seed-bed by spring. Old stubble land is irrigated in a similar manner before being ploughed, either in autumn or spring, and the seed is sown as soon after ploughing as possible. The soil, once thoroughly wet, is very retentive of moisture, and no more irrigation is necessary till June, when the water is again turned over the crops for a day or two. The land is very easily tilled and cleaned, and irrigation is a simple process, as may be easily understood from the fact that one man alone (exchanging, it may be, help

with a neighbour in harvest) can cultivate 80 acres under crops in rotation, and that, too, without working so hard as a small farmer in this country. Self-binding reaping machines are in general use, and give complete satisfaction. Threshing machines, driven by steam or horse power, are driven from farm to farm as at home.

Colorado produces all the kinds of crops and vegetables grown in England, with the addition of many that flourish only in a warmer climate, such as Indian corn, sugar beet, tomatoes, &c. Grapes and peaches ripen in the open air, and in the southern parts of the State grapes and plums grow wild. Flax is also occasionally met with growing wild. The wheat and barley raised on the irrigated lands are as fine as any in the world. The average crop of wheat is from 20 to 25 bushels per acre; of barley, about 35 bushels; and of oats, it is asserted that in the uplands the yield is occasionally as high as from 80 to 90 bushels per acre. Specimens of cabbages, mangolds, swedes, and beet-root of enormous size, are exhibited at the State fair; but as cattle feeding is not yet practised, they are raised chiefly for domestic use. But the average of crops is not much indication of what the soil, in the hands of a skilful farmer, may be made to yield. The majority of those who have taken to farming in Colorado knew little or nothing of the business when they settled, and the cultivation would generally be considered slovenly at home. When the soil is well cleaned and tilled, and the supply of water adequate, a return of 35 or 40 bushels of wheat per acre may be reasonably expected; and in several cases last season, although the crops are not considered generally large, over 45 bushels of wheat have been threshed out. The prices obtained are, and must continue to be, tolerably high. The quantity of cultivable land is not sufficient to supply the mining population, and, as the nearest competitor is about 500 miles off, the Colorado farmer has the cost of carriage in his favour. The demand for poultry, butter, eggs, and milk is great, and in supplying it the industrious farmer's wife can add very materially to his income. Wheat sells at from 32s. to 36s.; barley, from 25s. to 30s.; oats, from 17s. 6d. to 20s. per quarter. Hay is sold at from 50s. to 60s. per 2000 lbs., butter from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb., and eggs from 1s. to 1s. 3d. per dozen. Farm labour of satisfactory quality can without difficulty be obtained. Wages are about £5 per month, with board and lodging, which cost as much more. The labourer is engaged by the month, and although he is dispensed with from October to April, farmers easily get hands. As a general rule, however, farmers in Colorado work on their farms themselves, but they have the satisfaction that the land is their own, and that in such a climate, and with such a soil, labour is much lighter and more agreeable than is dreamt of in this country. For the same reasons the cost of labour per acre, although the wages paid to the labourer are high, is scarcely, if at all, greater than the farmer has to pay in Scotland, and by those who have capital, farming is

being prosecuted on a large scale with great profits. During two or three months in the year there is little, if any, work to be done on farms, but a pushing man may hire out his team and make a good bit of money in the winter months.

For a new country, the drawbacks are not serious. Some years ago, in 1875, Colorado, in common with the Middle States and some parts of Canada, was visited by clouds of grasshoppers, which consumed the greater part of the crops. These unwelcome guests disappeared as mysteriously as they came, and have done no damage since that year. The farmers have studied the ways of these pests, and are confident that the crops can hereafter be protected from danger. On the other hand, it is alleged by some that the grasshoppers come once in seven years. But the farmers do not seem to dread their coming so much as formerly, and extended cultivation is said to prevent their reappearance. Autumn or early spring sowing puts the crops beyond danger before the full-grown insects make their appearance in autumn, and experience taught several means of effectually destroying the young ones in the following spring. Already in the cultivable region Colorado has developed the principal amenities of civilisation. As the country settles, free schools are built in every district. A certain proportion of the public lands is reserved for the maintenance of the schools, and any deficiency is met by taxation. The local taxes, however, do not exceed sixpence per acre; and in all the small towns churches of various denominations have been built, and are maintained by voluntary contributions. The houses in which the farmers live are at first wooden-framed buildings, lined with sheets of pasteboard, and in that climate are found very tolerable. When the farmer makes a little money, he builds a brick house. Cotton-wool trees are planted round the homestead, and with irrigation these quick-growing saplings in a few years shade the house and contribute a charming variety to the landscape. In the older parts, settled ten years ago, some of the farmers have planted these trees round their fields, and improved the aspect of the country to a wonderful degree. Coals are abundant, and may be had at any railway station at about fifteen shillings a ton. The general standard of living is high. People live well; every one, including the farm labourer, has meat and tea or coffee three times a day.

But although a great future undoubtedly awaits the farming interest in Colorado, the present profit is greatest for the stock-keepers. There is, indeed, probably no part of the world where a young man with a few thousands can employ himself more agreeably or profitably than in rearing cattle on the plains of Colorado or Wyoming, or in the Parks of the Rocky Mountain ranges. A few hundred pounds expended on houses and the erection of coralls in the neighbourhood of a permanent stream will form a basis of operations, and he can graze his flocks of sheep or herds of cattle on the

public lands around without rent. The outlay is the food and wages of his "cowboys;" and after providing for that expense, he may devote the whole remainder of his capital to the purchase of graded heifers and good shorthorn bulls. Graded heifers may be got across the mountains in Montana, California, or in Oregon, at a cost of £3 each. Shorthorn bulls, fairly bred, and suitable for the country, can be purchased at from £10 to £20. Sheep, of satisfactory quality, are driven, or rather eat their way, from California, and can occasionally be bought in Colorado or Wyoming at 12s. When crossed with a better class of sheep they soon improve, and yield fleeces of 5 to 6 lbs.

If the stockman has the faculty to select good men—and such are to be had out in the West—he need not make himself a prisoner in his ranch, but may treat himself to a month's hunting in the mountains, or even to a trip to England, without imperilling his interests. How long the present system will last, of pasturing on the public lands, is uncertain. Last summer a Commission of Congress was engaged on an inquiry into the best system to be adopted with regard to the public lands, and an idea is entertained that the government will sell land suitable for grazing, but too dry for cultivation, in lots of eight square miles, about 4,000 acres, at a low figure. Should this policy be adopted, the ranches will be fenced in, and a much higher type of cattle can then be advantageously introduced than would pay when, as at present, the cattle of different owners roam together on the plains. The profits of the present system are enormous, notwithstanding the low price of cattle. A three-year-old steer, weighing alive about 1,200 lbs., fetches only £4. The increase of the stock, after deducting deaths, is about 80 per cent. on the number of the cows, if the cattle are fairly well attended to. The attention required is not much. To cut the grass with a mowing-machine in some of the meadows, and to save the hay for the emergency of a snow-storm severe enough to debar the cattle from their food, is all that is necessary. But even that slight precaution is, I fear, rather the exception than the rule in the Colorado ranches.

The ease with which meat may be grown out in the West, was forcibly impressed on my attention by an incident I observed in the North Park. The North Park is a great undulating plain within the Rocky Mountains, at an elevation of 7,000 or 8,000 feet. The drove I saw consisted of 3,000 cattle, of a size and quality that would have attracted favourable notice in any of our markets at home. They had been feeding on very nutritious grass in the Park all summer, and were expected to weigh 1,400 lbs. They were born on the Pacific slope, and were feeding here, as a resting-point in their journey from California eastwards. They were part of a lot sold to Chicago dealers at £7 10s. a head, and were going to Illinois to be fattened for the English market, and would reach Liverpool, ready for the butcher, early in 1880. Thus cattle that first see the light

on the shores of the Pacific are driven slowly, at the rate of about ten miles a day, as far as the centre of America, and after grazing there for a year, are carried by railway to the maize-growing States, whence, after a stay of a few months, they make their final journey to Liverpool. These are facts that lead to reflection. Only ten years ago, cattle from the Eastern and Middle States were taken westward across the mountains to California, but the tables are now turned. Cattle-breeding has developed so rapidly in the Pacific States, as not merely to supply the demand there, but to pour its surplus of the improved American cattle back to the East, and thus to supplant the inferior Texas breed, which in a few years may be expected to disappear altogether. It is computed that during the present year 50,000 cattle have made the journey eastwards across the plains.

Looking at the capacity for development shown by facts like these, it is idle to imagine that the supply of American cattle will become exhausted within any time that can be mentioned in the proximate future. These plains, covering thousands of square miles, are specially adapted for rearing cattle. But there is one direction in which a government, even moderately acquainted with the interests of beef-producers, might confer a benefit upon the farming interest. We cannot compete with the American stock-keeper in the earlier stages of meat production, but in the last stage of all—the fattening for the market, which is at present done in Illinois and other maize-growing States—the farmer in this country has facilities which would enable him to distance his American competitor. The cattle I saw were to be transported by rail to Illinois at a cost of 25s. or 30s. per head; for other £5 a head those cattle could be landed at Liverpool. The store cattle sold in Colorado for £7 10s. These would be sold at a profit to all concerned in Liverpool at £15 a head, and when fattened, could be sold readily, even in these bad times, for £20 a head. But this profit of £5 a head is forced into the pockets of Illinois farmers by the wisdom of our Government, which prohibits the importation of store cattle for the farmer, and admits only fat cattle for the butcher. Such conduct from "the farmers' friends" is not kindly.

Those who say that there is disease among American cattle, and that what the farmer wants above all things is protection from disease, betray a want of acquaintance with the facts of the case. The real opposition comes from a few breeders of cattle who have the ear of the Government, and who object to any store cattle being imported, whether in health or disease; but the great body of farmers want cheap store cattle, and they can have them both cheap and healthy from the natural breeding grounds of the West, if only the Government would put itself to a little trouble and exercise a little care and common sense. There never has been any disease in

the Western States or in Illinois, Iowa, or Michigan. The direct route for cattle is through those States on the main lines of railway, and, crossing into Canada at Detroit or Port Huron, they could be shipped from Canadian ports. Cattle could thus be carried to England without ever approaching at any point within hundreds of miles of any place where disease has existed. Those acquainted with the system of transport know that simple and effective arrangements could be made insuring that only Western cattle should pass into Canada, and the only hope I see for the British grazier is in getting these cattle. The attention of the department was called to this suggestion by a question put in the House of Commons last session, but the mouthpiece of the Government would not descend so far as even to promise an inquiry. Such neglect we are unfortunately but too familiar with, and there seems little hope of a change until farmers and mercantile men insist on having some men in the Government of this commercial and agricultural country who know practically something of the country's interests. I cannot but think that we should be better off if we interested less in our neighbours' affairs, and paid some attention to our own.

In the present agricultural crisis I observe that hope is maintained in some quarters by the notion that the supply of agricultural produce from America will fall off. This hope is based on the expectation of an increase in the cost of transport, and of the inability of the American farmer, in the face of an increasing home demand, to grow wheat as cheaply as he has hitherto done. It seems to me that for some years to come, at all events, these expectations will prove delusive. In the Western States it cannot be doubted that wheat can be raised on the grand scale at a price with which the British farmer cannot compete, assuming that he continues to pay the present rents. But it is not these large producers whom the British farmer has really to fear. The farming capitalist in America usually stretches his arms too wide. He wants to be the biggest wheat grower in the world, buys all the land he can get, and mortgages it at 10 per cent., very probably the greater part of his working capital is also borrowed. With a fine crop he makes a large profit, which will very likely be used to buy still more land. But a bad crop or low prices tell a different tale, and not unfrequently the mortgage sweeps away his whole property. The huge farm is broken up into lots of 160 to 320 acres, or it may be 640 acres, with a facility, cheapness, and simplicity that would astonish our lawyers. Free trade in land on a sound tenure soon adjusts the size of farms to the local conditions. The price of agricultural produce will not be regulated by these huge capitalists, but by the small farmer who is the principal labourer on his own land. He comes from the Eastern States or Europe with a wife and family, and settles on the public land almost without cost, or he may find better land belonging to a railway company, for which he will pay £1 to £2 an acre, in seven or ten yearly

instalments. He will cultivate 60 or 80 acres with his own hand and team, at first—if he comes, like a great many, knowing nothing of farming—with indifferent results. Of his 60 acres perhaps 40 are under wheat, the rest being laid out in Indian corn, potatoes, and vegetables. He keeps a cow and pig and poultry. Add to these things groceries, and the provisions of his household do not need to be further indebted to the outside world. If he can sell only 40 quarters of wheat off his 10 acres at 15s. a quarter, he will procure clothes and groceries sufficient for a comfortable subsistence for his family. If he cannot get 15s. a quarter he must take what he can, and try to make up the deficiency out of his eggs, butter, poultry, and pigs. His farm is his home as well as his livelihood, and he cannot abandon it when wheat comes below what the wheat manufacturer would consider a paying price. The same reasoning applies to beef and cheese. The farmer will produce the article that he finds to pay best, but some produce he must raise in order to get the necessary comforts of life.

There is little doubt that the rates of carriage last spring were too low to be remunerative, but American railways, paying good dividends, can carry at rates that would not pay in this country. The Union Pacific Railway, which has made fortunes for its founders, carries cattle between points where there is no competition at half the through rates charged at home. Coal is carried across the plains, where there is no competition, on railways the bonds of which are at a premium, at 1s. 4d. per ton per mile. Nor must it be forgotten that the Americans have first-rate water communication from the wheat-growing districts with which the railways have to compete. Already vessels have loaded in Lake Superior and delivered direct at Liverpool; and, when the Welland Canal now nearly finished is completed, vessels carrying 5,000 quarters of wheat will load at Chicago for European ports. Practically, however, in order to prevent heating, it is found expedient to tranship cargoes of wheat shipped in autumn, and by the use of elevators transhipment from barges or vessels to railway trucks, and *vice versa*, costs only 2s. or 3s. per quarter. In the busiest season last year wheat was sent by rail from Chicago to New York for 7s. per quarter; by water it was lower. The freight from New York to Liverpool was at the same period 4s. to 4s. 6d. per quarter, and these are maximum rates. From the improvements to be expected in steamers, and an increase of competition by the opening of new lines of communication by land and water, the reasonable prediction is that rates of carriage will be lower in the future even than in the past. The average rate of transport from Chicago to Liverpool will in all likelihood fall short of even 10s. per quarter. I cannot therefore bring myself to think that we have seen the last of American competition, or that the lowest point in depression has yet been reached.

J. W. BARCLAY.

THE ENGLAND OF TO-DAY.

In a recent series of essays Professor Seeley has wisely counselled the historian to restrict his survey in future to the political phenomena of his subject, and to abandon his present practice of inserting, at stated intervals, in his work a conventional and necessarily inadequate dissertation on the manners, art, literature, social institutions, scientific and philosophic theories, commercial and industrial aspects of the particular period upon which he is for the time engaged. This advice, perhaps, will not be altogether welcome to those aspiring minds who would fain "take all knowledge to be their province." But it would seem probable that they will soon feel themselves to have no choice in the matter. The complexity of modern life is increasing so rapidly as to outstrip all efforts of mortal man to keep pace with its advance. *Non si lingue centum*: not if the human powers of research, of arrangement, of analysis, and of literary composition were increased an hundredfold, could they accomplish the task which a writer would set himself who should resolve to treat, and with all the thoroughness which the modern view of history demands, of every aspect, social as well as political, of our many-sided English life. That subject of so much speculation and recipient of so many admonitions—the future historian—may perhaps be among us at this moment in the flesh, and disputing with all the ardour of youth and inexperience the proposition above laid down. If so, one could hardly do better than recommend to him an attentive study of the two substantial volumes which Mr. T. H. S. Escott¹ has just placed at his service. Their contents are not history, they are only the materials of history; but from the amount of patient and conscientious labour which has so obviously been bestowed on the collection and arrangement of them, we may measure the undertaking of a historian who, in addition to his ordinary duty of narrating events, should apply himself to master all the details of the institutions which Mr. Escott describes—all the political, commercial, financial, judicial, industrial, educational matters with which these volumes deal—and then, finally, proceed to discuss all the questions at which Mr. Escott only glances, and to attempt a solution of all the problems which it was his business only to state. The mere headings of such a series of chapters as those on Rural Administration, Municipal Government, The Working Classes, Pauperism and Thrift, Co-operation, Criminal England,

(1) *England: its People, Polity, and Purse*. By T. H. S. Escott. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co., London, Paris, and New York.

Educational England, Official England, Religious England, Professional England—will show the extent of the ground over which a historian would have to follow the author ; while the following passages will give some idea of the further region which he would have to traverse alone. It is Mr. Escott's enumeration of the political and social questions which have emerged or become urgent within the last generation, and which, as has been said, it was not within the scope of his work to discuss in any exhaustive way :—

" Old lines of social demarcation have been obliterated, ancient landmarks of thought and belief removed, new standards of expediency and right created. . . . We have made for ourselves strange gods, and we live in a state of transition to a yet unknown order. The precise functions of the new philosophy, science, theology, and art are as loosely defined as the exact provinces of the three estates of the realm or the future relations of the different component parts of society. We hold enlarged conceptions of our place in the scale of the peoples of the earth, but what England's mission really is we have not quite decided. We are in process of making up our minds what respect or attention, in fixing the destinies of a great nation, is due to the popular will, what obeisance to the sovereign, what confidence to the sovereign's advisers. We are in perplexity as to the course we should steer between the democratic and the monarchical principles. It is a moot point whether the governed or the governors should be the judges of the plan of government that is adopted. It is an open question whether we should accept measures because of the man, or base our estimate of the man upon his measures. The respective rights of employer and employed, capital and industry, are an unsolved problem. A clear and generally accepted notion of the duties of the State has still to be formed."

We may not agree with Mr. Escott that all these questions are as open, in the strict acceptance of the word, as he represents them ; but if they are not all " debatable," in the sense of dividing opinion equally or nearly equally on their merits, they are at any rate all of them debated.

It is impossible to close these volumes without a certain sense of that exaltation which is the mind's response to an adequate presentation of any kind of greatness. And this, apart from their high value to the politician and the public writer, as a manual of reference on matters of detail, is, perhaps, their highest praise ; for it is easy so to present to us a vast and complex whole, that its complexity shall impress more strongly than its vastness—that our mental condition shall be one of bewilderment rather than of admiration or awe. And to say that a writer, or a painter, or an orator has avoided this, is the same as saying that his powers both of conception and execution have proved equal to his difficult task. By reflection, by imagination, by study, or by such combination of these as the nature of his subject requires or permits, he must himself have risen to the height of outlook from which others now survey his work ; and what is more, and harder, he must further have shown himself a master of those rare arts of guidance whereby alone he

can enable others to stand beside him. The two kinds of faculty which complete success of this kind demands are more frequently found dissociated than in company. Often does a matchless expositor in detail fail to bring or keep his subject as a whole within the range of his own and his reader's or hearer's view; but yet more often has a wide and comprehensive observer and thinker been left, through lack of expression, to enjoy his prospect by himself. It is no light achievement for Mr. Escott to have shown in a work of such magnitude that he possesses the powers of both these types and the weaknesses of neither. He has not been compelled to narrow his survey in order to preserve the clearness of his picture; nor, extending it, has he lost himself in the mazes of his own detail. It would, of course, be mere flattery to say that he has dealt with every department of the national life in such a manner as to satisfy the specialist, or that in his treatment of the several parts of his subject he has always accurately observed the proportion which they bear, in fact, to one another; but it is doing him no more than justice to admit that his shortcomings in these respects are not so serious as to affect the substantial value of his book. After all deductions made under these heads, it remains true that he has taken and retained a fairly steady grasp on his subject as a whole, and that he enables any commonly attentive and receptive reader to do the same.

But what shall we say of the impression which the picture presented to us in these volumes leaves upon the mind? That the panorama which is unrolled before us is a moving and inspiriting one has already been implied. Regard it how we will, with whatever of triumph or foreboding, it is a mighty drama of human effort that we feel we have been witnessing. As a record of mere material progress, as a chapter in the history of man's advance towards complete dominion over the powers of nature and supreme mastery of the arts of life, the delight in its contemplation must indeed be as lasting as are the gains to humanity which it registers. But when we look beyond the smoke of our factories and the steam of our locomotives, when we listen for other sounds than the clamour of our markets and the clink of our money-bags, what shall we say of all else that we see and hear? Are we greater, wiser, stronger than that England of a century, a half-century, a generation ago, which we seem to have left so many ages behind us? Greater, I mean, in anything but the greatness that can be measured by riches, wiser and stronger with any other than the wisdom which accumulated wealth attests, and the strength which it confers? It did not enter into Mr. Escott's plan to discuss this question; and to decide it finally we Englishmen should first have to agree—a serious preliminary difficulty—upon a definition of the qualities of national

wisdom, strength, and greatness, or, at any rate, upon a definition of the national policy by which our title to these qualities is to be proved. According to some we are wiser—truly wiser—than our forefathers in exact proportion to our more exclusive application to our own insular affairs, and our greater indifference to all that happens beyond the seas that surround us: and the same persons maintain further that by perseverance in the same lines of action and abstention we shall continue to grow, as we have already grown, in strength and in greatness of the only kinds that are worthy of the ambition of enlightened men. By others, on the other hand, the creed which has thus been summarised is regarded as deadly error, and not only so, but as counsel suicidal and self-stultifying—as the advocacy of a policy which must in operation inevitably defeat its own ends. They contend that for England to devote herself to the pursuit of material prosperity within her insular borders, to the exclusion of all concern with the politics of the world without, would be as though a manufacturer should decline to concern himself with anything but his existing stocks of raw material, or to devote any attention whatever to the sources of his supply. They argue that the commerce by which we have prospered, and in which we are bidden to engross ourselves that we may prosper yet more, has grown out of our empire, is dependent upon it, could not in its present magnitude survive it; and that to maintain this empire even merely as the security for our commerce and the condition of our prosperity, we must reject the very counsels which in the name of commerce and prosperity are proffered to us. We are told to "stick to trade" and leave foreign affairs to take care of themselves; when it is only by vigilance in watching these affairs, and by a determined exercise of influence on their course, that we can hope to retain that power upon which our trade depends. We are told, they complain, to denude our arsenals and restore our handful of soldiers to industry, that so our whole resources and all our energies may be devoted to the work of the producer and the merchant; when nothing is more certain than that before very long we should have in place of the unproductive soldier the unemployed workman, and for every storeless arsenal a host of empty warehouses and idle mills.

But the controversy goes much deeper than this. It is not only on the question of mere commercial expediency that issue is joined. There are those who contend that a national policy is not to be determined by simple considerations of material prosperity; that nations do not, any more than individuals, "live by bread alone;" and that no people can become the greater and stronger, or in the end the healthier and happier, for having voluntarily abandoned a mighty empire bequeathed to them by the wisdom and valour of

their forefathers, and deliberately thrown up the great part for which they have been cast in the drama of the world's history.

It is no part of my present purpose to weigh these conflicting theories against one another ; it should, indeed, be no part of anybody's purpose who values his time : for, perhaps, there is scarcely an idler exercise in disputation than to argue on the comparative merits of rival ideals of life. And, this being so, there would be something like arrogance in founding a theory of national decline in moral stature or in force of will upon what would be a contested assumption of the debasement of national ideals. If the great majority of intelligent and thoughtful Englishmen concurred in believing it to be wiser, nobler, and more conducive to the true happiness of their country to resign their high place among the nations, it would be not only vain but impertinent for any single Englishman to rebuke them. But whatever impertinence there may be in condemning the ideal of national duty and highest interest which the mass of a civilised people may construct for themselves, there is none in insisting that a nation should be true to its own ideals whatever they are—none in maintaining that the confirmed incapacity of a people to act up to their own conceptions of civic duty is, so far as it extends, a symptom of national decline. And that is the case here. For it is notoriously not the fact that Englishmen as a community are agreed that it is best for them to surrender their empire and descend from their place in the world. On the contrary, it is difficult to find any one who accepts that doctrine even in private, and impossible, so strong and well-grounded is the belief in its general unpopularity, to find any public man who will venture publicly to uphold it. There may be some or many among us who hold that this surrender of place and power is inevitable and not far distant ; and some few who think, or fancy they think, that when that event shall happen they will not greatly regret it ; but there are none who think, or none at least who say, that we ought as a matter of enlightened policy to invite that event, or even that we should hesitate to make the greatest sacrifices to avert it. The immense majority of Englishmen are as proud of their empire and their power in the world as ever their fathers were, and they avow (in theory) as full a determination to retain it. If, then, it should appear that practice does not conform to theory in this matter, but is more or less conspicuously at variance with it ; if it should appear that with all the ancestral pride in their empire the present generation of Englishmen show something much less than the ancestral willingness to labour and suffer, to spend and be spent, for its protection and maintenance—then there will assuredly be no presumption in contending that the present generation of Englishmen are convincing symptoms of decline in moral stature and in force of will.

Ideals may be as debatable as you please, but moral elevation cannot possibly consist with dereliction of admitted duty, nor force of will with reluctance to make the sacrifices which discharge of duty demands.

Does, then, the present generation of Englishmen or does it not exhibit these evidences of national decadence? The question seems almost to answer itself. The unwillingness of the English people to consent to the sacrifices necessary to secure their empire is a fact so familiar and notorious that it has become a cardinal principle of guidance to politicians of both parties, who, though they doubtless exaggerate the strength of this unwillingness, and by acting upon their exaggerated estimate do much to confirm and increase it, are yet by no means mistaken in their belief in its reality. So well established is the belief that it has led men otherwise patriotic into a sort of inverted alliance with their adversaries. They accustom themselves to the contemplation of the loss of our empire, not because they would themselves feel no regret at losing it, but because they despair of the possibility of obtaining from the people who profess to be proud of it the means of its adequate defence. It is a common thing to hear it said that we must protect our possession as best we can with our navy; but that if we cannot thus successfully defend it, it must go, because the country "would not stand" being called upon to keep up a really sufficient army. And the actual strength of the army is determined not by what is thought to be required for safeguarding the national interests, but by what it is believed that the nation will "stand." A private citizen who should protect his property in that fashion, and who, instead of considering first what protection he required, and then how much it would cost, should first consider how much it was agreeable for him to spend, and then content himself with as much safety as could be bought for the money, would be commonly regarded as an imbecile niggard—as the incarnation of penny wisdom and pound foolishness. And if he were the son of a father who had been wont to proceed in the same matter upon the more sensible and liberal plan, we should have no hesitation in affirming his moral and intellectual degeneracy. Why then should we hesitate to draw the same inference in the case of the nation?

There is doubtless a danger of pressing the analogy between communities and individuals too far. It is, of course, not true that conclusions as to character may be as confidently drawn from conduct in the one case as in the other. Society is an organism, and an organism is something more than the sum of its component parts. There is a familiar saying which expresses the truth that the corporate sense of responsibility in a joint-stock company is not measured by the average amount of these qualities among individuals;

and it would be no more safe to infer the degeneracy of a race—considered in its units—from the weaknesses manifested collectively by a nation than it would be to estimate the average morality of individual directors from their conduct as a board. Political union has some of the effects of commercial association in so far as the weakening of the individual sense of responsibility is concerned; and it would not follow from the acquiescence of an entire community in the neglect of national duties that the effective patriotism of the individual has on the average declined. The shock of a great crisis would be required to recall him (but if it came would effectually recall him) to the perception that every citizen is personally bound not only to discharge his own obligations to his country, but to do his utmost to induce others to perform theirs, and that in the meantime he cannot justify his own neglect by the mere example of others. The fact that such a stimulus should be required to awaken his conscience is a misfortune, and might even turn out to be a ~~cause~~ of fatal disaster; but the disaster, if it befell, would, so far, be referable not to any decay of the qualities of the individual citizen (which is what is meant by "the degeneracy of the race"), but rather to the character of the political system under which he lives, and to its effect in lulling the sense of individual duty into a slumber from which it may awake too late.

On this part of the question there may be more to be said hereafter; but, meanwhile, it is not to be assumed that the neglect of national duties is wholly to be referred to the accidents of political organization. All that can be said of those accidents is that they exercise a certain influence in determining the result. To say that they are wholly responsible for it, to affirm confidently that the national character has undergone no change for the worse since the days when the burdens of the empire were ungrudgingly met and the dangers which threatened it unflinchingly faced, would be to display a confidence for which there is assuredly little warrant to be found in human experience and the teaching of history. It would be strange indeed if England had escaped the common malady of all exceptionally prosperous states, and if the extraordinary growth of wealth and luxury which has been witnessed in this country during the last thirty years should have left its people as apt as ever in the practice of those virtues of energy, fortitude, and self-denial which are certainly supposed to flourish more vigorously in poorer soils. The evil influence of the love of riches and the love of ease is distinctly traceable in many departments of the national life; and their direct effects are constantly perceptible in the tone of public opinion upon international affairs. But these effects are as nothing compared with the influence which they indirectly exercise—as nothing in comparison with their reaction on the national policy,

as they are reflected back upon it from the conduct, now become traditional, of English public men. For it is surely a thing indisputable that the supposed inordinate desire of the Englishman to save his pocket is accepted as an article of faith by politicians of all shades of opinion in this country. This anxiety may be over-estimated ; we think it is ; the belief in it, in the exaggerated form under which it possesses the minds of Government after Government, may be, and we think it is, a superstition. But, nevertheless, it exists ; it is deeply rooted, and it exercises a supreme, and as some of us are beginning to think a supremely malign, influence upon the whole course of English politics. And, be it reasonable or superstitious, the origin, growth, and predominance of the belief are to be traced to the character of the national history during the last generation. What it means is, that an uninterrupted career of peace and prosperity is believed to have begotten such a disposition in the English people that neither political party dare allow themselves to be outdone by their rivals in tenderness for the pockets of their countrymen. Large expenditure for any purpose, however necessary, is the one form of unpopularity which no ministry, of whatever politics, will willingly face. "Extravagance," meaning thereby any outlay of money, however justifiable, which is at all greatly in excess of the amount spent by their predecessors in office, is the one sin for which Governments of the present day appear to think that there is no forgiveness. And if ministers of both parties thus shrink from calling upon the nation to make necessary sacrifices, their behaviour must imply a belief which, whether true or false, is equally a thing to be deplored. If they are right in thinking that the call will be resented, then the national prosperity has really lowered the character of the nation. If they are wrong in so thinking, then the prosperity of the country has, through this false assumption as to its effects, been the means of introducing a most mischievous tradition into English politics. In either case the evil is a serious one, and its existence is a great blot on the otherwise attractive future of our country which such a book as Mr. Escott's presents to us.

There are other ways in which a long career of peace and prosperity may tend to disable a people situated like ours from maintaining their place in the world. It may act upon them intellectually, in a certain sense, as well as morally. Besides indisposing them to incur the efforts and sacrifices which their position requires of them, it may prevent them from perceiving what efforts and sacrifices are actually required. And it is impossible not to see that to this latter danger the average Englishman of the present day is pre-eminently exposed. Of all European peoples we are the least interested, the least impressed, by that mighty transformation of

the face of Europe, which, beginning early in the last decade, is still working itself out to unknown issues before our eyes. From the point of view of those who would confine our interest strictly to matters which concern the safety of these islands, this indifference will of course appear neither irrational nor dangerous. In their view we may well remain—

“Quid Tiridaten terreat, unico
Neuri.”

The fears and anxieties which agitate the military despot of the Continent have, as they conceive, no existence for us. No intrigues, no combinations or conflicts on the mainland of Europe, are likely to threaten us with danger behind our barrier of seas. But those—and I am assuming, as I think, with reason, that they are the vast majority of Englishmen—who hold that we have interests to safeguard beyond our own shores, and far away from them, ought surely to possess a reasonably quick perception of any dangers, or even any possibilities of danger, by which these interests may be threatened; and their indifference to all that is foreshadowed by the busy intrigues which are now being prosecuted, the huge and exhausting armaments which have for long (and not, it is to be supposed, for nothing) been maintained on the continent of Europe, is surely a serious matter. Yet the ordinary Englishman regards all these things with a truly amazing *insouciance*. An imminence of peril to our foreign interests may rouse him for a moment; but on the briefest adjournment of the crisis he relapses once more into the apathy in which, at this moment, when continental bargainings and continental preparations for conflict are at the zenith of their activity, he is so contentedly lapped. It appears, indeed, as if the unbrokenly tranquil tenor of the national history for so many years past had begotten in him an incorrigible habit of regarding the affairs of all the world through the spectacles of the peaceful trader—an absolute incapacity to believe that all nations are not as absorbed as his own in the business of accumulating wealth and perfecting their domestic institutions. The great wars which convulse the Continent at intervals of about every five years do not, it would seem, give any lasting shock to this comfortable belief. The ordinary Englishman regards them as strictly casual, if deplorable, episodes of interruption in the lives of people who are otherwise as peaceful and as peace-loving as himself; and after each catastrophe he repairs his shattered theory as calmly as the Swiss peasant rebuilds his chalet to await the down-rush of the next avalanche. He cannot, or will not, see that the succession of international struggles which have agitated Europe are not accidental exceptions to a rule of peace, but so many steps in the fulfilment of a pre-ordered scheme of war; and that he has all

along been the spectator of one and the same tremendous drama of conflict which opened when the first shot was fired in Holstein in 1864, and will end—who knows when and where? That his own country will be spared the necessity of playing a part in it is more than he or any one else can say; but, vitally important as it is that he should be prepared for that contingency, he treats it, and will treat it till it changes from a contingency into a certainty, as something which he may safely exclude from consideration altogether. Here again, then, we discover a most serious element of weakness in the position of a country like ours; and this also is an element of weakness which may, with the highest probability, be regarded as a product of that long career of prosperity on which we are wont to congratulate ourselves.

Enough, however, on the social effects of our recent history considered in their relation to our foreign interests. Enough as to the influences which our worldly fortune and material progress may have exerted upon our position as a people among peoples. It remains to consider the political developments which have coincided with this period of extraordinary social advance.

If our purely political progress we can doubtless speak with less hesitation and reserve. Our gains in that department of the national life are unquestionably more assured, less open to suspicion on their own merits, less liable to deduction and set-off. Our public life is not only immeasurably purer than it was half a century ago, but the tone of public morality is sensibly higher, the standard of public duty more honourably exacting, than they were within the memory of comparatively young men. As a people we have made visible progress in our power of personifying "the State" as an object of loyal and ungrudging obedience. To the vigorous vitality of our municipal institutions Mr. Escott does no more than justice; and a thoroughly healthy diathesis of local nerve centres should perhaps encourage the hope that a paralysis of the functions of the brain may be curable. So, too, of other symptoms of political health. The diffused political capacity of the English people is as undeniable and as valuable a thing as the energy, enterprise, and courage of many an Englishman; and just as the presence of these individual qualities forbids us to despair of our fortunes in the international struggle for existence, so the collective political aptitudes of the people may safely be said to insure us against the worst forms of internal misgovernment. So long as we continue to find that Englishmen can explore, and colonise, and invent, and, on occasion, fight, as well as ever, we have some right to feel confident of holding our own as a nation in the world, however heavily we may be handicapped by popular apathy, diplomatic ineptitude, and military unreadiness. And in like manner, so long as Englishmen remain

able to organize, and debate, and administer, and mutually display that statesmanlike reasonableness and tolerance in which some other nations are so sadly deficient, we may reject the notion that even a complete breakdown of our present political machinery would consign us to anarchy. But so might a man congratulate himself on the fundamental soundness of his constitution, or on the *ris medicatrix naturae* as exhibited in his own person. Such congratulations have nothing to say to the question whether he is or is not suffering from a specific disease ; and if he is, he must not attempt to pass off upon us his powers of future recovery as evidence of present health. The English body politic is an organism ; and though we may fully admit the proofs of constitutional vigour and recuperative capacity which are to be seen in much of its structure and many of its functions, all this is beside the question whether it is in perfectly sound health at the present moment. It is to be gathered from Mr. Escott's political chapters, and in particular from the one entitled "Crown and Crowd," that he thinks it is : but one need not be a pessimist to disagree with him. On the contrary, it is the rather difficult, I venture to think, to examine our political state, as exhibited in the character and conduct either of the governors or the governed, and yet more as displayed in the relations between the two, without feeling that the burden of proof in this matter lies wholly upon the optimist.

Lamentations over the decline in the credit and capacity of Parliament have passed into commonplaces, but are none the more worthy of attention on that account perhaps. Complaints of that sort are always sure to be caught up and repeated by a number of persons who, if separately cross-examined, would be found to agree not at all as to their reasons. Some who deplore the "decline of Parliament" are thinking only of the success of the practice of Obstruction--an evil indeed which threatens its very life, but which has nothing to do, properly speaking, with decline. We do not call a man an invalid because a loaded pistol is being presented at his head. Doubtless he will die if he cannot wrest the weapon from his assailant's grasp ; but his death will throw no suspicion on the perfect soundness of his organs. Others who talk of parliamentary decadence mean merely that the graces of oratory have almost disappeared from the House of Commons, and that its debates are mighty dull reading—as indeed they generally are. Others again are thinking of the lack of any sign of statesmanship among the many "rising young men" of both Houses, and of the difficulty of filling Mr. Gladstone's and Lord Beaconsfield's places when they shall become vacant. But neither of these failures—neither the failure of oratorical power nor the failure of nascent statesmanship—is necessarily any serious and permanent deduction from the political

utility of Parliament. The first is an unimportant and the second may be only a temporary defect. Worthy successors to the late and present Premiers may hereafter appear, and eloquence is the mere ornament of a deliberative assembly, less practically valuable by far than those business qualities which, as Mr. Escott truly says, are to be found in abundance in this as in previous Parliaments.

It is not with these defects nor with the passing mischief of obstruction—neither with the poverty of parliamentary oratory, nor with the maliciously protracted length and deliberately procured futility of parliamentary sittings—that we need greatly concern ourselves. A representative assembly might be systematically dull of talk and temporarily harassed by mutineers without having seriously or lastingly declined in political importance and authority, in strength or in the consciousness of strength ; and if no such loss of authority and importance had been suffered by the English Parliament—if it showed no decline and no suspicion of its decline in representative weight and value, we might submit with reasonable equanimity to a despotism of commonplace tempered by the revolt of the Home Rulers. But can this be said of the present Parliament, a Parliament pre-eminently entitled, if origin and composition alone could confer such a title, to speak with authority and to display the consciousness of strength ? We know that it cannot be said. We know that a divided and temporising Ministry has been no whit emboldened by the possession of that large and docile majority, which stands ready to follow them into the lobby at any hour and on any question without the hesitation of a moment or the defection of a man. We know that the strength which Governments are supposed to derive from possessing the absolute control of Parliament has been altogether wanting to that Government which is able to exercise a control more absolute than has belonged to any possessors of power since 1841. It is vain to plead the personal weakness of the present incumbents of office, for it needs no strength to lean upon any support which is itself believed to be strong. The “timidity of the Government” is only another name for their distrust of the strength of their supports ; and to admit the existence of this distrust is to admit that a majority in these days is no longer believed to possess the representative value of a majority in former days—or, in other words, that the authority of Parliament as a factor in the polity of England has suffered a decline. Nor, again, is it to the purpose to contend that in the most signal example of the weakness of Ministers—their vacillating Eastern policy—the support of their majority was morally weakened by the want of a mandate, and that the voice of a Parliament elected before the Eastern question was revived, had on that question no necessarily representative value. Legitimate enough in the hands of an Oppositionist, and as a weapon of attack

upon the Government, this argument is rather the ally than the enemy of the proposition affirmed above. It may be said, indeed, that it is merely a restatement of that proposition in a somewhat different shape. For since the necessity of a "mandate" has never been recognised in the English political system; and since there is nothing in constitutional law or in the obligations created by constitutional practice to prevent a Parliament elected upon one political question from taking up and proceeding to dispose of any new question of whatever magnitude, and whether domestic or foreign, which may arise during its appointed period of existence; since, in short, the present Parliament were under no legal or consuetudinary disability to deal with the Eastern question—to what conclusion are we led by the fact that its moral authority so to do was so warmly disputed on the one side and so half-heartedly vindicated on the other? We are led, as before, to the conclusion that the general representative value of Parliament was on both sides regarded as less complete than formerly. An assembly which under the old franchise would have confidently "backed itself" to correctly anticipate the undeclared will of the constituencies, and a Ministry which under the old franchise would have unhesitatingly staked their tenure of office on the correctness of that anticipation, have shown under the new franchise an obvious distrust of this capacity of forecast. It may be that Ministry and majority were alike unduly diffident; it may be that they would have been safe in crediting the electorate with the same political preferences as they entertained themselves; but whether that be so or not is immaterial. Belief in the possession of strength is in cases of this kind the measure of the strength possessed. A representative body begins to decline in authority by as much as it begins to doubt how far it faithfully represents.

But, indeed, it is difficult to imagine that even the most sanguine believer in the ultimate saving virtues of household suffrage can regard with complacency the first effects of its introduction into the English representative system. Opinions may differ as to what should be the centre of political power in a given country or in all countries; they may differ as to the class or classes who should in the last resort control the destinies of a nation; but there can hardly be any difference of opinion as to this, that political power should be always in exercise somewhere—that at every moment of a nation's existence its corporate acts should be the expression of deliberate preference, the fulfilment of distinct volition on the part of some assignable man or body of men—sovereign, minister, aristocracy, bourgeoisie, proletariat, or what not combination of any or all of these. It never entered the mind of the most perversely ingenuous of constitution-mongers to frame a polity under which for considerable periods together a nation should be governed, not according to

the desires (expressed or correctly divined) of anybody, but according to the mechanical direction of somebody guessing blindly at the desires of somebody else. Yet this is exactly what happens with a country governed ultimately and in theory by a democratic electorate, but practically and proximately through a representative body which has ceased to represent. Under a system of this kind it is conceivable, and even easily possible, that the national policy may at any given moment take a course which expresses neither the will of the electoral majority nor the personal preferences of the Ministry and Parliament by whom that will has been misread. The result in this case is no more satisfactory, and the process by which it is reached is no more rational than if there had been an antecedent agreement that in all cases of doubt the policy of the nation should be determined by tossing up a half-crown.

There are three ways in which this grotesque anomaly can be remedied. The representative body may regain the power of anticipating with reasonable certainty the undeclared wishes of the constituencies. Or, magnifying their office, they may take their own course regardless of the popular will, and trust to the arts of persuasion or the favour of events to convert if necessary the ultimate depositaries of power to their own views. Or, lastly, these latter must acquire enlarged facilities of declaring their will upon all subjects to those whom they entrust with its execution. Either the agent must better understand his principal; or he must assert a larger right of independent action, or the principal must be continually renewing the authority and supplementing the instructions of the agent. The first of these corrective processes it is needless to discuss; it is the most satisfactory solution, and it might be an attainable one if only human affairs would consent to stand still. In that case we might see the titular rulers of the country gradually acquiring and perfecting themselves in the art of divining the wishes of the democracy, until at last they were able to predict the decisions of that vast and formless body to which we committed the supreme power in the State in 1867—to predict them, that is to say, with as much general accuracy as distinguished the judgments of the most popular statesman of the pre-reform period with respect to the smaller electorate to whom he had to render account. But in the meantime? In the meantime there is a perpetually recurring necessity for taking resolutions and acting upon them; and inasmuch as the method of guessing is unsatisfactory to all parties concerned, it is tolerably certain that either the second or the third of the three enumerated remedies will in fact be chosen. The second is popular with that considerable class of persons who wish to eat their cake and have it, who desire to enjoy the combined advantages of two distinct and incompatible forms of government—to enthrone a

puppet proletariat, and then to set a bourgeois or aristocratic oligarchy to pull the strings. Should a single individual, sovereign or minister, chance for a moment to get these strings into his exclusive grasp, these same persons would straightway hold up their hands and shriek "Cæsarism!" * Yet they do not appear to perceive that their own mode of "managing" the people is every whit as opposed to the principles of democracy as is the personal government which they denounce. But, be this as it may, there seems no probability that this second expedient will be resorted to; the whole tendency of the time is in the direction of the third.

There is apparently but one way in which Liberal politicians think that the legislature can be again put *en rapport* with the people, and that is by facilitating a more frequent and more detailed declaration of the popular will. The necessity for this change and the great advantages which would accrue from it are assumptions underlying every Liberal speech and Liberal newspaper article which expresses discontent with the parliamentary system as it stands. Nor is it only from the rank and file of the parliamentary army that these views find voice; Cabinet ministers and great party leaders from time to time give evidence of the growing belief that the British elector has become "the blessed Glendoveer" of politics, that it is his to speak, and theirs, ministers and party leaders, to hear. And to do nothing but hear; for it is this which differentiates the representative under the new suffrage from his predecessor under the old. Lord Derby on one occasion, in a phrase of such unlucky crudity as to produce a certain shock, informed a deputation that he was waiting for "the instructions of his employers." It was not his business as a Foreign Minister to warn or exhort, still less to advise, and least of all to instruct the democracy as to the policy proper to be pursued by England on the Eastern question; his business began and ended with receiving and executing their orders. Such lapses of political tact and delicacy are not in Mr. Gladstone's way; but in different language he has fully adopted the doctrine implied in Lord Derby's blunt metaphor. He has recently told the Scotch constituencies that the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland is a question on which they must make up their minds for themselves; and that if a majority of them—even the narrowest, I suppose, would do, even a majority that might be converted into a minority by a few vigorous speeches from Mr. Gladstone himself—resolve to ask for disestablishment, their request shall be granted. The orator's reservation of his own opinion has, of course, drawn upon him the adverse criticisms of his political opponents; but these we need not consider. Let it be unhesitatingly assumed that if Mr. Gladstone expressed no opinion upon Scotch disestablishment, it was because his own judgment was in complete suspense thereon; but the inquiry

which then suggests itself is, Ought Mr. Gladstone's judgment to be in suspense on a question of such importance, and so long before the world? and ought he to have propounded the issue at all unless he were prepared to state his own opinion upon it? Twenty years ago would not a statesman of Mr. Gladstone's eminence and influence have thought that unless he was himself prepared to recommend disestablishment, it would be wrong for him publicly to raise a question of such magnitude? In the fact that the Mr. Gladstone of 1879 thinks otherwise we have a measure of the change which has taken place in the relations of responsible statesmen to the constituencies. The electors are beginning to be recognised not only as the supreme decisory authority on all questions of government and legislation—that, of course, they are, and must be in every representative polity—but as the initiatory and the only initiatory authority on all such questions. Parliament, on the other hand, is coming, or has already come, to be regarded as merely the mouth through which their voice is heard, ministers merely as the hands by which their will is executed. To borrow a metaphor from the theologians, the inspiration required by the Government and Legislature has ceased to be dynamical merely, and has become mechanical. Until it is given them what to say—and do, they have as little originative power as a Delphic priestess away from her tripod or a Hebrew prophet in private life. They are to be the mere media of a will, a voice, a power which is not their own. How Conservatives may regard the prospect which is here unfolded is not clearly known; but the Liberals, as we have said, appear to welcome it. They seem eager for recognised conversion into delegates, absolutely impatient for the *mandat impératif*.

How the country will fare under such a system as they are apparently striving after, I would not venture to predict; but this at least may be said, that the system, worked out to its full development, would be one absolutely without any parallel in modern times. A democracy encouraged to exert a direct and perpetual control over the work of government, asserting and enforcing a claim not merely to ratify but to initiate and direct the national policy in every department of the State, delegating no more to its so-called representatives than a flute-player delegates to his flute, and with its own movements not controlled, as in the Cæsarist variety of the system, by the powerful *bâton* of an autocratic leader—the result of all this may turn out to be ordered harmony, but one must hear it before believing in it. In no modern country has the democratic principle been carried so far as we shall carry it if this is to be the future of our State. In some countries the democratic principle has been corrupted, if also corrupted, by association with the principle of personal rule; in

others it is allowed free play at certain stated periods alone, and during the intervals between these a rigid constitutional law or practice keeps it in abeyance. Demos, in other words, has been in some countries mocked with the attribution of absolute power while he was really being led by the nose ; elsewhere he really has this power, but has agreed to exercise it only once in a fixed term of years, and has got to regard his own agreement with a superstitious reverence which protects it from revocation. In England alone does he seem destined to recover the full, the continuously exerted, power of his old days in Athens. England alone of nations seems bent on repeating in her own person that old-world political experiment which closed at Charoneia.

But it is time to make an end. No doubt there is more to be said in the form of less serious set-off to those social and political gains which Mr. Escott has reckoned up ; but to have noted the graver deductions is enough. The charge conveyed in the much-abused word "pessimism" lies ready enough to be levelled at anybody who does even as much as this. He, I find, is exposed to it who merely declines to regard the material prosperity of a nation as perpetual, or as everything ; who insists that its wealth and its civilisation, its command of human resources, its skill in the arts of life, are but so much splendid drapery, beneath which, when we raise it, we may find the signs of mortality and perhaps even the symptoms of approaching death. Yet it is not pessimism to insist on this ; unless, indeed, the Slave at the Triumph was a pessimist—a mere foolish croaker unworthy the attention of a successful general.

H. D. TRAILL.

A NOTE ON THE PRECEDING ARTICLE.

As Mr. Traill is one of the ablest and most active representatives of the little group of public writers who are every day urging the nation to take what they describe as a loftier and firmer view of its duties, we have in his paper a good opportunity of examining what it is that this view amounts to. By his friendly leave, I have ventured to offer one or two short remarks on his position, in the hope that they may make the issues between his school and its rival rather more definite. To me it seems, to put it shortly, that Mr. Traill's propositions on the subject of the Empire (pp. 133—135) are really tainted from end to end with the fallacy of *petitio principii*. He assumes, in justification of his despondency about English public spirit, the premiss from which decline in public spirit might be inferred. But he ought to be reminded that this premiss is exactly what the people of whom he complains, strictly refuse to admit.

(1) "According to some we are wiser than our fathers in exact proportion to our more exclusive application to our own insular affairs." There may be some of whom this is a good account, but it applies to no section of men, sufficiently responsible in position or serious in numbers, to be worth taking into consideration in such an estimate as Mr. Traill's, of the effective forces and actual tendencies in public opinion. No such principle has been heard in Parliament, in the press, or at a public meeting, during the last five troubled years. There have been men who argue for exclusive application to our own national affairs, but national affairs in our case are very different from insular affairs. To insist on this difference is not to press a verbal quibble, but to mark the very root of the matter. Insular is the last word to describe the affairs of England. What we contend is that England has already in the field and sphere of her own vast dominions so comprehensive, so noble, so varied, but at the same time so exacting a set of responsibilities and duties, that to attend to them only is a full and more than full occupation for our entire national faculty and resources. Not many educated men could give offhand a complete list of the British possessions, and it would not be difficult to show that there is hardly one of them which does not suffer, or has not suffered, in some way or other, from the heedlessness of the mother country in some past time, and from our neglect and irreparable loss of opportunity. Take one instance. In Australia we improvidently sanctioned a system of alienation of the public land which is already beginning to draw one of the colonies of that great continent into what promises one day to be a violent and dangerous social struggle. It is just because our affairs are not insular, but world-wide, that we advocate a more exclusive application to them as the great and commanding interest of the country. We say that here is the sphere of our duty and most binding obligation, and that to attend to the affairs of the rest of the world and to undertake new responsibilities are counsels of perfection. We say our own affairs are enough and more than enough, not because they are our own, but because they are of a weight and an enormity of scope far beyond any precedent in the world's history.

(2) "We are told to stick to trade and leave foreign affairs to take care of themselves. . . . There are [on the other hand] those who contend that a national policy is not to be determined by simple considerations of material prosperity." It is hard to prove a negative, and we cannot be sure that nobody ever said in a paradoxical or impatient hour that sticking to trade was our one proper business and aim. But Mr. Traill is a disputant who may be expected to take his adversary's view at its best, and nobody of consequence ever says that to stick to trade is enough. Material prosperity in its proper measure is thought by many of us to be the essential condition

of national well-being, and to deserve the closest attention on that account—not for its own sake, but because it is the sign and the effect of the moral and intellectual qualities, industry, prudence, skill, and wisdom, which in the modern era of civilisation are at the bottom of a great national character. We do not say, "Stick to trade and leave foreign affairs to themselves," but we do say, "The industrial type is now the highest. Cherish and develope that. Do not let a retrograde impulse to rival the military type draw you into affairs where your intervention means the sacrifice, in one quarter of the globe or another, of the real interests, moral no less than material, of your own people."

(3) "No people can become the greater for having *voluntarily abandoned a mighty empire bequeathed to them by the valour*," &c., &c. "If the great majority of intelligent and thoughtful Englishmen concurred in believing it to be wiser to *resign their high place among the nations*," &c.

But nobody has ever talked of abandoning the empire and resigning our high place. This is not, nor ever has been, an open question. At the very time when he was opposing Lord Palmerston's fortification policy, Cobden said that he would vote a hundred millions if it were necessary, to secure our irresistible superiority over the French navy. Mr. Bright opposed the expenditure, whether rightly or wrongly, not because he was indifferent to security, but because he saw reasons for thinking the means extravagant. There is no question to-day of abandoning the empire. All discussion turns upon the right way of upholding it. The people who borrow Mr. Traill's general language interpret it particularly by cries for diplomatic restlessness, military demonstrations, and territorial annexations. Their adversaries, on the contrary, urge that we shall keep our high place among the nations by a policy of abstention, equity, self-possession. One policy may be more likely than the other to keep up our dominion, but the partisan of neither has any right to tax the partisan of its opposite with indifference to an object which is served with equal sincerity by both.

(4) Mr. Traill admits that "the immense majority of Englishmen are as proud of their empire and their power in the world as their fathers ever were, and they avow in theory as full a determination to retain it." But, alas, "the unwillingness of the English people to consent to the sacrifices necessary to secure their empire is a fact so familiar and notorious," that men otherwise patriotic "accustom themselves to the contemplation of the loss of our empire, . . . because they despair of the possibility of obtaining from the people who profess to be proud of it, the means of its adequate defence." Here, again, I contend that the charge ought to be stated quite differently. The great question, which Mr. Traill assumes to have been already

decided in favour of his own conclusion, is whether the sacrifices of which he speaks are necessary to secure the British dominions. Mr. Traill does not particularly describe what these sacrifices are, nor what are the means that are essential to our adequate defence. It may be that our people are infatuated in relying on the present system of defence. But they would not admit this, and as they do not admit it, they cannot be blamed for refusing to make the sacrifices involved in some other system. They believe that we have obtained that reasonable security against all probable sources of attack, which is all that the very strongest nations have ever obtained or tried to obtain. If every nation is to guard itself against all the possibilities of peril that an ingenious apprehension may conjure up, the United States would instantly create a monster standing army, and Switzerland would order a fleet of ironclads.

I have heard doctors say that if a man were to let his mind dwell from day to day upon all the possible dangers that may be secretly lurking in his bodily organs, or awaiting him from external mischance, that might cut off his life before the evening, he would speedily and inevitably go stark mad. What sensible men do is to take care against all the ordinary risks, to pay their insurance premiums, and to go about their business. It is unfair to charge England with being false to their theory and ideals, simply because we reject the sombre visions of political hypochondriasis, and refuse to play the part of a giant *Malade Imaginaire*.

What Mr. Traill sees in his decaying countrymen is "an absolute incapacity to believe that all nations are not as absorbed as his own in the business of accumulating wealth and perfecting their domestic institutions." Surely it is not given to a people to be so shrewd as Englishmen are in accumulating wealth, and yet to be so purblind and imbecile as to dream that the European nations are walking in paths of peace. No, it is not so. Englishmen are as keenly alive as the most ingenious and vigilant of their teachers, to the fact that civilization is now passing through—or, it may be, entering upon—a great armed period, an era of violence and the sword. They have measured the prospect with a clear and steadfast gaze. They see that it will be our own fault if we are drawn within the sphere of the turbulence of the military powers. They know that England is not strong for purposes of offence and attack; but then they know on the other hand that for purposes of defence she is invincible, by position, by resources, and by her capabilities of alliance—not against any hostile combination that an excited imagination may picture, but against any attack that a reasonable observation of the conditions and relations of the European powers would lead a sensible man to regard as probable.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE Fortnightly Review for January of the year which is now drawing to an end, contained two articles by eminent authorities, on the subject which is at this moment of such poignant interest. In one of them Sir Henry Norman examined and condemned the proposed advance into Afghanistan principally on military grounds. In the other Mr. Grant Duff demonstrated that the representative of the Government in the House of Commons had been vague, inconsistent, and unintelligible in the reasons which he alleged for the change in Afghan policy, and that no case had been made out for a course which has led straight to danger and disaster. The disaster has since come in two successive shocks, and the situation of the moment is one of extreme danger. What some observers mistake for lack of fortitude and resolution in face of such a situation, is in fact an angry disgust in the nation at the wanton and gratuitous way in which we have been pushed into it. Never in history have predictions come so promptly and rapidly true as those which were designed to warn the Government against the consequences of their policy in Afghanistan, and it is right that even now, in a moment of pressing anxiety and distress, people should be reminded that the crisis was foreseen. It is right that this should be done, because in a very short time the nation will have to decide whether it will transfer its affairs to the men who foresaw and warned us of what would come to pass and has come to pass, or will entrust its destinies for six or seven years more to the men who rejected wise counsels and have landed us in a position which is so evil in itself, and what is more, from which there is no way of escape that is not more evil still.

Sir Henry Norman is not a politician, so far as we know, but a soldier, and a soldier of the best ability and experience. He held that no case had been made out for putting ourselves forward in permanent positions, which almost invite attack in front and severance of communications in rear. And he particularly dealt with the great problem of direct Russian attack. "To meet this," he asked, "is it better to hold our present frontier or to advance? Now for a great Russian invasion, aided or not by the Afghans, we should have some considerable warning, and if a commander thought fit, troops could be advanced to suitable positions beyond our frontier not far separated from support. If we had the aid of the Afghans, so much the better. If not, still it would be practicable, as thought best by the military commander, either to advance or to await the Russian attack within our border. But while by defending our own frontier

we should be independent of the Afghans, we should, if prematurely occupying forward positions, be very much at their mercy as to our communications; we should have lost the use of troops who might any day be more useful in India; and we should place it out of our power to choose our own way and time of advance. With posts in Afghanistan we should, whether the moment were opportune or inopportune, be obliged, on danger threatening, to use all our means to reinforce these posts, and, however reinforced, they could hardly resist an invading army unless we constructed very elaborate and expensive fortifications, occupied by very strong garrisons."

He goes on to say: "It is obvious that the existence of garrisons [at Jellalabad and Candahar, for instance] so far from support, and separated from India by mountain passes, would be a constant source of anxiety. Whenever they might be seriously threatened, they would be felt to be weak, and reinforcements would have to be hurried up, despite extreme heat or extreme cold, and whether India did or did not require the presence of the very troops that we were sending away."

We can understand these words to-day with a painful distinctness, that was less easy to most of us twelve months ago when they were written. The difficulty of adequately reinforcing General Roberts at this hour lends an emphasis to Sir Henry Norman's words, which men of sense will not miss. Suppose that Russia—under the conditions assumed as probable by the alarmist faction—had been ready now to open her campaign against India, would our position be more favourable where we are, amid these infuriated tribes, than if we had remained steady behind the frontier of a year ago, and having these very tribes as bitterly infuriated against the Russian as they now are against the English invader? Again, what policy in Afghanistan is open to the British government at the end of the present struggle, which will leave these tribes in a friendly mind towards us, and which will leave us free from those military necessities in the way of supports, communications, reinforcements, of the political and financial significance of which we are now being made aware? Certainly there is no policy feasible which will not make Afghanistan a heavy burden of anxiety and concern, and the stingy fact is that it is a burden which we have undertaken gratuitously, and in pure gaiety of heart. We are now finding out as our fathers found out before us, what sort of a bulwark it is that nature has given us on our north-western border. And a year ago, we had the hardly less important bulwark of a ruler who was able to give some sort of organization to our violent and anarchic neighbours. We know too well in what respect the new policy has altered our position for the worse. We ask in vain for a single point at which it has been altered for the better.

It is idle cant to exhort us not to make a national disaster a ground of party recrimination. If the men who have landed us in the disaster happen to belong to one party, and the men who foretold it and warned us against it belong to another party, it is cant to affect to judge events with a neutral indifference between the people who were perfectly right about them, and the people who have been flagrantly and persistently wrong. It would have been cant in the last century, to abstain from discussing whether George III. and Lord North, or Fox and Chatham and Burke, were in the right, because Burgoyne had just capitulated at Saratoga, or Cornwallis been compelled to surrender at Yorktown.

It is disaster which awakens a nation. It is distress that opens the eyes of a people to the follies which have brought distress upon it. And it is worse than cant to lose any opportunity of recalling the wise counsels of the past, because it is only by expelling from power the ministers who repudiated them, that the country may hope for better fortunes in the future. The partisan in a bad sense is one who, through thick and thin, defends a given set of men, whether they are right or wrong; but no bad sense is attached to partisanship when it means adherence to those whose prudence has been justified by circumstances, against those whom circumstances have condemned. Now is the time, if ever, for pressing home to men's minds that the ministerial policy in Afghanistan was not only an error of judgment, but an error for which no minister has ever yet given a substantial reason or excuse.

If it is asked what the adherents of the old policy would have done in face of Russian action in Afghanistan, an answer is ready. Russian action, we may repeat once more, was the direct result of our perverse diplomacy in Europe. Sir Stafford Northcote's words in the debate of September, 1878, are worth reproducing. "I do not wish," he said, "to throw any blame on Russia for sending a mission. The world was, as it were, turned upside down at that period, and you must not be surprised to find some changes in Central Asia. No doubt when the state of our relations was disturbed, it was not unnatural that Russia should send a mission to Cabul for the purpose of seeing what she could do there that might be injurious to us. But the sending of the mission was very significant. It showed us that these bugbears were becoming something more than bugbears." But the men who governed India from 1868 to 1874 had never regarded it as a bugbear. They had always looked upon it as possible, in the phrase of one of them, "that Russia would inevitably move a knight or a castle in Central Asia, when we next tried to give her check in the Bosphorus." Mr. Grant Duff in 1868 declared it as probable enough that Russia might trouble us in India by way of feint, in order to distract our attention from her designs in Turkey. It is

Sir Stafford Northcote, not Mr. Grant Duff, who thought of Russian meddling as a mere bugbear. His predecessors knew that a Russian approach to the Afghan frontier was an eventuality that would not be long deferred. With them the question was, not whether they would allow Russia to influence Afghanistan—they never intended to allow that—but how they would treat Afghanistan. Mr. Grant Duff told us last year what course the last Government would have taken in case of trouble between England and Russia. “The Viceroy would have sent to Shere Ali and have said,—Now has arisen the exigency about which you have often communicated with us. Let us make during the continuance of this war a treaty on the same lines as that made with your father in 1857. You shall have such and such an amount of money, mentioning a very large sum, and any other assistance you would like; but pray understand that no British soldier shall enter your territory *unless you wish it*; and when the war is done, we must revert to the old state of things.” Should we have been worse off or better off to-day if that policy had been adhered to?

Meanwhile, it is well even in the midst of our sharp anxiety as to the British force, again to put on record the story of the kind of work which that force has been set to do. In the very same newspaper page on which readers found the last disaster announced, they found also the following narrative of the way in which it had been thought necessary to punish brave men for defending their own country in fair fight and an open field:—

“The work of the Military Commission of which Brigadier-General Dunham Massy is president has been unusually heavy during the last few days, though by the terms of the amnesty which has been issued to-day it is probable that their distasteful task of sentencing men to be hanged by the score will now be almost closed. Hitherto the Commission has condemned all who were shown to have fought against us at Charasiah on the 6th of October or on the Kabul Heights two days later. The regiments then in arms and the population of Kabul were warned that by resistance to the British they would become rebels against their lawful sovereign and must expect no mercy. The abdication of Yakoob Khan did not condone their offence.

“On the 6th seven men brought in by General Gough’s force from the Shuturgardan and intermediate villages were hanged, one being a havildar of a Herat regiment present in Kabul at the massacre. This was followed by an excursion into the Chardah Valley, the villagers of which were known to be harbouring disbanded sepoys. The *mullicks*, or headmen, were summoned by General Baker, who ordered them to bring out all sepoys of the Afghan army. Five minutes’ grace was allowed, and within this time thirty men came forward. The General had a roll-call, showing the names of sepoys known to live or be hidden in Indikoo, and as many of these were missing the *mullicks* were asked to explain their absence. They admitted that twenty men were absent, but promised to bring them in when they returned. General Baker then visited

smaller villages near and captured eighteen more sepoyas. There could be little doubt that most of them had been trained as soldiers; they fell into their places shoulder to shoulder when the order to start was given, and, keeping time to the quick step of the Sikhs, marched along in good order to our camp. Forty more sepoyas were brought in by the mullicks on the 9th and 10th, as well also as a *fakir*, who had been wounded. This made eight-nine in all, and they have been dealt with as follows:—

November 10 ... 11 hanged ... 6 released.

November 11 ... 28 " ... 19 "

November 12 ... 10 „ ... **13** „

2 pardoned, retained as informers.

Total ... 49 ... 40

"The men executed belonged to the Herat regiments. They were either at Cabul when the outbreak occurred, or returned later to fight against us, the muster-rolls now in our hands enabling us to identify them without much trouble. They did not attempt to give false names, and their *maliks* were warned that they themselves might incur further punishment if they screened sepoyas belonging to their villages. Such as could not give a clear account of their movements were condemned to death, and they submitted to their fate with the usual quiet resignation of Mussulmans. Many were of the worst type of Afghans, and their callousness when waiting their turn at the foot of the scaffold (ten men were hanged at a time) was remarkable."—*Daily News*, Dec. 15.

Why are those journalists now silent who burned with holy rage at the action of the Russians in Khiva. Why should the very same course which was denounced in Russians as the cruel violence of a usurper, be tolerated in Englishmen as just and politic severity? How politic it was, events have now shown.

It is hardly a consolation to us in our own vexations, to know that all the other European countries are at the present moment in a condition of political crisis, more or less acute. In Russia the fortunes of a system and a dynasty are immediately at stake; in France the fate of a cabinet trembles in the balance; in Spain the monarchy of Alphonso XII. threatens to give way to a new era of *pronunciamientos* and military dictatorship. The central feature in the position of the empire of the Czar is the collapse of the old autocratic régime which has endured for centuries. The authority of the traditional Government is for the time paralysed; that which is destined to replace it, and for which there is no lack of materials, is as yet without sinew or shape. It is entirely a mistake to suppose that Nihilism, Socialism, and other varieties of the revolutionary propaganda are the exclusive or the chief solvents now at work in the fabric of Russian rule. In a sense the sequel of the attempt to blow up the train by which the Czar travelled to Moscow is more significant than the atrocious scheme itself. It is because

the failure of the plan contrived with such diabolical ingenuity and patience has been followed by so lukewarm a sentiment of blended indignation and relief, that its meaning and its menace are accentuated in so sinister a fashion. It is the absence of any vehement reaction in favour of the Czar, which proves conclusively how widely spread and deeply seated is that feeling of hostility to an established rule which so logically culminates in outrage and assassination.

There is a peasantry, one section of which is brutalised by physical suffering, while the yearnings after political liberty awakened by emancipation in the bosom of the other have still to be satisfied; there is an alienated nobility and a discontented bourgeoisie. In the army more than three-fourths of the officers so far sympathise with Socialism that they consider the present state of things intolerable, while the enormous majority of the rank and file are taken from those classes which are of all others most saturated with ideas of agrarian Communism. The very police, on whose maintenance sums incredibly large are annually spent, cannot be absolutely trusted, and nothing can be clearer than that every opportunity of escape was given by them to Mirsky. The Nihilist manifestos and the Socialist newspapers, whose publication no amount of coercion can prevent, only translate into vehement and not always very consequent language the aspirations of the great body of the people. Making due allowance for fantastic extravagances of phrase, there is nothing in their demands which is not endorsed by the common sense and deliberate judgment of the nation. "The problem," says the *Will of the People*, "of the Socialistic revolutionary party is the subversion of the present form of government and the subjection of the authority of the State to the people. . . . The transfer of the State power to the hands of the people would give our history quite another direction. A representative assembly would create a complete change in all our economic and State relations. Once let the Government be deposed, and the nation would arrange itself far better, may be, than we could hope."

The heir to the Russian throne is said to perceive clearly enough that the end of despotic absolutism has come. He is therefore anxious to identify himself with what may be called Liberal principles, and he has impressed upon his illustrious father the wisdom of concession while yet there is time. Nor is the Czarewitch alone in his advocacy of this policy. One of the four great councils with which the Czar has necessarily intimate personal relations, and which was established rather more than a century and a half ago with a view of strengthening and assisting the administration of the imperial power, is said to be about to petition his Majesty that "by granting rights and liberties to his people he would become the

guardian of the empire's greatness." The plea of the essentially Conservative Russian Senate is thus almost verbally the same as the contention of the subversive Socialist press. The appeal is emphasized in another quarter, and the demand of the civil body is also that of the military. Here threat is added to entreaty, and the Czar is informed that should he persist in a refusal the worst may be feared, namely a military pronunciamiento.

Such being the national demand, and such the arguments by which it is enforced, how is it we hear that the Czar has angrily rejected M. Walujeff's constitutional project? Alexander II. is known to be the opposite in every respect of Nicholas. He is not a despot by nature, and he may be credited with a real desire to improve the condition of his people. How then is the hesitation and reluctance which have produced so unmistakable an estrangement between himself and his son to be explained? It is the answer which must be given to this question that causes the present situation in Russia to be so desperate. It would be easy for the Czar to concede the shadow of the reforms now clamoured for without guaranteeing their substance, but the Russian people would be quick to perceive and indignantly to reject measures which were illusory. If the experiment of constitutional government, or an experiment in the direction of such government, is to be made in Russia, it must be genuine and it must be comprehensive. Now, there can be no doubt that whatever reforms the Czar were to institute, there would be a disposition to receive them with scepticism. Alexander II. is felt to be to such an extent personally identified with the existing despotism, that there are many who may think he would more readily brook the loss of his life than the loss of his power. And even assuming that he were prepared to grant to the full all that is now asked, would the desired effect be secured? The curse of despotism lies not only in the present but in the future. It not merely crushes out freedom for the time, but it makes the position of freedom impossible in the near future. The only tradition of government that Russia knows is that of autocracy. The days of autocracy are numbered; how long will it be before the aptitude for self-government and the social and industrial conditions which self-government implies are developed? The Czar, of course, might abdicate, and a new era for Russia might be heralded by the accession of his heir, but even thus the perils of the passage to the new and better *régime* would hardly be postponed.

In France one form of crisis succeeds another, as the nation feels its way towards true Parliamentary Government. The country has arrived at the threshold of great changes; the triumph of Republicanism cannot be long delayed, and with the dis-

placement of M. Waddington's cabinet, a Ministry will be given to France which, commanding a majority of the people's representatives, has the power of initiating a policy. Hitherto great issues have been disguised, and the true controllers of events have remained in the background. At the same time the interval filled by the Government of M. Waddington cannot be regarded as thrown away. France has been undergoing a process of education, and she has been brought to see by the logical demonstration of events that such a ministry as M. Gambetta can form will alone be truly representative of her interest and aspirations. All that has been decisive, all that has touched anything like national enthusiasm in the policy of M. Waddington, has been but an excerpt from the suppressed programme of the Left. Were the advance of M. Gambetta to power long delayed, a serious blow would be dealt at the principle of ministerial responsibility, the establishment of which is above all things necessary for France.

On three different occasions has the Chamber in Paris been the scene of a sharp political engagement. On the first of these (December 2nd) the issue was not conclusively tried. M. Waddington protested against the attempt of the Left to impose a policy on the Ministry, and the interpellation embodying this policy was withdrawn. What passed the next day but one (December 5th) is specially instructive. M. Waddington made the same show of uncompromising resistance to the claim advanced by M. Brisson, that the order for the irremovability of judges and certain other officials should for a while be suspended. The importance of this proposal will at once be apparent to those who reflect on what the system of national life in France is, on the influence which provincial authorities can exercise upon it, and on the fact that these authorities are, in a great number of cases, ardent Imperialists or Royalists who openly make use of the opportunities at their disposal to alienate the feeling of the neighbourhood from the existing form of Government. M. Waddington maintains that the Ministry was removing all objectionable functionaries as rapidly as possible, and by a majority of 243 to 107 it was then decided to pass to the order of the day. But it was not the order of the day pure and simple which was voted. There was incorporated with it an amendment asserting the principle for which M. Brisson had contended. Moreover, it was with the assistance of the most highly organized section of the Opposition that this majority was obtained. The Royalists and Imperialists declared against the Government, the Left declined to ally themselves with such a combination, and the result was 130 abstentions on the part of those who were actually masters of the situation. The relative strength of the Ministry and the Opposition is shown more clearly

still in the vote on M. Lockroy's motion for the Plenary Amnesty, December 16. In this matter the late Minister, M. Le Royer, and his former colleagues may have shown grave reason why the prerogative of mercy should not be extended by the Republic to a certain class of offenders, but they have not disproved the charge that they have treated the enemies of the Republic and the conspirators against it—for the attempt of the 16th of May *was* a conspiracy—with indefensible partiality. The Government feel the difficulty of drawing the line in one direction; their opponents have the same difficulty in the other. Upon this occasion two distinct votes were taken. M. Waddington insisted upon receiving a more explicit approval of the course taken by him than a mere resolution to pass to the order of the day would afford, and he gained this point by a majority of 158—267 against 109. Immediately after this a vote of confidence was adopted by 255 to 57. Now there are in all 535 deputies. As 255 may probably be accepted as indicating the total of ministerial supporters among them, the conclusion at which we arrive is that M. Waddington's Cabinet is in a minority of something like 80.

The political difficulties that are the inauspicious sequel of the royal marriage in Spain, are not unsuggestive of a certain general resemblance to those which France has long experienced. The system of M. Waddington, like that of his predecessors, has aimed at drawing, as far as possible, a veil over republican aspirations. In Spain it has been the same. No great trouble is, indeed, ever taken to declare the wishes of the nation. Abstention at elections is a law of Spanish life, and on the *quieta non morere* principle there is a general indisposition to wake into life the dormant forces. At the present moment signs are not wanting. The national feeling is more than usually excited by two questions—the abolition of Cuban slavery and of protective tariffs. In the present Cortes there seems no hope that either of these matters will be finally decided. Yet an appeal to the constituencies, which is probably the one satisfactory course open, is also the course which of all others is dreaded. Within a very few months there have been two changes of Ministry in Spain. First, Canovas del Castillo made way for Marshal Campos; next, Campos was replaced by Canovas. At this rate transformation may continue to succeed transformation, and the danger is lest the vicious circle of change should suddenly be broken by a pronunciamiento and a dictatorship.

When Marshal Campos returned to Spain after having crushed the insurrection in Cuba, as he had previously triumphed over the Carlist rising in Catalonia, it was under the alleged obligation of a promise given to the Cuban population that he should procure the immediate abolition of slavery, and also of the system

of monopolies which fills the pockets of Spanish traders, but are so ruinous to native Cuban commerce and enterprise. The lustre of his military achievements won him such an amount of prestige among a people, where the military tradition ranks next in power to the influence of the priesthood, that Campos was at once destined by the popular choice to high political office. Canovas del Castillo thereupon retired in the Marshal's favour, on the condition that his successor should retain his Cabinet nearly intact. It is probable that if Campos had cared at this juncture to exert the influence he possesses with the King, he might have gone to the country, and perhaps secured for himself a majority which would have placed him at the head of a homogeneous administration. As it was, he trusted to the existing machinery. A very little experience sufficed to show how entirely inadequate it was for the purpose. It was a really bold policy that Campos conceived and prepared to execute; and if it was to be carried to a successful issue, it was plainly necessary that he should be conscious of the promise of a large measure of popular support. It was one of those instances in which compromise was impossible, and the Marshal ought promptly to have recognised the fact. Had he done so, he would have, in all likelihood, averted the catastrophe that now seems imminent, and have prevented the embittered collision between hostile parties which, when the general election comes, can scarcely be avoided.

The earliest intimation received by the Marshal of the impracticability of carrying out his measures with the instruments at his disposal, was given in the reception of his bill for the abolition of slavery in Cuba. Campos' original proposal was that the slave trade should be summarily stamped out, due regard being had to vested interests. Directly he found that his colleagues were not prepared to accept this, he should, at all hazards, have declined to falter in the matter. From the day that the majority in the Cabinet insisted upon the mutilation of the Slavery Bill, it was plain that a rupture between Campos and his Ministers was only a question of time. It occurred upon the reduction of the sugar and corn duties, and then at length the Marshal tendered his resignation to the King. Senor Canovas del Castillo was immediately restored to his former position, but not to his former influence. The interregnum, and the Liberal policy which had been displayed to the deputies during that period, had effected a change in the whole situation. Canovas tried to carry matters with a high hand, and in the attempt was guilty of a breach of privilege in the Chamber of Deputies. In the Senate he declared that Ministers were ready to face the dangers of a second insurrection in Cuba, rather than make the concessions suggested by Marshal Campos. The result is that at the present moment deadlock and danger reign in Spanish political

life. Nothing can be done till a general election takes place; and when it does, it will be held under the influence of passions and animosities intensified and exasperated by delay. Its result will probably be largely to increase the anti-monarchical element now in the Cortes, and perhaps to lead to a movement full of menace to Alphonso XII. Had Marshal Campos dissolved earlier in the year, it may be said with confidence that during the enthusiasm which then existed for him it would, so far as his royal master was concerned, have had an effect of precisely the opposite character. Such are the ultimate sacrifices which his opponents' expedients may involve, and such the cost of perilous half-measures.

The political aspects of the situation in Ireland have undergone a decided improvement in the course of the last few weeks. The agitation is subsiding; there is less intimidation; there is a wider and more practical recognition of the difficulties that have to be dealt with and the grievances that have to be removed. Immediately after the first of the recent arrests had been made the Government showed that they were really in favour of more conciliatory tactics than might be imagined. They offered to advance sums of money on advantageous terms to landed proprietors who were willing to make improvements on their estates. This offer has been in several cases accepted already, and the impression prevails and will probably be fulfilled, that better terms yet may be obtained from the authorities. Even more significant than this is the appeal which the Duchess of Marlborough has made for funds in relief of Irish distress. Here we may unquestionably see the fruits of the manifesto presented some ten weeks since to the Prime Minister by the Irish members. This, so far as it goes, is matter for congratulation, but what has been done can at best be regarded as a temporary palliative; more enduring and therefore more drastic remedies have yet to be applied.

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TURKISH FACTS AND BRITISH FALLACIES.

It has been my fate to be a British subject, and to have lived the greater part of my life abroad, chiefly in the East, far removed from the strife and din of party warfare at home, absolutely without bias so far as any political sentiments are concerned, agreeing in many points with Conservatives as well as Liberals, differing in most points from both, and able, therefore, impartially to analyse their public utterances, and to form an unprejudiced judgment in regard to the nature and tendencies of the policy—more especially on the Eastern question—which they respectively advocate. In common with many of my fellow British subjects living in the countries principally interested, I have been amazed and confounded at the presumption with which leading politicians on both sides have rioted in their ignorance of local conditions, in order to base arguments on fallacies, and to support theories by assumptions which were erroneous in fact. We have felt that the difficulties in which our own country has become involved have been, for the most part, due to an agitation of doctrinaires, which an absence of the requisite knowledge on the part of their political opponents rendered them incapable of grappling with.

To us Englishmen abroad, England has for some time past presented very much the appearance of a ship suddenly overtaken by a storm, in which one half of the crew were doing all they could to frustrate the attempts of the other half to navigate it, thereby bringing out into painful relief the inexperience and want of nautical skill of the latter. As the storm is by no means over, I have ventured to think that a view of the Eastern question which was neither Liberal nor Conservative, but Eastern, and which was based on personal experience and observation, might be acceptable; and I am encouraged by some recent utterances of the *Fortnightly Review* to hope that the opinions I am about to express will find more favour in that periodical than they would have done some years ago.

In the first place, although in politics there seem only two sides to any question, in reality there are always more. It is possible to be a philo-Turk, and to hate and despise the Turkish administration above all other administrations; and to be a philo-Christian, and yet to dissent entirely from the crusade which has been undertaken in behalf of the nominal professors of that religion in Turkey. In fact, it is possible to be both a philo-Turk and a philo-Christian at the same time: in other words, a humanitarian—though that word is sometimes monopolised by the party at whose hands humanity suffers the most seriously. But in order to entertain just, tolerant, and humane views in regard to the population of the Turkish empire, taken as a whole, it is essential that we should have a correct knowledge not only of the characters of the races of which that population is composed, but of the relation which they bear towards each other, and towards the Government.

At the outbreak of the Bosnian and Herzegovinian insurrection more than four years ago, Turks and Christians were spoken of as if the population of Turkey consisted of only two antagonistic races and two antagonistic religions, and as though the governing class was composed entirely of Turks, and the oppressed class, in whose favour the reforms were to be instituted, of Christians. So much was this the popular impression at the time, that the press usually called the Moslem Slavs of the revolted provinces "Turks," and it has only been of comparatively late date that the public at large has begun to realise that the Turks, or Ottomans, form only a proportion of the Moslem population of the empire, while the administration from which the people of all races and religions suffer equally, is composed of mixed Moslems and Christians.

Having at last realised this mistake, there is a tendency to react into the opposite assumption that this Ottoman proportion forms a distinct class in the Moslem population, and are recognised by the rest of the Mussulman inhabitants as a race of nomad invaders who enjoy the special protection of the Government, with which they are ordinarily identified.

Thus, according to a quotation which I have seen in a prominent newspaper from a pamphlet recently published by Mr. Gazelet, the Liberal candidate for Mid-Kent, who seems to have taken much pains with the question, and to be otherwise well-informed, it is stated of the 1,300,000 Arabs in Syria, that "they hate the Turks with an undying hatred." Nothing can be further from the fact; the Arabs and Turks do not hate each other, but they both hate the Turkish Government "with an undying hatred," and this Government, be it remembered, always contains one or more Christian Ministers in the Cabinet, besides a crowd of Fanatic under-secretaries and minor officials, who compose the very worst element in it.

And the quotation goes on to say that "the Turks are few in number, strangers in race and language, hated by every sect and class, wanting in physical power, destitute of moral principle, and yet they are the despots of the land." If this is meant to apply to Asia Minor, it is full of fallacies. Here the Turks are neither few in number, nor strangers in race and language. On the contrary, Turkish is the prevailing race and language. Those who are not officials, or connected with the Government, are not hated by any sect or class. The race most hated by every sect and class, Turks included, are the Kurds, who are themselves Moslems. So far from being wanting in physical power, the Turks, and those who have assimilated with them, are physically the most finely developed and robust class of the population; while in moral principle, honesty, and orderly conduct, they are far superior either to Christian or Arab. That the despots of the land belong to their race is true, though it is worthy of note that one of the most recent and powerful grand viziers, while he remained in office, was Khaireddin, an Arab. All this confusion arises from a loose habit of confounding the Turkish people with their Government, and imputing to them all the vices which the official class represent, and which they have learnt chiefly from their contact with Christians and Western civilization.

It is most desirable in the interests of justice and humanity, that the fallacy should be dispelled of a violent race antagonism, or distinction of political sentiment, existing between the Ottoman and the other Moslem subjects of the Sultan. They are all equally oppressed; they all equally detest the mixed central administration; and they all equally reverence the padishah as the head of their religion. The Turkish-speaking peasant, as a general rule, if he is a Moslem, whatever may have been his origin, has so thoroughly fused with the Ottomans that he adopts the traditions of the race. The historical distinction which it has been attempted to make between Seljuk and Ottoman Turks does not exist, in fact, at the present day, and all Turks consider themselves Ottomans. No doubt there are Slavs, Arabs, Kurds, Albanians, and others who have preserved their race distinctions and languages, but they have usually no animosity against Turkish-speaking Moslems, unless they belong to the official class; and in their dislike of this class the Ottoman thoroughly shares. Hatred of the common oppressor forms even a bond of union between the Christian and the Moslem peasant, and, inasmuch as the Moslem is generally more oppressed and ill-treated than the Christian, they have many points of sympathy in common. Of course the relations which subsist between the Moslem and Christian rural population differ in different parts of the country and according to the local conditions; but as a general thing the traveller is struck by the harmony and good understanding which prevails

between them, and doubtless this is largely due to the fact that they all entertain the same sentiments of intense hatred of the Government.

I may illustrate this by an incident which occurred the other day to a friend of mine, who is also a British subject, and enjoys some consideration in the Turkish town in which he lived. He was called upon one morning by a Moslem possessing a high reputation for sanctity in the neighbourhood, a man of wealth and influence, whose green turban showed that he had performed the Hadj, and who was altogether a type of the "fanatical Turk," for he was an Osmanli *pur sang*. He had come, he said, to ask for the assistance of my friend to obtain the adjustment of a claim involving a large sum of money, which had been for many years pending at Constantinople. He had great faith in the power of pressure of the British Government, and he wished it to be applied in his behalf. "But," replied my friend, "why do you come to me? You are an influential Turk, you have your own channels to appeal through, and I cannot interfere in your case. Moreover, you may hope now that your claim will soon be settled, as reforms are being instituted in the administration of justice." "Reforms!" said the Turk with an angry sneer, "that is the only reform fit for the scoundrels at Constantinople," and he accompanied his words by a rapid horizontal movement of his hand, signifying speedy and wholesale decapitation. "We are sick and weary to death," he went on to say, "of their corruptions and abominations, and though we are Moslems we would gratefully exchange their rule for that of the Giaour." No doubt he spoke under the influence of passion, but the fact that such a man could give utterance to such sentiments, shows what the feeling among even Ottoman Moslems is all through the country. Nor is it confined to the civil and rural population. Nowhere is the discontent and rage against the powers that be, stronger than in the Turkish army and navy, and if it were not that they are the most patient and enduring of mortals, it would long since have found vent in acts. However else they may differ, on this point, at all events, Moslems and Christians are united in sentiment, and nothing could have been more unjust than to lavish all sympathy on the Christians alone, and to make the unhappy Moslem, who was already the victim of his Government, the scapegoat of its crimes. For indeed the Christian was not nearly so well deserving of sympathy as the Moslem. While the latter lives more or less at peace with his co-religionists whatever be their race, as well as with the Christians, the Christians are always quarrelling among themselves, and the rival sects and conflicting races entertain far keener feelings of aversion towards each other than towards the Moslems. There are eleven different Christian sects in Turkey, who all hate one another with the intensity peculiar to religious animosity; and

there are five Christian race or "nationality" antagonisms, all more or less in an acute stage, which makes it rather puzzling for Christian sympathisers in England, to whose active intervention it is due that they are now likely to have a favourable opportunity of flying at each other's throats. In some parts of the country these Christians know no other language than Turkish, and their religious services are performed in that tongue. In the same way in Syria the Christian and Moslem population speak Arabic as their mother tongue, and, indeed, throughout the empire wherever Moslems and Christians form the mixed population they usually speak a common language.

If once we could get rid of the absurd fiction that in these countries the term Christian implies a follower of the teaching of Christ, we should be better able to bestow our sympathies, in accordance with that teaching, upon those who are the most deserving of them. There can be no doubt that in so far as the practice of the Christian virtues in his daily life is concerned, the Moslem is in every way infinitely superior to the Christian in Turkey. That he is being rapidly crushed out of existence in Europe is due not so much to the apathy and idleness with which he is credited, as to the combination of circumstances which for the last thirty years have operated against him, and of which he has been the victim. In order properly to understand his present position, and his prospects for the future, it is necessary to glance at the phases through which the country has passed since the Crimean War. Only those who first knew Turkey, as I did, five-and-twenty years ago, can form any idea of the change which has come over it during that period. It is the fashion to say that no progress has been made since 1856. This is only true in a sense. Turkey has made immense progress during that period, though it has not been due to any reform in the administration. That is worse at this moment than it ever was. It is to this progress that the late catastrophe is largely due. Had the status of the Christian not been altered by the Crimean War, we should have had no Bosnian and Herzegovinian insurrection, no Bulgarian atrocities, no Russo-Turkish War. But the result of the treaty of 1856 was completely to undermine the central authority at Constantinople, bad as it was, by European consular interference in all the large towns throughout the empire. The Moslem and the Christian populations gradually changed their positions relatively to each other. The Moslem became the oppressed, the Christian the protected section of the community. The immunity which they enjoyed from conscription to the army enabled the Christians to increase and multiply. The proportion of Moslem to Christian in Europe, never more than one to three, has thus been constantly diminishing. While the Ottoman bone and sinew was being withdrawn from the industry of

the country, and expended on Cretan insurrections, Montenegrin wars, and service in all parts of the empire, distress and poverty overtook the poor wives and families who were left unprovided for at home, for the soldier rarely received his pay; property began to change hands. The Christians, shrewd and unscrupulous in money-making, with a far more keen commercial instinct and power of wealth accumulation, which for some reason or other their religion seems to develop, became the controlling owners of villages which had once been in the hands of the Turks. Their leading members had seats on the local Medjliss; they had made friends with the consul of the particular European Power whom it suited for some political reason to accord them its protection. The tax-gatherer, unable to levy thirty per cent. more than he had a right to from the Christian, who vehemently resisted the imposition and appealed to the consul, concentrated his powers of squeezing upon the unhappy Moslem, who had no one to protect him. Thus the Christian was rapidly growing richer, as his Mussulman neighbour was becoming impoverished. Then he lent him money, and in many ways proved the superiority of his position, and got him into his power. In the case of a lawsuit, the probability was that the Moslem would go to the wall, for the Christian had always greater powers of bribing, and, if the worst came to the worst, there was the consul in the background. It was no wonder that Christian farms and villages contrasted favourably with Moslem, and that the Russians, when they entered Bulgaria, found a comfort and prosperity among the Christian peasantry, unknown to the Mujiks of their own country. When the voracious Zaptiehs came sweeping down for contributions on a Christian village, all the papers in England were ringing with their ferocity; we heard nothing of the far worse treatment which the Moslems of the next hamlet had received at their hands. So far, then, from the position of the Christians being worse than in old time, or the oppression from which they suffered being greater, it was precisely the reverse. Their condition had improved beyond all expectation—at the expense of the Moslems—and it was just because they saw the latter diminishing so rapidly in numbers, wealth, and influence, and had themselves profited so much by the schools which had been introduced, the improved facilities of communication which existed in many parts of the country, and the support which they had received from the foreign consuls, that they began to imagine that the time had come to rebel against the Government. Still they would not have ventured upon this step—and it would have been far better for them had they postponed it—had it not been for the persistent instigation and agitation of the Pan-Slav agencies, and the assurances which they had received for years, that Russia would come to their assistance in case of an insurrection. The same asser-

ances given now by the same Power to the revolutionary peasantry in Ireland, we should consider immoral and unfriendly, to say the least of it. But we were hampered by no such considerations in regard to Turkey; on the contrary, by a curious inversion, the principles of morality were invoked as the basis of a policy, which should either cut up a friendly Power by agreement, or urge a powerful country to aid and abet the insurrection by making war upon its neighbour upon the sole pretext that one section of its population was not governed according to our liking. Had it not been for this perverted view of justice and morality, and its consequences, the Bosnian and Herzegovinian insurrection would have been suppressed, and the movement would have been postponed, until the condition of the Christians was so strengthened and improved, and the Moslem population had so much diminished, that the desired change might have been effected without foreign intervention and violent convulsion. As it was, its premature character brought upon the Christians themselves an incalculable amount of misery, and in Bosnia and Herzegovina, at all events, a solution which they never anticipated; once undertaken, they saw that the only chance of success was to spread insurrection throughout the empire. The Turkish Government perceived that fatal consequences would ensue if it were not stamped out, and the Bulgarian atrocities followed, for which the Ottoman peasantry were not responsible. Had wise counsels instead of an ignorant impulsive agitation prevailed in England at this time, more than a million of lives would have been spared; the European provinces of Turkey would not have become a theatre in which Bulgarian atrocities were repeated over and over again; and Christian nations would not have been responsible for an amount of bloodshed, spoliation, and consequent misery, unparalleled in the annals of our time.

For the credit of the philanthropists in England who, in the name of humanity and morality, urged this policy, it is to be hoped that if they could have foreseen one tithe of the misery which has resulted from it, they would have shrunk from precipitating these fearful disasters. It would be interesting, if such statistics were attainable, to discover how many thousands of innocent Christian men, women, and children were killed from first to last in this crusade in their behalf; and how many hundreds of thousands of innocent Moslem men, women, and children, have either been massacred, or driven starving from their homes and country. People did not seem to realise that their method of improving the condition of the Christians involved a process little short of the extermination of the Moslems. Ever since the conclusion of the war thousands, of both sexes and of all ages, of these exiled refugees have perished, and still are perishing by famine; their farms, their cattle, their household goods have

all passed into the hands of the spoiler, whose only right to them is that he is called a "Christian," and whose only title deeds are those which have been confirmed to him by England in the name of morality.

Looked at by the light of subsequent events, there cannot be a question that in the interest of the Christians themselves it would have been better had the solution of the problem of their independence been postponed, and achieved otherwise than by the violent method of a Russo-Turkish war; for the solution has not yet been attained, and will still involve the slaughter of thousands. In the interests of justice and humanity it would have been better, for we should have been spared the appeal of hundreds of thousands of Moslems, who cry aloud to us for succour from the Christian provinces where they are being persecuted, or from the exile where they are perishing. In the interests of England it would certainly have been better that the Eastern question should not be violently reopened, but allowed to solve itself by the action of the disintegrating process, which had been sapping the foundations of the empire ever since the Crimean War had forced upon it the agencies of modern civilization. For the last twenty-five years European capital has been flowing, in one form or other, into Turkey, and it has all found its way into the pockets of the Greeks and Armenians. In a country where the Government is thoroughly corrupt, wealth means power, and the time was rapidly approaching when the internal problems of Turkey were culminating towards a solution which need not necessarily have been violent, or at all events the violence of which external interference might have had the effect of mitigating rather than intensifying. Had the St. James's Hall politicians held the same language in regard to the reform of European Turkey which, to judge by their leading organs, they now hold with regard to the reform of the Asiatic provinces of the empire, they would have acted far more wisely in the interests of their own country, no less than in those of humanity generally. It is now universally admitted that Russia had no desire to enter upon a war which was ultimately forced upon her by popular outcry; and if England had firmly maintained the principle which has been so clearly laid down in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, the Russo-Turkish War with all its attendant horrors and subsequent complications would have been prevented. "Nothing," says the writer, alluding to reform in the Asiatic provinces, "can be more mischievous than anything that tends to break up the present framework, bad as it is. It is under the shelter of that framework that the strong men and rising forces in these provinces will find their only chance of slowly preparing a system, that may one day supersede the present crumbling and dangerous fabric."¹ And this view is based on the

(1) *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1879; "Home and Foreign Affairs," 916.

ground which applied far more strongly to European Turkey—that “there are some parts of Asiatic Turkey where material prosperity has increased,” and that “there are elements of social strength, and powers of political reconstruction among those populations.” In Asiatic Turkey this can scarcely be said to be the case: in European Turkey it was eminently so.

Nothing can be sounder than the reasoning upon which all foreign interference in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey is now deprecated, but it was tenfold more valid in the case of the European provinces of the empire. It is deeply to be regretted that the party which has advocated interference in those provinces for so many years, should not have been told long ago by one of their own organs that “all such interference weakens the central authority, identifies patriotism with resistance, and breeds intrigue with other Powers, whose motives are believed to be interested or sinister.” These were the considerations which very properly induced the co-signatory Powers in 1856, by the ninth clause of the treaty, to prohibit any such interference—a prohibition the constant violation of which produced the Bosnian and Herzegovinian insurrection, and precipitated the final catastrophe. These were the considerations which were denounced by the Liberals when that catastrophe came in 1876; which were also repudiated by their opponents in favour of the opposite principle of interference at the Congress of Berlin and in the Turkish Convention in 1878; and which are now again being adopted by the Liberals in 1880, when in consequence of that treaty and convention it is quite impossible to apply them.

Instead of these sober and sensible arguments when they were so much needed, the popular policy, urged by those whose sympathy was enlisted in favour of the Christians, advocated the expulsion of the Turkish Government irrespective of the fate which might be in store for the Turkish people, or the conflict of Christian creed and race antagonisms which would have been the consequence: a policy which, in the opinion of all foreign statesmen and of the English resident in Turkey, must have inevitably led to the still more disastrous result of a European war. For although it was proposed to accomplish this expulsion of the Ottoman Power from Europe with the aid of Russia, it by no means followed that the concert of England and Russia, on the reconstruction of the conflicting nationalities of Turkey in Europe, even if that concert were possible, implied the concert of all the other Christian Powers; while the local conditions at that time rendered it impossible that any European Congress could have satisfied conflicting race aspirations, or averted a quarrel over the spoil arising out of international jealousies. To the foreign statesman the scheme was a chimera, only not worthy of notice, because the party who proposed it were not burdened with the responsibilities of office, and were certain never to be called

upon to carry it out. If the British public, utterly uninformed as to the real facts of the case, had not upon party grounds broadly divided itself into two sections, one calling itself philo-Turk, thereby implying that it was an enemy of the Christians and a friend of the Turkish Government, and the other philo-Christian, thereby implying that it was an enemy to the Turkish people, and the friend of Christian insurrection ; one denouncing the Turk, whether governing or governed, as "unspeakably" bad, and the other maintaining the reverse, both parties might have avoided the blunders into which they fell, and with which they each saddle the other. Instead of this, had they considered the interests of the whole population of Turkey, irrespective of race or creed on the one side, and their duties towards a Government which, though utterly rotten and corrupt, was that of a friendly and independent Power on the other, they might have risen above its mere party aspect to the humane, common-sense, and moral view of the case. They would then undoubtedly have arrived at conclusions which, now that it is too late, they seem to have reached, and set about strengthening the framework of the tottering edifice so as to allow the forces beneath it to ripen and develop. They would have firmly resisted any attempt on the part of an aggressive foreign Power from purely interested motives to shake it to pieces ; the more especially as it was evident that the interests of England would be seriously imperilled thereby, and a question opened of which no man could see any solution that did not involve oceans of human blood and mountains of human misery.

Some of the European Powers had a sort of dumb instinct of this kind when they proposed their Andrássy notes and Berlin memorandums ; impossible documents so far as their successful practical application in Turkey was concerned, but still well meant, and conceived in a desire to stave off the crisis and let the Turkish Government down as easily as possible. But it was not likely they would readily consent to the "letting down" process. What the framework wanted was propping up. The policy proposed by Europe, and which it was attempted to carry through at the Conference at Constantinople, was certain to end in failure and serious international complication, because it dealt with isolated provinces, and discriminated in its treatment between races and religions ; providing a machinery of consular commissions, and an *Imperium in Imperio* which, even if the Porte had consented to it, would have resulted in a perpetual conflict between the political agents of the various Powers charged with the administration of the provinces—especially between those of Austria, Russia, and England ; between those Powers and the Turkish Government, which still retained its sovereign rights and certain administrative

functions ; and between the Moslem and Christian sections of the population, who would necessarily have been brought into violent antagonism by the discrimination made between them, and would each have appealed for protection to the quarter from which they thought they would be most likely to get it. Had the Memorandum of Berlin been accepted by England, or had the Porte agreed to the conditions of the Conference at Constantinople, the war might have been postponed for a year, but the effect would have been to create the Slav provinces of Turkey into a magazine, in the centre of which had been carefully placed a machine for striking sparks. The explosion would have been speedy and inevitable.

There was a moment when an effort was made in the right direction. It was made too late, it received no sympathy from Europe, it was attempted under the most unfavourable circumstances, and perhaps not in the wisest and most judicious manner ; but it was one which, if it had had the support of Europe, would have done more to strengthen the framework than all the notes, memorandums, or conferences which Christian Governments laboured so hard to invent. It was nothing more nor less than Midhat Pasha's constitution. This was beginning at the right end ; it was not tinkering away on the irritated circumference, but dealing directly with the rotten centre ; it was not plastering the surface-sores of the body politic, and attempting to soothe them with palliatives, but it was striking at the root of the disease. When the absolutism and caprices of the Sultan can be controlled, when the Augean stable of his palace is swept out, when Ministers are made to answer for their crimes to a popular body, and the people's representatives can overhaul those dens of iniquity called public departments in Constantinople—then, and not till then, will there be some chance of strengthening the framework. Until this is done, our efforts to reform Asia Minor will be as futile as they were to reform the European provinces of Turkey, and, like those efforts, will end in a war ; only this time it will be one in which England will be involved. It is an assumption based on ignorance of the people to say that they are unfit for parliamentary institutions. The experiment was rudely stopped, not because it was a failure, but because it was getting dangerous, and the political thieves at Constantinople, who suck the life-blood of the nation, took advantage of the extremity in which the country had been placed, to discredit an institution which would have been their ruin, and so got rid of it. But the Moslems especially are fearless, independent, and acute in debate, and a Parliament might be formed, based upon a different electoral law from that which Midhat Pasha devised, which should provide a small Chamber drawn from the most intelligent and independent class, and giving all races and religions their proper proportion of representatives, which might fall far short of the

Western ideal of a House of Representatives, but yet be such a terror to evil-doers as would work a marvellous change in the administrative system. It would then be no longer possible for the Sultan to compose Cabinets of men whose animosities and ambitions he plays upon, in order to make them neutralise each other, spy upon each other, intrigue against each other, until they absolutely cheat each other out of the bribes which they receive from foreign Powers in order to be traitors to their own country. They should be in the Chamber, and answerable to the Chamber for their acts, and it would become a necessity of their existence that they should be homogeneous, and not all pulling different ways. It would then not be possible for a private speculator to buy the whole Palace, as it is now, or for the money which belongs to a starving army to go into the pockets of rapacious *pashas*. The nation would be dealt with as a whole, by a Chamber representing the whole at the sink of corruption, and able therefore to see for themselves how to remedy the abuses which have become intolerable in the provinces, and which are irremediable there because they have their root at Constantinople. Upon them, and not upon intermeddling foreign Powers, would rest the solution of those problems of race and religion which foreign Powers have neither the knowledge, nor the authority, nor the right to solve. The only thing that Europe—or at all events such Powers in Europe as desire the well-being and prosperity of the entire population of the empire and their release from the intolerable oppression under which they are now suffering—can do for that population, is to agree upon a policy of coercion upon the Sultan personally, by which he shall be compelled to put into operation the constitution he has granted the nation. If the people of Turkey were informed that such a policy in their behalf had been decided upon, the practical result would be a popular pressure which the Palace would be unable to resist. The army, the navy, the whole country, would then be ranged on the side of the Governments who were intervening in favour of their liberties, and might safely be left to carry out the rest of the programme by themselves. There are plenty of honest and enlightened men in high position who would put themselves at the head of such a movement, and who are now so disheartened that they have retired from public life, and abandoned the ground in despair to the thieves and robbers. But Turkey is not yet all demoralised. Even among the Christian *pashas* an honest man may here and there be found, though as a rule they are far more corrupt than their Turkish colleagues. Good representative men of both religions would be forthcoming, if they saw the least chance of support. But to induce them to co-operate in this great work there must be no manifestation, on the part of the Powers undertaking it, of race or creed partiality. The delusion that Christians are better

than Turks, must be got rid of, and a fair field and no favour allowed to all alike, under institutions which would secure it for them. I am aware that it will be said that this programme is impossible in the face of the Koran; but Midhat Pasha's constitution was given in the face of the Koran, and that would be quite enough to begin with. There is a useful compilation of decrees on the Koran, forming a sort of ecclesiastical code, called the Fetva—useful, because it is elastic enough to justify anything. With an enlightened Minister of the Khaireddin or Midhat type, and a Sheik-ul-Islam who is sufficiently wise in his day and generation to see that he can best preserve his religion by adapting it slightly to the political requirements of the age, quite enough might be done in the direction of strengthening the framework to give both Europe and Turkey a considerable amount of breathing time. The Eastern question, at all events, would fall out of the acute phase, and the task of a reform of Asia Minor, impossible under existing conditions, would be transferred to more legitimate and competent hands.

And here I would take the opportunity of dispelling any illusions which may still exist as to the disposition of the existing administration in regard to this great question of reform. Two years have elapsed since the termination of the war, and so far from any effort having been made to remedy abuses, things have been going steadily from bad to worse. The Turkish Government has during this period succeeded in gulling England with excuses, the fallaciousness of which has at last been exploded, and it has become apparent that the delay in putting into operation measures which should remedy the most glaring evils, has not arisen from the lack of pecuniary means to do so—for many reforms could be suggested which would be measures of economy—nor from any inherent difficulties in the process, or opposition in the country itself, for the country is writhing under the abuses, and only too anxious to see them remedied; nor from incompetence or apathy on the part of the Government, for there have been energetic and able men of late connected with the administration of affairs; but from the determined opposition to all reform on the part of a powerful political clique, who control the Palace, and who fatten on the plunder which is obtained by means of the abuses that they foster and maintain. There is a ramifications of official thieves throughout the empire strongly represented in every Cabinet, still more strongly represented in the Palace, united by bonds of corruption all through the lower grades of the various Government departments, and extending throughout the provincial bureaucracy. No single honest man, however powerful or well intentioned, can possibly make head against this combination. Khaireddin made a gallant fight for it, but he stood alone, and could not stand long. The pecuniary interests involved are so great;

the profits which, in spite of the financial condition of the country, this official *camoufle* divide between them are so enormous, that they strain every nerve not merely to keep things as they are, but to make them worse. Thus they send members of the gang to govern the provinces, and their friends at Constantinople go shares in the spoils, and are interested in defending them against the interference of English consular agents when the latter bring their misdeeds to light. When, in consequence of diplomatic pressure at Constantinople, an honest man is sent to introduce reforms into some vilayet where matters have got to a point which makes an appearance of action necessary, he is accompanied by members of the gang who neutralise all his efforts, intrigue against him through their accomplices at the Palace, and finally succeed either in disgusting him into resigning, or, as they mostly prefer, hopelessly discrediting him. Their object is to crush out of public life every honest man. They for the most part take a cynical and despairing view of the future of the country, and, considering it doomed, are anxious to feather their nests while they have the opportunity. They are entirely devoid of patriotism; indeed, a large proportion of them, being Christians, actively co-operate in a work which has the double advantage of filling their own pockets, while it is hastening the downfall of a religion and an empire which they hate. The few Turkish statesmen of the old school who still exist, are one after the other being discredited and sinking into retirement, and the game is in the hands of the parvenus, the adventurers and the rogues, who fill the Palace with their spies, and acquire and retain their influence by the employment of means and the use of channels which make it impossible for honest men to compete with them.

There is nothing that these men would more fiercely resist than the meeting of a Chamber of the people's representatives at Constantinople. No doubt they would put the whole of the powerful machinery at their command in motion, to have their own nominees returned, and to some extent they would succeed; but we have seen in other countries what a small, determined band of courageous and independent men, supported by the feeling of the people at large, can do. Able and patriotic Turks, who have now retired in despair, would come forward and would publicly insist on inquiries and investigations which would reveal the true condition of affairs.

It rather suits the present Government than otherwise to see us expending our energies in distributing consular agents over the provinces. The poor people, who expect great things from them, will very soon find that they are impotent to do anything, that they are either insulted by the local Turkish authorities, or told by them that they are most anxious to co-operate with them, but that they are thwarted from Constantinople. Practically the country people

will see that their condition is in no way improved by the presence of British officials among them, but that they are persons with no power whatever, and their respect for England, at present exaggerated, will rapidly diminish. This is exactly what the Government at Constantinople desires to see: and nothing, therefore, is left undone secretly to bring into contempt our consular agents in Asia Minor. General Baker understood this position of affairs so well that he declined to be invested with any executive authority; the tactics of the Government being to clothe him with authority, and then by underhand means paralyse his application of it, and so throw general discredit on his ability.

It is lamentable to see a country teeming with resources, and possessing one of the finest populations in the world, thus sacrificed to a ring who have managed to obtain the control of its destinies. The only way to save the country is to break up the ring; the only way to break up the ring is to concentrate the light of public opinion upon it; and this can only be done at the headquarters of the ring, which is Constantinople, and by means of a coercive policy on the part of England in concert, if possible, with other Powers, which should have for its object the convocation of a popular Chamber at the capital. Even that might not be successful, but it is the best and only chance left; and it is worth trying, for the alternative will involve most serious consequences for England. Turkey is now going to destruction at headlong speed, and it will be impossible for it to crumble to pieces without England being dragged into the war which must attend its downfall. I observe that the opinion is entertained that this disaster might be averted by an amicable arrangement in regard to the future destiny of Asia Minor being arrived at between England and Russia. Unfortunately, the great national and political forces at work in the world cannot be controlled by the most amiable and rational desire that they should not come into collision. The amicable solution is impossible for the simple reason that, however much we may regret it, the anti-English feeling in Russia and the anti-Russian feeling in England constitute an antagonism too powerful to be restrained by argument, and that when the interests of the two nations come into sharp collision in Asia Minor, we might as well expect an acid and an alkali to mix without effervescence, or Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone to agree upon a national policy in terms of mutual respect and admiration, as to mingle the ambitions and suspicions of the two greatest European Powers in Asia without an explosion. It is a consummation which theoretically we should all wish to see attained. Unfortunately, it is not in the nature of things, or rather of humanity, that it can be; and the wise statesman is compelled to provide, not for the Utopia that he desires, but for the *reale* aspirations, religious fanaticisms, the lust of territory and

dominion, the national jealousies, the unreasoning alarms or well-founded mistrust, the sense of wounded pride, the treasured animosities and traditional hatreds which produce wars, and will continue to produce them as long as human nature remains what it is. Had it not been that the interests of the other Powers of Europe, and especially of Austria, were involved in the destiny of European Turkey, we should inevitably have drifted into a war with Russia two years and a half ago. As it was, we escaped by a mere accident. But left alone with her, as we should be in Asia Minor, it would require more than an accident, it would need a miracle, to prevent a collision; and I should think that it would be extremely difficult to find either in Russia or England any statesman—probably there might be one exception—so sanguine as to imagine that a Conference could assemble, either in St. Petersburg or London, at which the envoys of the two countries could arrange to the satisfaction of the peoples of England and Russia the intricate political, religious, and strategical problems involved in the future of that part of Asia with which the interests of the two nations are the most closely bound up.

I am therefore reluctantly compelled to dismiss the amicable solution as impracticable; and, assuming that war is inevitable, if Turkey goes to pieces, I earnestly press that even as a desperate measure, a policy directed exclusively upon Constantinople should be attempted; it certainly could not precipitate matters in the wrong direction more rapidly than they are now going, and it might act as a drag upon the wheel even at the eleventh hour.

If, instead of useless electioneering recrimination, opposing politicians in England would patriotically try to unite upon a policy based on a broad and comprehensive view of the facts of the case as they exist, instead of constructing them to suit their own party purposes, they might still extricate their country from the dangers by which it is surrounded, and at all events postpone, the Eastern crisis. So far as the past is concerned, let them divide the blame and the responsibility of the present situation equally between them, and they will not be very far wrong in the proportions. To us British subjects abroad, it is a matter of the most profound indifference whether the Liberals or Conservatives be in power, so long as the country is creditably governed and its honour and dignity upheld; but we do not like to be subject to the taunt that in England all national interests are made subservient to the exigencies of party warfare; and we see with shame and humiliation the astute Russian, and even the unspeakable Turk, availing themselves of the weakness produced by these miserable local politics, to work out their own ends, and produce complications, the disastrous results of which must ultimately recoil upon our own country.

SIR WILLIAM BOXALL, R.A.

“SILENCE is a privilege of the grave, a right of the departed ; let him, therefore, who infringes that right, by speaking publicly of, for, or against those who cannot speak for themselves, take heed that he opens not his mouth without a sufficient sanction.” Wordsworth thus speaks in respect of Burns. No one, indeed, who knew Sir William Boxall need hesitate, for the reasons which might have made one who knew Burns hesitate, to tell everything he knew about his friend. Yet Sir William Boxall’s high and sensitive nature would have shrunk from any intrusion into the recesses or breach of the sanctities of private life ; and although he is now beyond any power of such things to vex or wound, any notice of him, however imperfect, must, if possible, avoid what would have annoyed him. For some years past his failing health and waning strength had kept him much in retirement, and while his entire freedom from self-assertion prevented any general knowledge of his singularly vigorous and individual character, these very circumstances seem to furnish strong reasons why a man so remarkable should be better known, and not at once forgotten. Those to whom he opened his heart and whom he admitted to the privilege of his friendship are indeed in no danger of forgetting him ; but to many men who knew him but slightly, it will perhaps be difficult to realize how considerable an intellect, how pure and high a mind, how gifted and accomplished a man has just been called away.

The account of his early life given in the *Times* is for the most part accurate. His father was in the service of the Inland Revenue ; but to what position he attained in that service, or how far he had means independently of it, I am unable to say for certain. Sir William always spoke of his father with great affection and respect ; and he certainly both encouraged and assisted the intellectual education of his son. He sent him to a good school at Chipping Norton, from which Sir William brought away or afterwards acquired a slight knowledge of Greek, and enough Latin to be able to enjoy, though with some trouble, Lucretius, Horace, and Virgil. To the influences of his home also he was indebted, no doubt, for many of those tastes and interests which distinguished him in after life. He was directed to the study of great English authors ; he was led to observe nature ; and at a very early age his artistic sense was inspired or fed by the noble collection at Petworth, then being made or largely increased by the last Lord Egremont who ever possessed that place, the generous and discerning patron, seventy or eighty years

since; of Flaxman, and Constable, and Turner. Boxall lived for several years at Oxford, and though not himself a member of the University, he became intimate with many men who were, both old and young, and profited largely, both as an artist and a man of letters, by the friendships which he there made, and by the powerful influence which such a place as Oxford would certainly exercise upon a nature such as his.

Quite as a young man he came to London and was admitted as a student of the Royal Academy. As an artist he had never any other regular instruction than such as he there received, and he always maintained that to a man capable of appreciating it no instruction could be better. The men from whom he received most personal kindness, and of whom he had the liveliest recollections, were Jackson, a good colourist and a very clever and facile artist, Sir William Beechey, Flaxman, Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President, and, above all, Fuseli, the Keeper. The different styles of these men and the very various character of their teaching, when in their turn they were visitors in the schools of the Academy, were, no doubt, perplexing to the students, and to some of them mischievous; but to a man like Sir William Boxall, capable of discriminating and profiting by the characteristic excellencies of each, the system, if it is to be called one, had its advantages. At least, without speaking of himself, he always so maintained.

I imagine that he was a young man of whom much was expected; and if his manners and appearance were like those of his later life, there must have been a singular charm about him. Sir Thomas Lawrence treated him with marked kindness. Once, at least, if not oftener, the President invited him to breakfast alone at seven o'clock, to go through with him that unrivalled collection of drawings from the old masters, the remains of which, after the best specimens had been sold to France and Holland, are amongst the most precious treasures of the University of Oxford. Sir Thomas stayed with the young man more than an hour, carefully and kindly explaining to him the distinguishing merits of some of the chief drawings in the collection, and left an impression which was never effaced of his courtesy, his real kindness of heart, and of his profound and settled melancholy.

Flaxman, (of whose genius Boxall spoke and felt as I believe every great artist and sane critic has always felt and spoken), more than once paid the young student high and carefully remembered compliments. Boxall had sent in a painting for the gold medal on the subject of St. Michael contending with Satan for the body of Moses. Across the picture, along the top of a hill, lies straight and stiff the dead body. Above the body stands the Archangel, unarmed, in perfect repose, his face upturned to heaven, out of which breaks a

stream of light. Below the body is Satan falling backwards; struck down not by any spear or shield of the angel, but by the light of the presence of God. It was intended to convey the feeling of the passage in St. Jude's Epistle in which it is said that Michael gave utterance only to the words "The Lord rebuke thee." The picture was unsuccessful in the competition. The treatment of the subject is unconventional, the execution is altogether wanting in academic correctness; and its want of success was, no doubt, perfectly just. But Flaxman and Stothard came up together to Boxall, and Flaxman told him that he and others felt and allowed him to say that if the prize could have been given for an imaginative conception, the prize would have been his. The picture exists, and even now, dark, almost black, as it has become from (I believe) the free use of asphaltum, the judgment of Flaxman and Stothard is perfectly intelligible.

Fuseli, too (of whom as was natural he had endless stories, and to whom, as an artist, he gave always a hearty though discriminating admiration), Fuseli treated him with constant attention. "Come upstairs with me," he said one day, "and you shall see my pictures." He went, and saw a number of pictures; eccentric possibly, extravagant probably, yet full, as Boxall thought, of genius and of power. He ventured some remark as to their not being sold. "Sold!" said Fuseli. "Sold! I never sold a picture but once in my life, and then the man gave it me back again." Another time Boxall had made a drawing of the head of the Apollo for some prize, and he showed it to Fuseli. "Not this," said Fuseli; "bring me the one you showed me the other night; it had more of the god. If you vary the lines by the hundredth part of a hair's breadth, the god is lost!" In contrast with this was the ruthless severity of his criticism on a less favoured student, who brought him a drawing of the head of the Apollo which he thought very bad, of which he professed to be quite unable to distinguish the bottom from the top, and which he turned about in a helpless fashion, saying, as if he really wished to be informed, "Which is the way?" On another occasion there had been a row amongst the students, ending in a fight, in the middle of which entered Fuseli. There was at once a dead silence. "What," said he, "if Torrigiano did break Michel Agnolo's¹ nose? there are no Torrigianos or Michel Agnolos here!" and left them to digest his rebuke. One night a student was imitating him, and in the midst of the imitation Fuseli came in behind him, and stood watching the imitator with silent gravity. The young man turned round and saw him, and expecting an explosion of wrath, began a profuse apology. "Young man," said Fuseli, "you need not apologise! I could not have done it better myself." But Boxall had a hundred other stories of this strange but most

(1) Fuseli always carefully thus pronounced the name of Michael Angelo.

vigorous and accomplished man, told by him admirably well, and deriving a race and flavour from his imitation of Fuseli's strong foreign accent which the poor transcript is totally unable to convey. He always ended by saying that as a critic, if severe, Fuseli was yet refined and just, and that he was always directing the students to the highest and most imaginative models.

Such were the men amongst whom Boxall spent the early years of his artist life, and who in various degrees contributed to make him what he was. It has been stated that he went to Italy as early as 1827. It may be so; but I cannot find any actual record of his having been there before 1833. From 1833 to 1836 he was certainly in Italy, spending a great deal of time in Rome and Florence, but travelling into all parts of the peninsula, as either great pictures or beautiful country attracted him. He had already become well known as a painter of slight but lovely pictures, graceful in design and rich in colour. In the series of Bentley's Standard Novels and in the edition of the Waverley Novels published between 1829 and 1833, there are to be found a number of his designs. In the Gallery of the Graces, a book still worth buying, there are many female heads engraved from his paintings: some highly finished, all full of life and character, and, as anyone who knew him well might expect, chiefly though not exclusively from subjects to be found in Wordsworth. The Ruth in this series, and the Rebecca and Rowena in Ivanhoe, are, to name no others, the works of a refined and graceful mind. He had also attempted higher flights than these. Pictures of "Cordelia and the Messenger," "The Starving Poet," "The Return of the Prodigal," and above all the "Reconciliation of Milton and his Wife," remain with a few others to bear witness to Boxall's pure and noble feeling, and his fine sense of colour. Too many have perished: destroyed in later years, when they would have been eagerly purchased by those who let them hang unsold on the walls of the Academy, partly from a certain waywardness which never left him, partly because they did not satisfy his own fastidious judgment. There exist also a few landscapes, some English, some Italian, which show, in the opinion of men well qualified to judge, that he might have attained the very highest eminence in this branch of his art, had he chosen to pursue it. A great living academician characterized one of them as not unworthy of Turner; and there can be no higher praise.

Not immediately perhaps, but soon after his return from Italy, in 1836, Boxall began to devote himself almost exclusively to portrait-painting. He painted many portraits, and it is no more than the truth to say, as indeed has been generally said, that his portraits were always works of high art. His health was never strong; his sensitiveness, like his fastidiousness, was extreme; he often painted

and repainted till he lost the beauty of his first conception, and in consequence his portraits are unequal; but if, since the days of Sir Joshua, there have been any finer portraits than some of Boxall's finest, one would be glad to know where they are to be seen. It seems difficult to go beyond the power, or to equal the subtle delicacy and luxury of colour, to be found in such pictures as those of Mr. Frederick Huth and Mr. Louis Huth; of the present Lord Lyttelton;¹ of Mr. Barlow; Mr. Rendell; Gibson, the sculptor; Landor; David Cox; Copley Fielding; Mr. Pinder; Mr. William Gibbs, Sir William Heathcote, and many others. Nor can the exquisite grace and refinement, the lovely modelling, the perfect ease and nature of his female portraits be adequately described. These qualities can be seen and can be felt, but no words can convey the effect of his pictures to those who have not seen them. "Talk of want of finish, sir," said Gibson, while looking at one of them with generous admiration, "ignorant men, sir, *will* write and talk nonsense; I should like to see any of them" (mentioning a school of artists supposed to be distinguished for what critics call "*finish*") "finish a head like *that*."

He was pursuing a successful career, and would probably, sensitive as he was, have been hardened by continued success to disregard criticisms which, no one better knew than he, were at once pretentious and ignorant; but for an incident in his life which greatly vexed and distressed him at the time, and from the effects of which he probably never quite recovered. Mr. Sidney Herbert built at Wilton a splendid and costly church, with a detached campanile, in the style of the Romanesque churches of Italy. The intention of Mr. Herbert was that it should be decorated throughout with paintings in fresco; and the commission for the whole church was offered to and accepted by Boxall. He gave up his portraits and devoted himself heart and soul to this great work. Nearly two whole years, and those amongst the best years of his life, when his health was good and his powers in their prime, were consumed in careful studies, in large drawings, in all that careful thought and preparation, which a great and conscientious artist makes for a work so grand and solemn. He delighted in it, and the drawings he produced showed how great a genius and how fine an artist we had still among us. Before he accepted the commission, the sanction of the then Bishop of Salisbury had been asked and obtained for the scheme. After the designs were complete, and the whole labour of composition, and of the preparation of drawings, some of them colossal cartoons, had been undergone, the bishop changed his mind.

(1) Of this picture Mr. Cockerell the architect (of whose noble and picturesque head Boxall left a fine portrait) said when it was exhibited: "It lights up the whole room. I tell our friend that he is a very *dangerous* painter. If you were to prick his portraits, they would bleed!"

Figures he would not permit in a church which he was to consecrate, and he suggested *arabesques*! He was immovable, and Mr. Herbert had nothing for it but to give way. Of Mr. Herbert Sir William Boxall always said he had no complaint whatever to make. Mr. Herbert paid him all which his models, his journeys, his studies had cost him, and added a sum which, considering that he, Mr. Herbert, got, so to say, nothing for his money, was handsome, or even munificent. But the transaction for the time broke Boxall down. The disappointment and mortification were extreme; and for the blow to a sensitive man which this disappointment inflicted, for the disruption of his old portrait-painting connection, for the soured and wearied heart with which he turned back to a pursuit never very congenial to him, and from which he had rejoiced as he thought to escape; for all this, and for the injury to his whole nature, which it is true Mr. Herbert himself did not inflict, neither was it possible for Mr. Herbert to make him any compensation. In later years and in a moment of vexation he destroyed the whole series of beautiful drawings which he had prepared; and of this, which he hoped would have been the great work of his life, four colossal figures alone remain, two of which (the others being nearly obliterated by time and dust) may probably find refuge in a Devonshire church, where, perhaps, a chance traveller may now and then, in years to come, look upon them, and wonder at the greatness of an English painter and, if he hears the story, at the littleness of an English bishop.

Back to his portraits, however, he returned, and in spite of his annoyance and disappointment some of the finest of his works were certainly painted after this time. Indeed, till he was appointed Director of the National Gallery, in 1865, he was a constant contributor to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, though seldom with many pictures. I am not, however, writing a life of Boxall; nor have I, nor can I acquire the knowledge necessary to give with any accuracy a chronological list of his works. I can do no more than throw together some recollections, before they fade, which have survived the severance by death of an intimate friendship of thirty years. The dates of his various honours and appointments have been given with sufficient accuracy. He was elected Associate of the Academy in 1851, and Academician in 1863. Both these honours he thought, and probably with justice, had been somewhat long in coming, but he was a man to whom the ordinary and perfectly innocent modes of soliciting these honours were distasteful and impossible, and for this it may be that he suffered. He succeeded Sir Charles Eastlake as Director of the National Gallery in 1865, and was knighted by the Queen, and created a D.C.L. by the University of Oxford in 1870. In 1874 he

resigned the office of Director, to the proper discharge of which he felt that his physical powers were no longer equal. The same cause which led him to resign his office, compelled him also to withdraw gradually more and more from Society. He ceased to frequent his club; he went out less and less and to fewer friends; he could seldom be drawn away from London; and as his infirmities, some of them painful and disabling, increased upon him, he became more and more unable to leave his house. But till a few months ago, though he was evidently failing and his memory was somewhat impaired, on many subjects his judgment was undecayed, and his powers of expression unaffected. In the summer of 1879, however, there was a marked change, and though to the very last day before his death he was at times and on some subjects absolutely himself, yet at other times there was so much confusion and distress, and it was so hopeless to expect any real restoration of his powers, that those who knew and loved him best could not desire that his life should be prolonged. He died, partly from the effect of congestion of the lungs, but more from the decay of all his vital power, in the eightieth year of his age, on the 6th of December, 1879.

He was no doubt a fine painter; his pictures are destined, in the opinion of many, to be admired and valued more and more as time goes on, and as their refined and intellectual qualities are more and more comprehended by the great men who at last decide the judgment of posterity, and establish an artist's true position, very often reversing altogether the verdict of contemporary criticism. It is not, however, by his pictures alone or chiefly that Sir William Boxall will be remembered by the friends he has left behind. The man himself, the distinct and remarkable person, was more and greater than his paintings; and he has left an indelible impression on many men differing widely from one another, in character, in age, in station, in mental gifts. He was the intimate and favoured friend of men much older than himself, and for the young he had an indefinable but irresistible attraction. From Wordsworth, of whose poetry he was an ardent admirer, he received great and constant kindness. He found the way, which few men did find, to Turner's heart. Daniell, an Oxford man, who died young, was the friend of both. For Daniell, Turner had painted, at a very small price, the magnificent picture of "Modern Italy;" and when, many years after Daniell's death, he reluctantly sold it to a very rich man, he declined to receive for it more than he had intended Daniell to pay.⁽¹⁾ "I

(1) Turner repeatedly refused to sell the picture after Daniell's death, saying he would never part with it. At last Mr. Munro, the possessor of "Ancient Italy," overcame his reluctance. "Well," said Turner, "if any one is to have it you should, as you have the other. You shall stand in Daniell's shoes." After the picture had been sent

"cannot make money by that picture," he said. After Daniell's death, again and again did he recall his memory to Boxall in muttered and half-intelligible words, all the more touching from the effort it manifestly cost his rough and reserved nature to utter them. Personal kindness and cordial praise were often extended to Boxall by this strange but great man; and Boxall not only held his genius in unbounded honour, but always maintained, and had a number of interesting proofs to give, that he had a warm heart, and could on occasion do acts of the most delicate generosity.

Wordsworth and Turner, amongst the generation prior to his own, were, perhaps, the greatest men whom he knew well, and were certainly those whom he most profoundly admired.¹ Of his own contemporaries, and of those older than himself, most of those with whom he was intimate have passed away. Some remain whom, because they still live, I do not presume to name, with the exception of Mr. Webster: and his name I mention because his venerable age, and the universal respect which he enjoys, seem to remove him from the present; he has lived to enter on his fame, and to see his position as a great master definitely established. Between him and Boxall there was a lifelong friendship, and an admiration and regard honourable alike to both; and I believe that he and those who still survive will agree that Boxall's intimate friends were some of the very best and ablest men of his contemporaries, and that his friends never showed to more advantage than when in company with him. He had given up the two best and largest rooms in his house to his studio and his pictures; and his dining-room was small and full with four or five guests. Survivors of those evenings will recall their delightful, their singular charm. Sir Edwin Landseer was often there, not only the admirable story-teller, the inimitable mimic, whom the world well knew; but the great artist, the fine critic, the man of original and powerful mind, the vigorous thinker, known to those with whom he thought it worth while to put forth his rare gifts. Charles Landseer, "no mean artist," as Boxall often said, showed there how clever and cultivated a man he was when he took the trouble to be in earnest. Gibson, in his rare visits to England and London, spent much of his time in Boxall's house, and no one who ever saw him can forget the wonderful raciness and simplicity of his conversation. One recollection of it, characteristic of two great to him, Mr. Munro, inquired the price. "I told you," Turner said, "you should stand in Daniell's shoes. I cannot make money by that picture," and he named a small sum, very much below the market price of the picture even then.

It is right to say that I did not personally know either Turner or Mr. Munro, and that my authority for this story is Sir William Boxall.

(1) When his practice was at its height, he found time to become one of the secretaries to the committee formed to erect a monument to Wordsworth, and the selection of Mr. Thrupp's design for the statue now in Westminster Abbey was greatly influenced by the strong opinion in its favour expressed by Boxall.

artists, it may perhaps be permissible to give. Gibson had gone with Mrs. Huskisson to the famous house in Queen Anne Street to see Turner's Gallery of his own pictures; and they were waiting in the little room down-stairs for the appearance of Turner. Leaning against the wall in frames were what Gibson thought two beautiful sketches. In due time Turner came, and Gibson observed, "Those are a pair of beautiful sketches." "Sketches! sketches!" said Turner: "finished pictures; going home to-morrow." Then there was a somewhat ominous silence, and Turner took Gibson by the collar of his coat and led him up to the mantelpiece, on which were two sixpenny casts of Cupids drawing on slates. "There," he said, "these are more in *your* way, Gibson; you had better stay and study *them*, while Mrs. Huskisson and I go up-stairs and look at the pictures." In vain did Gibson follow humbly, and endeavour by honest and hearty admiration of what he called "the glorious pictures, sir, up-stairs," to propitiate the great painter. "No, sir," he said, "he wouldn't look at me or speak to me all the day; he couldn't forgive me the 'sketches.'"

A frequent guest was John Forster, the vigorous writer, the great English scholar, under whose rough exterior was the kindest, I should not exaggerate if I said the tenderest heart, and who kept watch over himself lest he should wound the sensitiveness of the friend whom he held in the highest honour. Copley Fielding came there; and, once at least, if not oftener, David Cox; and Mr. Penn, the engineer; and Henry Johnson, the friend and pupil of Brodie, too soon lost to science and to his friends. Others too there were, now passed away, of whom it is not for me to speak, but who, perhaps, added something to the grace and refinement of those small meetings.

One man, however, there was, without whose name any account of Boxall's friends would be indeed imperfect. Sir Charles Eastlake was an older man than Boxall, and, fast friends as they were, Sir Charles was the helper of Boxall in professional matters, and Boxall always showed to him what he always felt, great deference and respect. In some things the two men were very like each other. They were both learned men in the history of their profession. Boxall probably knew more of this kind of learning than any man of his time, with the single exception of Sir Charles Eastlake. He had not the wide and varied scholarship of Eastlake; he had not Eastlake's gift of exact and beautiful language; but for lofty honour, for the most unbending rectitude, and for chivalrous generosity the two men might fairly rank together. They appreciated each other as such men would, and their friendship was broken only by Eastlake's death.

In the society of these friends, and of friends like these, many of whom still survive, the latter half of Boxall's life was spent. He

was a welcome guest in general society, and he had as much of general society as he wished to have. But it was amongst his intimate friends that you saw the great and varied powers of his mind. It would be altogether exaggeration to say that he was the centre of such a set of men as have been mentioned. It is none that he bore his part with the best of them, and that they all treated him with great and genuine respect. Men who did not know him were often astonished at the knowledge and the power of mind with which they found they had to grapple, if they encountered him in serious argument. It was amazing sometimes how, when he seemed to be thinking of something else, he would, by a few words sent straight to the mark, settle a question of art, or ascertain the merits or faults of a picture or a drawing, so that you felt that the right thing had been said, and that there was no appeal.

As a rule, however, at least for thirty years past, he made very little struggle for his opinions, and but little attempt to correct what he believed were popular mistakes. It is not possible, for instance, to overstate his admiration for Wordsworth. His poems were Boxall's constant companions; they were his delight, his comfort, his support. But he would rarely argue. "What does it signify?" he would say. "Let it go; it is their loss, not Wordsworth's." A great popular critic mistook a piece of velvet round a lady's neck in one of Boxall's pictures for its shadow, and attacked Boxall accordingly. "Never mind," he said, "he does not know that a piece of velvet has two ends." Another opinion of the same critic was quoted to him as conclusive: "But you see," he said, "I have studied Nature much longer, and Art much more carefully. I remember him when he was thankful to pick up a crumb; now he stones one with it." "But at least he has discovered Turner." "As you will," he replied; "but Turner had made a very large fortune, a larger fortune than any English artist ever made before; and no great collection was deemed complete unless it contained one of Turner's pictures, almost before your friend was born, certainly before he had ever written a line." "Whom is that picture meant for?" said a lady to him at a dinner-party, of one of his own portraits. "Oh! it is our host," said Boxall. "Why it isn't like him," said the lady. "Not a bit," said he. While painting he had a habit of talking to himself; and as he was painting a lady, she overheard him say, "What a lovely grey! what an imitable line!" "Really, Mr. Boxall," she said, "it wouldn't be at all safe for a young lady to sit to you." "I was thinking of Nature, my dear lady, not the least of you!" was his answer.

Such anecdotes could be multiplied by the hundred, but there is no space for them. There is none for a full account of his devotion to the early Italian masters, long before they had become the

fashion ; as many careful studies from them, so far back as 1833 and the two following years, remain to prove. Nor is there time to record any fragments of his most instructive conversation on Rembrandt and Sir Joshua Reynolds, his favourite masters in the art of portrait. But it should be mentioned that much, in his art, which critics in the press were fond of objecting to him as defective, was either the result of his bodily organization, or was deliberately done by him because he thought it right. He often said that in the sense in which "outline" is generally used (*i.e.* a sharp line drawn round an object, and relieving it from the background), except in the case of a dark object relieved against a bright light, he never saw an outline in Nature. He used to compare his eyesight with Maclise's, and told a story which has been often repeated in an exaggerated shape, but of which this is the truth. The two were walking down Portland Place ; and as they walked they were talking of their different powers of vision. "Now," said Boxall, "I *know* that that is a bird-cage on the house opposite ; but I can *see* only a dark spot." "Well," said Maclise, "I can count the wires." Boxall used to say that he painted what he saw, and that he saw things differently from Maclise. Further, he deliberately left much of his pictures slight, not to interfere with the effect of the head, which he carried to the utmost finish of which it was capable ; and he would show you that if you looked at a man's face, you did not, in fact, see with any accuracy the details of his hands, or of his waistcoat. Moreover, he used to show by example that such had been the practice of the greatest men. But the critics delighted to say of one of the most conscientious artists that ever lived that he "scamped" his work ; that he rejoiced in what they were pleased to term "laborious unfinish ;" and that his hands were "chaotic." Once certain "chaotic" hands were compared with the "finish" of Maclise. "What would the gentleman say, I wonder," said Boxall, "if he knew that Maclise himself had painted those chaotic hands for me ?" which was the fact. One of the most powerful and original of our portrait-painters, when quite a young man, painted occasionally in Boxall's studio, and he worked for him on the hands of Sir William Heathcote's portrait, now in the Hall of All Souls College at Oxford. "I suppose," he has said, "that those hands were painted twenty times. More than once Boxall has said, 'Capital ! just what I want ;' but so sure as I went the next day, so sure I found them painted out." Some little indignation may be forgiven to a friend who has seen this refined, fastidious, conscientious artist called "slovenly" and "hasty," and "unfinished" by men who probably never in their lives held a brush in their hands, and never devoted a serious hour to master or even to try to comprehend the first principles of art.

Criticism, however, of which he knew the worthlessness, vexed him more than it ought, and in spite of his better judgment rendered him dissatisfied and often unhappy in the practice of his art. He had all but finished a noble picture, which most of those who saw it regarded as a real masterpiece. Along the brow of a hill at evening-time three women were walking, with some children playing in front. Just cutting the light of the horizon, below which the sun had gone down, was the tower of a church. The whole was full of the most delicate beauty and glorious colour. It was all but finished. An artist of repute (it was Mr. Lee, the landscape painter) came into his studio, looked at it, and said, "Why don't you do something from Walter Scott?"—and as soon as the artist's back was turned Boxall destroyed his picture, to the great mortification of many of his friends, and eventually his own. Two large full-length groups remained in his painting-room at his death: one never finished; one which had been finished and actually exhibited many years ago, and was afterwards half destroyed by himself. In both cases the story was the same. A supposed unfavourable observation of the slightest kind (there is reason to think in both cases that the observation was almost entirely the creation of his own fancy) sufficed to make him destroy the work of months and refuse to resume it. "On no account," said a distinguished artist and brother portrait-painter, "on no account look at your picture before you have it safe at home; for if you do, Boxall is like a cat, and he will eat it!" Canvasses certainly to be numbered by the hundred were left behind him, many with lovely designs or thoughts indicated or half completed on them; but all abandoned before completion. There is no doubt that he was sensitive and fastidious to a fault, that he allowed his sensitiveness to mar the happiness of his life, and, if success is to be measured by money, to interfere with his success. Whether without it his character and his art would not have wanted their peculiar charm, it is very difficult to decide.

These hurried and most imperfect notes must now be ended. They give no adequate account of Sir William Boxall. His loss is too recent, and the blank he has left in the life of his friends is too grievous, for any judicial estimate of him to be possible. No doubt he had faults of temper, no doubt to some men he was difficult and irritable. His health was never strong, he lived much alone; and those only who have experienced the terrible suffering of nervous weakness, and have risen superior to its depressing effects, are entitled to condemn a fellow-creature who has, it may be, allowed such suffering sometimes to overpower his self-control. But he had rare and noble qualities. I do not speak only of his intellectual gifts and his great acquirements. Few men, indeed, had more of both. His feeling for what was beautiful in nature and noble in

any form of art, in poetry, in painting, in sculpture, in architecture, was delicate and keen, and yet was as wide as nature herself, and was limited to no particular form or school of art or literature. In the earliest art as in the latest he could find matter for cultivated and discriminating admiration. His knowledge of English literature, and of Italian, was great and accurate, and was always at his command. Few men taught you more with less assumption of the character of a teacher. But beyond all this, animating and guiding his whole life, was the highest feeling for truth and honour, affectionate fidelity to those whom he loved, habitual preference of the interests of others to his own, reverence for good men, and, according * to his means, an open-handed munificence. To those who knew him well, this will not seem the language of vague and unmeaning panegyric. They know that something has gone out of their life which it is not possible to replace; not only the picturesque aspect, the fine, impressive, yet most pathetic face, but the judgment always ready to assist them in difficulty, the heart that always shared their joy and felt for their sorrow. Those who had most to do with him were those who valued him the most. A venerable nobleman, who was one of the trustees of the National Gallery when Boxall was director, has said of him that the confidence of the trustees in him was unbounded, and that he had himself hardly ever met a man who combined so much tenderness of feeling towards others with such absolutely inflexible integrity. Testimony of the same kind is known to have been borne to him by Mr. Lowe when Chancellor of the Exchequer; a severe, some, perhaps, would say a cynical, judge of his fellow-men. A friendship of thirty years may justify me in adding that to some men he was never difficult, but always affectionate and forbearing; and that there are those who feel that they have lost in him the most delightful and instructive of companions, the warmest, the most steadfast, the most generous of friends.

COLERIDGE.

THE BEGINNINGS OF GREEK SCULPTURE.

I.—THE HEROIC AGE OF GREEK ART.

THE extant remains of Greek sculpture, though but a fragment of what the Greek sculptors produced, are both in number and in excellence, in their fitness, therefore, to represent the whole of which they were a part, quite out of proportion to what has come down to us of Greek painting, and all those minor crafts which, in the Greek workshop, as at all periods when the arts have been really vigorous, were closely connected with the highest imaginative work. Greek painting is represented to us only by its distant reflexion on the walls of the buried houses of Pompeii, and the designs of subordinate though exquisite craftsmen on the vases. Of wrought metal, partly through the inherent usefulness of its material, tempting ignorant persons into whose hands it may fall to re-fashion it, we have comparatively little; while, in consequence of the perishableness of their material, nothing remains of the curious wood-work, the carved ivory, the embroidery and coloured stuffs, on which the Greeks set much store—of that whole system of refined artisanship, diffused, like a general atmosphere of beauty and richness, around the more exalted creations of Greek sculpture. What we possess, then, of that highest Greek sculpture is presented to us in a sort of threefold isolation; isolation, first of all, from the concomitant arts—the frieze of the Parthenon without the metal bridles on the horses, for which the holes in the marble remain; isolation, secondly, from the architectural group of which, with most careful estimate of distance and point of observation, that frieze, for instance, was designed to be a part; isolation, thirdly, from the clear Greek skies, the poetical Greek life, in our modern galleries. And if one here or there, in looking at these things, bethinks himself of the required substitution; if he endeavours mentally to throw them back into that proper atmosphere, out of which alone they can exercise over us all the magic by which they charmed their original spectators, the effort is not always a successful one, within the grey walls of the Louvre or the British Museum.

And the circumstance that Greek sculpture is presented to us in such falsifying isolation from the work of the weaver, the carpenter, and the goldsmith, has encouraged a manner of regarding it too little sensuous. Approaching it with full information concerning what may be called the inner life of the Greeks, their modes of thought and sentiment amply recorded in the writings of the Greek poets and philosophers, but with no lively impressions of that mere

craftsman's world of which so little has remained, students of antiquity have for the most part interpreted the creations of Greek sculpture, rather as elements in a sequence of abstract ideas, embodiments, in a sort of petrified language, of pure thoughts, interesting mainly in connexion with the development of Greek intellect, than as elements of a sequence in the material order, as results of a designed and skilful dealing of accomplished fingers with precious forms of matter for the delight of the eyes. Greek sculpture has come to be regarded as the product of a peculiarly limited art, dealing with a specially abstracted range of subjects; and the Greek sculptor as a workman almost exclusively intellectual, having only a sort of accidental connexion with the material in which his thought was expressed. He is fancied to have been disdainful of such matters as the mere tone, the fibre or texture, of his marble or cedar-wood, of that just perceptible yellowness, for instance, in the ivory-like surface of the Venus of Melos; as being occupied only with forms as abstract almost as the conceptions of philosophy, and translateable it might be supposed into any material—a habit of regarding him still further encouraged by the modern sculptor's usage of employing merely mechanical labour in the actual working of the stone.

The works of the highest Greek sculpture are indeed *intellectualised*, if we may say so, to the utmost degree; the human figures which they present to us seem actually to conceive thoughts; in them, that profoundly reasonable spirit of design which is traceable in Greek art, continuously and increasingly, upwards from its simplest products, the oil-vessel or the urn, reaches its perfection. Yet, though the most abstract and intellectualised of sensuous objects, they are still sensuous and material, addressing themselves, in the first instance, not to the purely reflective faculty, but to the eye; and a complete criticism must have approached them from both sides—from the side of the intelligence, towards which they rank, indeed, as great thoughts come down into the stone; but from the sensuous side also, towards which they rank as the most perfect results of that pure skill of hand, of which the Venus of Melos, we may say, is the highest example, and the little polished pitcher or lamp, also perfect in its way, perhaps the lowest.

To pass by the purely visible side of these things, then, is not only to miss a refining pleasure, but to mistake altogether the medium in which the most intellectual of the creations of Greek art, the *Aeginetan* or the *Elgin* marbles, for instance, were actually produced; even these having, in their origin, depended for much of their charm on the mere material in which they were executed; and the whole black and grey world of extant antique sculpture needing to be translated back into ivory and gold, if we would feel the excitement which the Greek seems to have felt in the presence of these objects.

To have this really Greek sense of Greek sculpture it is necessary to connect it, indeed, with the inner life of the Greek world, its thought and sentiment, on the one hand; but on the other hand also, with those minor works of price, *intaglios*, coins, vases—that whole system of material refinement and beauty in the outer Greek life, which these minor works represent to us; and with these, as far as possible, we must seek to relieve the air of our galleries and museums of their too intellectual greyness. Greek sculpture could not have been precisely a *cold* thing; and, whatever a colour-blind school may say, pure thoughts have their coldness, a coldness which has sometimes repelled from Greek sculpture, with its unsuspected fund of passion and energy in material form, those who cared much, and with much insight, for a similar passion and energy in the coloured world of Italian painting.

Theoretically, then, we need that world of the minor arts as a complementary background for the higher and more austere Greek sculpture; and, as matter of fact, it is just with such a world—with a period of refined and exquisite *tectonics*, (as the Greeks called all crafts strictly subordinate to architecture,) that Greek art actually begins, in what is called the Heroic Age, that earliest, undefined period of Greek civilisation, the beginning of which cannot be dated, and which reaches down to the first Olympiad, about the year 776 B.C. Of this period we possess, indeed, no direct history and but few actual monuments, great or small; but as to its whole character and outward local colouring, for its art, as for its politics and religion, Homer may be regarded as an authority. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the earliest pictures of that heroic life, represent it as already delighting itself in the application of precious material and skilful handiwork to personal and domestic adornment, to the refining and beautifying of the entire outward aspect of life; above all, in the lavish application of very graceful metal-work to such purposes. And this representation is borne out by what little we possess of its actual remains, and all we can infer. Mixed, of course, with mere fable, as a description of the heroic age, the picture which Homer presents to us, deprived of its supernatural adjuncts, becomes continuously more and more realisable as the actual condition of early art, as we emerge gradually into historical time, and find ourselves at last among dateable works and real schools or masters.

The history of Greek art, then, begins, as some have fancied concerning general history, in a golden age, but in an age, so to speak, of real gold, of those first twisters and hammerers of the precious metals—men who had already discovered the flexibility of silver and the ductility of gold, the capacity of both for infinite delicacy of handling, and enjoying, with complete freshness, a sense of beauty and fitness in their work—a period of which that flower of gold on a silver stalk, picked up lately in one of the graves

at Mycenæ, or the legendary golden honeycomb of Dædalus, might serve as the symbol. The heroic age of Greek art is the age of the hero as a smith.

There are in Homer two famous descriptive passages in which this delight in curious metal-work is very prominent: the description in the *Iliad* of the shield of Achilles,¹ and the description of the house of Alcinous in the *Odyssey*.² The shield of Achilles is part of the suit of armour which Hephaestus makes for him at the request of Thetis; and it is wrought of variously coloured metals, woven into a great circular composition in relief, representing the world and the life in it. The various activities of man are recorded in this description in a series of idyllic incidents with such complete freshness, liveliness, and variety, that the reader from time to time may well forget himself, and fancy he is reading a mere description of the incidents of actual life. We peep into a little Greek town, and see in dainty miniature the bride coming from her chamber with torch-bearers and dancers, the people gazing from their doors, a quarrel between two persons in the market-place, the assembly of the elders to decide upon it. In another quartering is the spectacle of a city besieged, the walls defended by the old men, while the soldiers have stolen out and are lying in ambush. There is a fight on the river-bank; Ares and Athene, conspicuous in gold, and marked as divine persons by a scale larger than that of their followers, lead the host. The strange, mythical images of Kèr, Eris, and Kudoimós mingle in the crowd. A third space upon the shield depicts the incidents of peaceful labour—the ploughshare passing through the field, of enamelled black metal behind it, and golden before; the cup of mead held out to the ploughman when he reaches the end of the furrow; the reapers with their sheaves; the king standing in silent pleasure among them, intent upon his staff. There are the labourers in the vineyard in minutest detail; stakes of silver on which the vines hang; the dark trench about it, and one pathway through the midst; the whole complete and distinct, in variously coloured metal. All things and living creatures are in their places—the cattle coming to water to the sound of the herdsman's pipe, various music, the rushes by the water-side, a lion-hunt with dogs, the pastures among the hills, a dance, the fair dresses of the male and female dancers, the former adorned with swords, the latter with crowns. It is an image of ancient life, its pleasure and business. For the centre, as in some quaint chart of the heavens, are the earth and the sun, the moon and constellations; and to close in all, right round, like a frame to the picture, the great river Oceanus, forming the rim of the shield, in some metal of dark blue.

(1) *Iliad* 18, 488—608.

(2) *Odyssey* 7, 37—132.

Still more fascinating, perhaps, because more completely realisable by the fancy as an actual thing—realisable as a delightful place to pass time in—is the description of the palace of Alcinous in the little island town of the Phaeacians, to which we are introduced in all the liveliness and sparkle of the morning, as real as something of last summer on the sea-coast; although, appropriately, Ulysses meets a goddess, like a young girl carrying a pitcher, on his way up to it. Below the steep walls of the town, two projecting jetties allow a narrow passage into a haven of stone for the ships, into which the passer-by may look down, as they lie moored below the roadway. In the midst is the king's house, all glittering, again, with curiously wrought metal; its brightness is “as the brightness of the sun or of the moon.” The heart of Ulysses beats quickly when he sees it standing amid plantations ingeniously watered, its floor and walls of brass throughout, with continuous cornice of dark iron; the doors are of gold, the door-posts and lintels of silver, the handles, again, of gold—

“ The walls were masey brass; the cornice high
 Blue metals crowned in colours of the sky;
 Rich plates of gold the folding-doors incase;
 The pillars silver on a brazen base;
 Silver the lintels deep-projecting o'er;
 And gold the ringlets that command the door.”

Dogs of the same precious metals keep watch on either side, like the lions over the old gateway of Mycenæ, or the gigantic, human-headed bulls at the entrance of an Assyrian palace. Within doors the burning lights at supper-time are supported in the hands of golden images of boys, while the guests recline on a couch running all along the wall, covered with peculiarly sumptuous women's work.

From these two glittering descriptions manifestly something must be deducted; we are in wonder-land, and among supernatural or magical conditions. But the forging of the shield and the wonderful house of Alcinous are no merely incongruous episodes in Homer, but the consummation of what is always characteristic of him, a constant preoccupation, namely, with every form of lovely craftsmanship, resting on all things, as he says, like the shining of the sun. We seem to pass, in reading him, through the treasures of some royal collection; in him the presentation of almost every aspect of life is beautified by the work of cunning hands. The thrones, coffers, couches of curious carpentry, are studded with boasy ornaments of precious metal effectively disposed, or inlaid with stained ivory, or blue *cyanus*, or amber, or pale amber-like gold; the surfaces of the stone conduits, the sea-walls, the public washing-troughs, the ramparts on which the weary soldiers rest themselves when returned to

Troy, are fair and smooth ; all the fine qualities, in colour and texture, of woven stuff are carefully noted—the fineness, closeness, softness, pliancy, gloss, the whiteness or nectar-like tints in which the weaver delights to work ; to weave the sea-purple threads is the appropriate function of queens and noble women. All the Homeric shields are more or less ornamented with variously coloured metal, terrible sometimes, like Leonardo's, with some monster or grotesque. The numerous sorts of cups are bossed with golden studs, or have handles wrought with figures, of doves, for instance. The great brazen cauldrons bear an epithet which means *floury*. The trappings of the horses, the various parts of the chariots, are formed of various metals. The women's ornaments and the instruments of their toilet are described—

πόρπας τε γυαμπτάς θ' ἔλικας, κάλικάς τε καὶ ὄρμους

—the golden vials for unguents. Use and beauty are still undivided ; all that men's hands are set to make has still a fascination alike for workmen and spectators. For such dainty splendour Troy, indeed, is especially conspicuous. But then Homer's Trojans are essentially Greeks—Greeks of Asia ; and Troy, though more advanced in all elements of civilisation, is no real contrast to the western shore of the Aegean. It is no *barbaric* world that we see, but the sort of world, we may think, that would have charmed also our comparatively jaded sensibilities, with just that quaint simplicity which we too enjoy, in its productions ; above all, in its wrought metal, which loses perhaps more than any other sort of work by becoming mechanical. The metal-work which Homer describes in such variety is all *hammer-work*, all the joinings being effected by pins or riveting. That is just the sort of metal-work which, in a certain *naïvete* and vigour, is still of all work the most expressive of actual contact with dexterous fingers ; one seems to trace in it, on every particle of the partially resisting material, the touch and play of the shaping instruments, in highly trained hands, under the guidance of exquisitely disciplined senses—that *cachet*, or seal of nearness to the workman's hand, which is the special charm of all good metal-work, of early metal-work in particular.

Such descriptions, however, it may be said, are mere poetical ornament, of no value in helping us to define the character of an age. But what is peculiar in these Homeric descriptions, what distinguishes them from others at first sight similar, is a sort of internal evidence they present of a certain degree of reality, signs in them of an imagination stirred by surprise at the spectacle of real works of art. Such minute, delighted, loving description of details of ornament, and following out of the ways in which brass, gold, silver, or paler gold, go into the chariots and armour and women's dress, or

eling to the walls—the enthusiasm of the *manner*—is the warrant of a certain amount of truth in all that. The Greek poet describes these things with the same vividness and freshness, the same kind of fondness, with which other poets speak of flowers; speaking of them poetically, indeed, but with that higher sort of poetry which seems full of the lively impression of delightful things recently seen. Genuine poetry, it is true, is always naturally sympathetic with all beautiful sensible things and qualities. But with how many poets would not this constant intrusion of material ornament have produced a tawdry effect! The metal would all be tarnished and the edges blurred. And this is because it is not always that the products of even exquisite tectonics can excite or refine the aesthetic sense. Now it is probable that the objects of oriental art, the imitations of it at home, in which for Homer this actual world of art must have consisted, reached him in quantity, and with a novelty, just sufficient to warm and stimulate without surfeiting the imagination; it is an exotic thing of which he sees just enough and not too much. The shield of Achilles, the house of Alcinous, are like dreams indeed, but this sort of dreaming winds continuously through the entire *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—a child's dream after a day of real, fresh impressions from things themselves, in which all those floating impressions re-set themselves. He is as pleased in touching and looking at those objects as his own heroes; their gleaming aspect brightens all he says, and has taken hold, one might think, of his language, his very vocabulary becoming *chryselephantine*. Homer's artistic descriptions, though enlarged by fancy, are not wholly imaginary, and the extant remains of monuments of the earliest historical age are like lingering relics of that dream in a tamer but real world.

The art of the heroic age, then, as represented in Homer, connects itself, on the one side, with those fabulous jewels so prominent in mythological story, and entwined sometimes so oddly in its representation of human fortunes—the necklace of Eriphyle, the necklace of Helen, which Menelaus, it was said, offered at Delphi to Athene Pronaea on the eve of his expedition against Troy—mythical objects, indeed, but which yet bear witness even thus early to the aesthetic susceptibility of the Greek temper. But, on the other hand, the art of the heroic age connects itself also with the actual early beginnings of artistic production. There are touches of reality, for instance, in Homer's incidental notices of its instruments and processes; and, again, especially as regards the working of metal. He goes already to the potter's wheel for familiar, life-like illustration. In describing artistic wood-work he distinguishes various stages of work; we see clearly the instruments for turning and boring, such as the old-fashioned drill-borer, whirled round with a string; he mentions

the names of two artists, the one of an actual workman, the other of a craft turned into a proper name—stray relics, accidentally preserved, of a world, as we may believe, of so wide and varied activity. The forge of Hephaestus is a true forge ; the magic tripods on which he is at work are really put together by conceivable processes, known in early times. Compositions in relief similar to those which he describes were actually made out of thin metal plates cut into a convenient shape, and then beaten into the designed form by the hammer over a wooden model. These reliefs were then fastened to a differently coloured metal background or base; with nails or rivets, for there is no soldering of metals as yet. To this process the ancients gave the name of *emperstik*, such embossing being still, in our own time, a beautiful form of metal-work.

Even in the marvellous shield there are other and indirect notes of reality. In speaking of the shield of Achilles, I departed intentionally from the order in which the subjects of the relief are actually introduced in the Iliad, because, just then, I wished the reader to receive the full effect of the variety and elaborateness of the composition, as a representation or picture of the whole of ancient life embraced within the circumference of a shield. But in the order in which Homer actually describes those episodes he is following the method of a very practicable form of composition, and is throughout much closer than we might at first sight suppose to the ancient armourer's proceedings. The shield is formed of five superimposed plates of different metals, each plate of smaller diameter than the one immediately below it, their flat margins showing thus as four concentric stripes or rings of metal, around a sort of boss in the centre, five metals thick, and the outermost circle or ring being the thinnest. To this arrangement the order of Homer's description corresponds. The earth and the heavenly bodies are upon this boss in the centre, like a little distant heaven hung above the broad world, and from this Homer works out, round and round, to the river Oceanus, which forms the border of the whole ; the subjects answering to, or supporting each other, in a sort of heraldic order—the city at peace set over against the city besieged—spring, summer, and autumn balancing each other—quite congruously with a certain heraldic turn generally in the contemporary Assyrian art, which delights in this sort of conventional spacing out of its various subjects, and especially with some extant metal chargers of Assyrian work, which, like some of the earliest Greek vases with their painted plants and flowers conventionally arranged, illustrate in their humble measure such heraldic grouping..

The description of the shield of Hercules, attributed to Hesiod, is probably an imitation of Homer, and, notwithstanding some fine mythological impersonations which it contains, an imitation less

admirable than the original. Of painting there are in Homer no certain indications, and it is consistent with the later date of the imitator that we may perhaps discern in his composition a sign that what he had actually seen was a painted shield, in the predominance in it, as compared with the Homeric description, of effects of colour over effects of form; Homer delighting in ingenious devices for fastening the metal, and the supposed Hesiod rather in what seem like triumphs of heraldic colouring; though the latter also delights in effects of mingled metals, of mingled gold and silver especially—silver figures with dresses of gold, silver centaurs with pine-trees of gold for staves in their hands. Still, like the shield of Achilles, this too we must conceive as formed of concentric plates of metal; and here again that spacing is still more elaborately carried out, narrower intermediate rings being apparently introduced between the broader ones, with figures in rapid, horizontal, unbroken motion, carrying the eye right round the shield, in contrast with the repose of the downward or inward movement of the subjects which divide the larger spaces; here too with certain analogies in the rows of animals to the designs on the earliest vases.

In Hesiod then, as in Homer, there are undesigned notes of correspondence between the partly mythical ornaments imaginatively enlarged of the heroic age, and a world of actual handicrafts. In the shield of Hercules another marvellous detail is added in the image of Perseus, very daintily described as hovering in some wonderful way, as if really borne up by wings, above the surface. And that curious, haunting sense of magic in art, which comes out over and over again in Homer—in the golden maids, for instance, who assist Hephaestus in his work, and similar details which seem at first sight to destroy the credibility of the whole picture, and make of it a mere wonder-land—is itself also, rightly understood, a testimony to a real excellence in the art of Homer's time. It is sometimes said that works of art held to be miraculous are always of an inferior kind: but at least it was not among those who thought them inferior that the belief in their miraculous power began. If the golden images move like living creatures, and the armour of Achilles, so wonderfully made, lifts him like wings, this again is because the imagination of Homer is really under the stimulus of delightful artistic objects actually seen. Only those to whom such artistic objects manifest themselves through real and powerful impressions of their wonderful qualities, are apt to invest them with properties magical or miraculous.

I said that the inherent usefulness of the material of metal-work makes the destruction of its acquired form almost certain, if it comes into the possession of people either barbarous or careless of the work of a past time. Greek art is for us, in all its stages, a fragment only;

in each of them it is necessary, in a somewhat visionary manner, to fill up empty spaces, and more or less make substitution; and of the finer work of the heroic age, thus dimly discerned as an actual thing, we had at least till recently almost nothing. Two plates of bronze, a few rusty nails, and certain rows of holes in the inner surface of the walls of the "treasury" of Mycenæ, were the sole representatives of that favourite device of primitive Greek art, the lining of stone walls with burnished metal, of which the house of Alcinous in the *Odyssey* is the ideal picture, and the temple of Pallas of the *Brazen House* at Sparta, adorned in the interior with a coating of reliefs in metal, a later, historical example. Of the heroic or so-called Cyclopean architecture, (a form of building so imposing that Pausanias thought it worthy to rank with the Pyramids,) that "treasury" is a sufficient illustration. Treasury, or tomb, or both, (the selfish dead, perhaps, being supposed still to find enjoyment in the costly armour, goblets, and mirrors laid up there,) this dome-shaped building, formed of concentric rings of stones gradually diminishing to a coping-stone at the top, may stand as the representative of some similar buildings in other parts of Greece, and of a great deal of a similar kind of architecture, constructed of large many-sided blocks of stone, fitted carefully together without the aid of cement, and remaining in their places by reciprocal resistance. Characteristic of it is the general tendency to use vast blocks of stone for the jambs and lintels of doors, for instance, and in the construction of gable-shaped passages: two rows of such stones being made to rest against each other at an acute angle, within the thickness of the walls.

So vast and rude, fretted by the action of nearly three thousand years, the fragments of this architecture may often seem, at first sight, like works of nature. At Argos, Tiryns, Mycenæ, the skeleton of the old architecture is more complete. At Mycenæ the gateway of the *acropolis* is still standing with its two well-known sculptured lions—immemorial and almost unique monument of primitive Greek sculpture—supporting, herald-wise, a symbolical pillar on the vast, triangular pedimental stone above. The heads are gone, having been fashioned possibly in metal by workmen from the East. On what may be called the *façade*, remains are still discernible of inlaid work in coloured stone, and within the gateway, on the smooth slabs of the pavement, the wheel-ruts are still visible. Connect them with those metal war-chariots in Homer, and you may see in fancy the whole grandiose character of the place, as it may really have been. Shut within the narrow enclosure of these shadowy citadels were the palaces of the kings, with all that intimacy which we may sometimes suppose to have been alien from the open-air Greek life, admitting, doubtless, below the cover of their rough walls, many of those refinements of princely life which the

middle age found possible in such places, and of which the impression is so fascinating in Homer's description, for instance, of the house of Ulysses, or of Menelaus at Sparta. Rough and frowning without, these old *châteaux* of the Argive kings were delicate within with a decoration almost as dainty and fine as the network of weed and flower that now covers their ruins, and of the delicacy of which, as I said, that golden flower on its silver stalk, or the golden honey-comb of Daedalus, might be taken as representative. In these metal-like structures of self-supporting polygons, locked so firmly and impenetrably together, with the whole mystery of the reasonableness of the arch implicitly within them, there is evidence of a complete artistic command over weight in stone, and understanding of the "law of weight." But over weight only; the ornament still seems to be not strictly architectural, but, according to the notices of Homer, tectonic, borrowed from the sister arts, above all from the art of the metal-workers, to whom those spaces of the building are left which a later age fills with painting, or relief in stone. The skill of the Asiatic comes to adorn this rough native building; and it is a late, elaborate, somewhat voluptuous skill, we may understand, illustrated by the luxury of that Asiatic chamber of Paris, less like that of a warrior than of one going to the dance. Coupled with the vastness of the architectural works which actually remain, such descriptions as that in Homer of the chamber of Paris and the house of Alcinous furnish forth a picture of that early period—the tyrants' age, the age of the *acropoleis*, the period of great dynasties with claims to "divine right," and in many instances at least with all the culture of their time. The vast buildings make us sigh at the thought of wasted human labour, though there is a public usefulness too in some of these designs, such as the draining of the Copaic lake, to which the backs of the people are bent whether they will or not. For the princes there is much of that selfish personal luxury which is a constant trait of feudalism in all ages. For the people, scattered over the country, at their agricultural labour, or gathered in small hamlets, there is some enjoyment, perhaps, of the aspect of that splendour, of the bright warriors on the heights—a certain share of the nobler pride of the tyrants themselves in those tombs and dwellings. Some surmise, also, there seems to have been, of the "curse" of gold, with a dim, lurking suspicion of curious facilities for cruelty in the command over those skilful artificers in metal—some ingenious rack or bull "to pinch and peal"—the tradition of which, not unlike the modern Jacques Bonhomme's shudder at the old ruined French donjon or bastille, haunts, generations afterwards, the ruins of those "labyrinths" of stone, where the old tyrants had had their pleasures. For it is a mistake to suppose that that wistful sense of eeriness in ruined buildings, to which most of us are

susceptible, is an exclusively modern feeling. The name *Cyclopean*, attached to those desolate remains of buildings which were older than Greek history itself, attests their romantic influence over the fancy of the people who thus attributed them to a superhuman strength and skill. And the Cyclops, like all the early mythical names of artists, have this note of reality, that they are names not of individuals but of classes, the guilds or companies of workmen in which a certain craft was imparted and transmitted. The Dactyli, the *Fingers*, are the first workers in iron; the savage *Chalybes* in Scythia the first smelters; actual names are given to the old, fabled Telchines—Chalkon, Argyron, Chryson—workers in brass, silver, and gold, respectively. The tradition of their activity haunts the several regions where those metals were found. They make the trident of Poseidon; but then Poseidon's trident is a real fisherman's instrument, the tunny-fork. They are credited, notwithstanding, with an evil sorcery, unfriendly to men, as poor humanity remembered the makers of chains, locks, Procrustean beds; and, as becomes this dark, recondite mine and metal work, the traditions about them are gloomy and grotesque, confusing mortal workmen with demon guilds.

To this view of the heroic age of Greek art as being, so to speak, an age of real gold, an age delighting itself in precious material and exquisite handiwork in all tectonic crafts, the recent extraordinary discoveries at Troy and Mycenæ are, on any plausible theory of their date and origin, a witness. The aesthetic critic needs always to be on his guard against the confusion of mere curiosity or antiquity with beauty in art. Among the objects discovered at Troy—mere curiosities, some of them, however interesting and instructive—the so-called royal cup of Priam, in solid gold, two-handled and double-lipped, (the smaller lip designed for the host and his libation, the larger for the guest,) has in the very simplicity of its design, the grace of the economy with which it exactly fulfils its purpose, a positive beauty, an absolute value for the aesthetic sense, strange and new enough, if it really settles at last a much-debated expression of Homer; while the "diadem," with its twisted chains and flowers of pale gold, shows that those profuse golden fringes, waving so comely as he moved, which Hephaestus wrought for the helmet of Achilles, were really within the compass of early Greek art.

And the story of the excavations at Mycenæ reads more like some well-devised chapter of fiction than a record of sober facts. Here, those sanguine, half-childish dreams of buried treasure discovered in dead men's graves, which seem to have a charm for everyone, are more than fulfilled in the spectacle of those antique kings, lying in the splendour of their crowns and breast-plates of embossed plate of gold; their swords, studded with golden imagery, at their sides, as

in some feudal monument ; their very faces covered up most strangely in golden masks. The very floor of one tomb, we read, was thick with gold-dust—the heavy gilding fallen from some perished kingly vestment ; in another was a downfall of golden leaves and flowers, and, amid this profusion of thin fine fragments, rings, bracelets, smaller crowns as if for children, dainty butterflies for ornaments of dresses, and that golden flower on a silver stalk—all of pure, soft gold, unhardened by alloy, the delicate films of which one must touch but lightly ; yet twisted and beaten, by hand and hammer, into wavy, spiral relief, the cuttle-fish with its long undulating arms appearing frequently.

It is the very image of the old luxurious life of the princes of the heroic age, as Homer describes it, with the arts in service to its kingly pride. Among the other costly objects was one representing the head of a cow, grandly designed in gold with horns of silver, like the horns of the moon, supposed to be symbolical of Hérè, the great object of worship at Argos. One of the interests of the study of mythology is that it reflects the ways of life and thought of the people who conceived it ; and this religion of Hérè, the special religion of Argos, is congruous with what has been here said as to the place of art in the civilisation of the Argives : it is a reflexion of that splendid and wanton old feudal life. Hérè is, in her original essence and meaning, equivalent to Demeter—the one living spirit of the earth, divined behind the veil of all its manifold visible energies. But in the development of a common mythological motive the various peoples are subject to the general limitations of their life and thought ; they can but work outward what is within them ; and the religious conceptions and usages, ultimately derivable from one and the same rudimentary instinct, are sometimes most diverse. Out of the visible, physical energies of the earth and its system of annual change, the old Pelasgian mind developed the person of Demeter, mystical and profoundly awful, yet profoundly pathetic, also, in her appeal to human sympathies. Out of the same original elements, the civilisation of Argos, on the other hand, develops the religion of Queen Hérè, a mere Demeter, at best, of gaudy flower-beds, whose toilet Homer describes with all its delicate fineries ; though, characteristically of Homer, we may still detect, perhaps, some traces of the mystical person of the earth, in the all-pervading scent of the ambrosial unguent with which she anoints herself, in the abundant tresses of her hair, and in the curious variegation of her ornaments. She has become, though with some reminiscence of the mystical earth, a very limited human person, wicked, angry, jealous—the lady of Zeus in her castle-sanctuary at Mycenæ, in wanton dalliance with the king, coaxing him for cruel purposes in sweet sleep, adding artificial charms to her beauty.

Such are some of the characteristics with which Greek art is discernible in that earliest age. Of themselves, they almost answer the question which next arises—Whence did art come to Greece? or was it a thing of absolutely native growth there? So some have decidedly maintained. Others, in a period which had little or no knowledge of Greek monuments anterior to the full development of art under Pheidias, who, in regard to the Greek sculpture of the age of Pheidias, were like people who, in criticising Michelangelo, should have no knowledge of the earlier Tuscan school—of the works of Donatello and Mino da Fiesole—easily satisfied themselves with theories of its derivation ready-made from other countries. Critics in the last century, especially, noticing some characteristics which early Greek work has in common, indeed, with Egyptian art, but which are common also to all such early work everywhere, supposed, as a matter of course, that it came, as the Greek religion also, from Egypt—that old, immemorial, half-known birthplace of all wonderful things. There are, it is true, authorities for this derivation among the Greeks themselves, dazzled as they were by the marvels of the ancient civilisation of Egypt, a civilisation so different from their own, on the first opening of Egypt to Greek visitors. But, in fact, that opening did not take place till the reign of Psammetichus, about the middle of the seventh century B.C., a relatively late date. Psammetichus introduced and settled Greek mercenaries in Egypt, and, for a time, the Greeks came very close to Egyptian life. They can hardly fail to have been stimulated by that display of every kind of artistic workmanship gleaming over the whole of life; they may in turn have freshened it with new motives. And we may remark, that but for the peculiar usage of Egypt concerning the tombs of the dead—their habit of investing the last abodes of the dead with all the appurtenances of active life—of that whole world of art, so various and elaborate, nothing but the great, monumental works in stone would have remained to ourselves. We should have experienced in regard to it, what we actually experience too much in our knowledge of Greek art—the lack of a fitting background, in the smaller tectonic work, for its great works in architecture, and the bolder sort of sculpture.

But, one by one, at last, as in the medieval parallel, monuments illustrative of the earlier growth of Greek art before the time of Pheidias have come to light, and to a just appreciation. They show that the development of Greek art had already proceeded some way before the opening of Egypt to the Greeks, and point, if to a foreign source at all, to oriental rather than Egyptian influences; and the theory which derived Greek art, with many other Greek things, from Egypt, now hardly finds supporters. In Greece all things are at once old and new. As, in physical organisms, the actual particles

of matter have existed long before in other combinations; and what is really new in a new organism is the new cohering force—the *wind* of life—so, in the products of Greek civilisation, the actual elements are traceable elsewhere by antiquarians who care to trace them; the elements, for instance, of its peculiar national architecture. Yet all is also emphatically *autochthonous*, as the Greeks said, new-born at home, by right of a new, informing, combining spirit playing over those mere elements, and touching them, above all, with a wonderful sense of the nature and destiny of man—the dignity of his soul and of his body—so that in all things the Greeks are as discoverers. Still, the original and primary motive seems, in matters of art, to have come from without; and the view to which actual discovery and all true analogies more and more point is that of a connexion of the origin of Greek art, ultimately with Assyria, proximately with Phœnicia, partly through Asia Minor, and chiefly through Cyprus—an original connexion again and again reasserted, like a surviving trick of inheritance, as in later times it came in contact with the civilisation of Caria and Lycia, old affinities being here linked anew; and with a certain Asiatic tradition, of which one representative is the Ionic style of architecture, traceable all through Greek art—an Asiatic curiousness, or *ποικιλία*, strongest in that heroic age of which I have been speaking, and distinguishing some schools and masters in Greece more than others; and always in appreciable distinction from the more clearly defined and self-asserted Hellenic influence. Homer himself witnesses to the intercourse, through early, adventurous commerce, as in the bright and animated picture with which the history of Herodotus begins, between the Greeks and Eastern countries. We may, perhaps, forget sometimes, thinking over the greatness of its place in the history of civilisation, how small a country Greece really was; how short the distances onwards, from island to island, to the coast of Asia, so that we can hardly make a sharp separation between Asia and Greece, nor deny, besides great and palpable acts of importation, all sorts of impalpable Asiatic influences, by way alike of attraction and repulsion, upon Greek manners and taste. Homer, as we saw, was right in making Troy essentially a Greek city, with inhabitants superior in all culture to their kinsmen on the Western shore, and perhaps proportionally weaker on the practical or moral side, and with an element of languid Ionian voluptuousness in them, typified by the cedar and gold of that chamber of Paris—an element which the austere, more strictly European element of the Dorian Apollo will one day correct in all genuine Greeks. The Ægean, with its islands, is, then, a bond of union, not a barrier; and we must think of Greece, as has been rightly said, as its whole continuous shore.

The characteristics of Greek art, indeed, in the heroic age, so far

as we can discern them, are those also of Phœnician art, its delight in metal among the rest, of metal especially as an element in architecture, the covering of everything with plates of metal. It was from Phœnicia that the costly material in which early Greek art delighted actually came—ivory, amber, much of the precious metals. These the adventurous Phœnician traders brought in return for the mussel which contained the famous purple, in quest of which they penetrated far into all the Greek havens. Recent discoveries present the island of Cyprus, the great source of copper and copper-work in ancient times, as the special mediator between the art of Phœnicia and Greece; and in some archaic figures of Aphrodite with her dove, brought from Cyprus and now in the British Museum—objects you might think, at first sight, taken from the niches of a French Gothic cathedral—are some of the beginnings, at least, of Greek sculpture manifestly under the influence of Phœnician masters. And, again, mythology is the reflex of characteristic facts. It is through Cyprus that the religion of Aphrodite comes from Phœnicia to Greece. Here, in Cyprus, she is connected with some other kindred elements of mythological tradition, above all with the beautiful old story of Pygmalion, in which the thoughts of art and love are connected so closely together. First of all, on the prows of the Phœnician ships, the tutelary image of Aphrodite *Euplaea*, the protectress of sailors, comes to Cyprus—to Cythera; it is in this simplest sense that she is, primarily, *Anadyomene*. And her connexion with the arts is always an intimate one. In Cyprus her worship is connected with an architecture, not colossal, but full of dainty splendour—the art of the shrine-maker, the maker of reliquaries; the arts of the toilet, the toilet of Aphrodite;—the Homeric hymn to Aphrodite is full of all that: delight in which we have seen to be characteristic of the true Homer.

And now we see why Hephaestus, that crookbacked and uneomely god, is the husband of Aphrodite. Hephaestus is the god of fire, indeed; as fire he is flung from heaven by Zeus; and in the marvellous contest between Achilles and the river Xanthus in the twenty-first book of the Iliad, he intervenes in favour of the hero, as mere fire against water. But he soon ceases to be thus generally representative of the functions of fire, and becomes almost exclusively representative of one only of its aspects, its function, namely, in regard to early art; he becomes the patron of smiths, bent with his labour at the forge, as people had seen such real workers; he is the most perfectly developed of all the Dædali, Mulcibers, or Cabeiri. That the god of fire becomes the god of all art, of architecture included, so that he makes the houses of the gods, and is also the husband of Aphrodite, marks a threefold group of facts; the prominence, first, of a peculiar kind of art in early Greece, that beautiful metal-work,

with which he is bound and bent; secondly, the connexion of this, through Aphrodite, with an almost wanton personal splendour; the connexion, thirdly, of all this with Cyprus and Phoenicia, whence, literally, Aphrodite comes. Hephaestus is the "spiritual form" of the Asiatic element in Greek art.

This, then, is the situation which the first period of Greek art comprehends: a people whose civilisation is still young, delighting, as the young do, in ornament, in the sensuous beauty of ivory and gold, in all the lovely productions of skilled fingers. They receive all this, together with the worship of Aphrodite, by way of Cyprus, from Phoenicia, from the older, decrepit Eastern civilisation, itself long since surfeited with that splendour; and they receive it in frugal quantity, so frugal that their thoughts always go back to the East, where there is the fulness of it, as to a wonder-land of art. Received thus in frugal quantity, through many generations, that world of Asiatic tectonics stimulates the sensuous capacity in them, accustoms the hand to produce and the eye to appreciate the more delicately enjoyable qualities of material things. But nowhere in all this various and exquisite world of design is there as yet any adequate sense of man himself, nowhere is there an insight into or power over human form as the expression of human soul. Yet those arts of design in which that younger people delights have in them already, as *designed* work, that spirit of reasonable order, that expressive congruity in the adaptation of means to ends, of which the fully developed admirableness of human form is but the consummation—a consummation already anticipated in the grand and animated figures of epic poetry, their power of thought, their laughter and tears. Under the hands of that younger people, as they imitate and pass largely and freely beyond those older craftsmen, the fire of the reasonable soul will kindle, little by little, up to the Theseus of the Parthenon and the Venus of Melos.

The ideal aim of Greek sculpture, as of all other art, is to deal, indeed, with the deepest elements of man's nature and destiny, to command and express these, but to deal with them in a manner, and with a kind of expression, as clear and graceful and simple, if it may be, as that of the Japanese flower-painter. And what the student of Greek sculpture has to cultivate generally in himself is the capacity for appreciating the expression of thought in outward form, the constant habit of associating sense with soul, of tracing what we call expression to its sources. But, concurrently with this, he must also cultivate, all along, a not less equally constant appreciation of intelligent *workmanship* in work, and of design in things designed, of the rational control of matter everywhere. From many sources he may feed this sense of intelligence and design in the productions of the minor crafts, above all in the various and

exquisite art of Japan. Carrying a delicacy like that of nature itself into every form of imitation, reproduction and combination—leaf and flower, fish and bird, reed and water—and failing only when it touches the sacred human form, that art of Japan is not so unlike the earliest stages of Greek art as might at first sight be supposed. We have here, and in no mere fragments, the spectacle of a universal application to the instruments of daily life of fitness and beauty, in a temper still unsophisticated, as also unelevated, by the divination of the spirit of man. And at least the student must always remember that Greek art was throughout a much richer and warmer thing, at once with more shadows, and more of a dim magnificence in its surroundings, than the illustrations of a classical dictionary might induce him to think. Some of the ancient temples of Greece were as rich in aesthetic curiosities as a famous modern museum. That *Asiatic ποικιλία*, that spirit of minute and curious loveliness, follows the bolder imaginative efforts of Greek art all through its history, and one can hardly be too careful in keeping up the sense of this daintiness of execution through the entire course of its development. It is not only that the minute object of art, the tiny vase-painting, *intaglio*, coin, or cameo, often reduces into the palm of the hand lines grander than those of many a life-sized or colossal figure; but there is also a sense in which it may be said that the Venus of Melos, for instance, is but a supremely well-executed object of *virtu*, in the most limited sense of the term. Those solemn images of the temple of Theseus are a perfect embodiment of the human ideal, of the reasonable soul and of a spiritual world; they are also the best *made* things of their kind, as an urn or a cup is well made.

A perfect, many-sided development of tectonic crafts, a state such as the art of some nations has ended in, becomes for the Greeks a mere opportunity, a mere starting-ground for their imaginative presentation of man; moral and inspired. A world of material splendour, moulded clay, beaten gold, polished stone;—the informing, reasonable soul entering into that, reclaiming the metal and stone and clay, till they are as full of living breath as the real warm body itself; the presence of those two elements is continuous throughout the fortunes of Greek art after the heroic age, and the constant right estimate of their action and reaction, from period to period, its true philosophy.

WALTER H. PATKE.

IRISH NEEDS AND IRISH REMEDIES.

OF the many stirring questions which move men's minds at the present time there is, perhaps, none which more nearly concerns the welfare of the Empire than our political relations with Ireland. For this may involve not merely the peace and prosperity of that portion of our home dominions, but the entire future of representative institutions in these islands. On one point there is in theory at least general agreement—Ireland and Irish difficulties ought not to be looked upon from a party point of view, and the old race hatred which has done so much mischief in the past should be allowed now peacefully to slumber. The good government of Ireland, the encouragement of a friendly disposition on the part of its people towards England and the common Parliament, have to be considered as much for the sake of the general interest as for the benefit of our fellow-subjects on the other side of the Irish Channel. So far, we can scarcely contend that our rule has been either politically or economically very successful. It rests still in a greater degree upon force than upon the loyalty and goodwill of the majority of the population. A country which is still treated with exceptional rigour, where Coercion Acts are not uncommon, volunteer enrolment not permitted, the possession of arms tabooed, and where, in addition to the permanent garrison of 40,000 regular troops, a local army of 12,000 well-armed and well-disciplined men is kept up, under the name of a constabulary, in order to enforce the law and put down possible risings, is not a land which has yet entered fully into the spirit of free institutions.

Recent events have brought this home to us in a very unpleasant shape; but there is something more annoying in this case than in any other. We are accustomed to pride ourselves on our skill as administrators, still more upon our readiness to do justice to those who are in any way dependent upon us for obtaining the recognition of their rights, however much those rights may run counter to our own apparent interest. Yet here at our very door we are unable to satisfy, or even to permanently tranquillise, a people who have furnished many of the best soldiers to our armies, some of the ablest and most brilliant orators and writers to our literature, and, more remarkable still, the most successful Viceroy of India (Lord Mayo), and the most capable Governor-General of Canada (Lord Dufferin) of our time. There is no great distance between the two countries to render inquiry tedious, expensive, or difficult; no radical difference of language, customs, or even of religion to interfere with

mutual understanding. A trip across to Dublin, and thence to all parts of the island, is pleasant as well as easy, though few English politicians think of taking it until they have been appointed Chief Secretary, or there is some trouble afoot. Books, articles, pamphlets, debates without end, have been devoted to the elucidation of the subject, and Ireland has beyond doubt been the best-discussed country in Europe for the last five-and-thirty years.

Nevertheless, at the end of three quarters of a century of Union there seems as little genuine contentment with British rule as there was in the year 1800. The slightest agitation on any public question shows at once that disloyalty and disaffection lie close to the surface of apparent tranquillity. Irish journals of large circulation and considerable ability openly rejoice at the prospect of what would be joint failure, and mourn at the idea of joint success; a rising in India is viewed with satisfaction, as a rightful protest against tyranny, though thousands of Irishmen have served and serve still with distinction in our great dependency. Few, in short, can doubt that in a period of real danger England's difficulty would again be Ireland's opportunity, and that, if any fair chance of success offered, the hot-headed agitators in Ireland and in America would try the effect of another rising. At such a time indeed we might even move twenty thousand men from India with less risk of disturbance than an equal number from Ireland, though doubtless if matters were left to Irishmen alone to deal with, the Protestants of the north and the well-to-do Catholics would soon put down any communistic insurrection.

Still, in spite of recent agitation and turmoil, most Englishmen and Scotchmen fail to discern any deep reason for dissatisfaction. They see no very serious grievance—nothing which the Imperial Parliament has not shown a disposition of late years to handle and constitutionally to amend. Is Ireland really overtaxed and depleted? Irish members certainly do not lack the oratorical or literary faculty. Let them make it clear, and bring in a well-considered Bill to remedy the injustice. Are Catholics still under political or educational disabilities? The common Parliament cannot now be accused of indifference to their fairly-stated claims. Is an extension of the franchise needed? England, in the opinion of many, is in the like case, and at any rate the last Reform Bill is comparatively recent. Does the Land Act of 1870 need further revision in a liberal and therefore in a conservative sense? Let the Irish members agree among themselves upon a measure, and they will be sure of at least as much attention as English members can secure for English Bills. If they are unable to come to terms themselves upon what is desirable, they can scarcely expect the whole House of Commons to be able to see at once what is required. Such is the common feeling, and though there is something to be said on the other side as to the

manner in which Irish members have on some occasions been outvoted on matters of purely local concern, it is scarcely surprising that much anger and impatience have been aroused by the late agitation and the renewed denunciation of a House of Commons in which a hundred and five Irish members have seats.

If ever in any country men in power showed themselves anxious to remove all ground for ill-feeling between two peoples, that certainly did Mr. Gladstone's administration in 1869 and 1870 with reference to Ireland. Two deeply rooted prejudices in the minds of Englishmen were overruled by Scotch and Irish votes, in order that justice might be done in one respect, and an earnest attempt made to bring about a settlement in another. No sooner had this triumph been won, no sooner, too, had the ballot been carried, which, in the opinion of one of the ablest of the Irish representatives, "brought for the first time the influence and will of the Irish people directly to bear upon the assembly at Westminster," than the new party which had been organized set to work to agitate for a more or less complete separation, and for the last two or three years they have used the forms of representative government to embarrass and obstruct the assembly which, as had been admitted, displayed great readiness to remove their recognised grievances. What is more, persistence is threatened in these tactics until the majority is worried into acquiescence in its own defeat. Take what view we may of the evils from which Ireland has been and is now suffering—and I for one hold that Ireland cannot safely be looked at altogether from an English standpoint—can we wonder that there is a growing disinclination to discuss the condition of the country calmly? It would be a grave misfortune indeed if the irritation occasioned by what is now going on were to interfere with the reforms that may be needed. But sober Irishmen must know very well that the only hope of obtaining a portion of what they are striving for, is by convincing the general assembly in which they are so fully represented, that what is asked is reasonable, and that the proposed arrangements would work. Certainly nothing that Ireland can do will force on the first steps towards repeal or separation. Rather, if pushed too far, the action now threatened may tend to exasperate. The agitation, even taking the highest estimate of its strength, is a small matter; serious, no doubt, as a faint unwelcome symptom of a bad feeling which it was hoped was dying down, but nothing calculated to disturb a nation that passed without much concern through the troubles of 1848, and to whom the Fenian rising of 1867 seemed only a poor practical joke. Obstruction in the House of Commons is graver. But there are limits beyond which this mechanical interruption will not be tolerated, and to assume that

the purely factious tactics¹ will be tamely put up with in the next Parliament (no matter how many Home Rulers may be returned for Irish or English constituencies) is to take a very low estimate of the new House of Commons.

At the same time none can deny to Irishmen the perfect right to agitate legally for Home Rule. The only proper course, therefore, when Catholics and Protestants, rich and poor, join together to claim self-government, is to try to understand what is really wanted, why the cry has arisen, and how it can most advantageously be met. To tell Mr. Shaw and Mr. Mitchell Henry, the O'Conor Don and Mr. Sullivan, that movement which has virtually pushed aside their leadership in favour of less scrupulous persons must simply end in political chaos, is nothing to the point. They have all of them character and property to lose, and doubtless see something in Home Rule which callous Englishmen fail to discover. For we are told that Home Rule will settle everything. The national aspirations of the Irish—none the less romantic for being wholly undefined—the religious differences between Catholic and Protestant, the disputes between landlord and tenant, these and sundry other difficult matters will be satisfactorily disposed of at one and the same time. Home Rule is in short the panacea for all Irish trouble. What the Imperial Parliament cannot comprehend or grapple with, that an Irish Parliament will solve without the least exertion. Much is it to be regretted that the matter has never yet been set out in such a form as to convey any distinct meaning.

Hitherto in putting forward their views on this important subject, Irishmen have relied much upon the history of past grievances and the general advantages of their new scheme, but have rarely, it may indeed be said never, entered upon details. Mr. Butt, who was specially careful in this respect, was congratulated by his supporters on the fact that he skilfully avoided giving his opponents the advantage of telling them what he really wanted. But as has been seen from the first, it is precisely in the details of any plan of Home Rule that the real difficulty lies. As to the past there is now no great difference of opinion. That Ireland suffered much under English domination admits of no dispute. Up to our own day but little effort was made to conciliate the bulk of the people, or to govern

(1) The serious obstruction of last session began with Sir Stafford Northcote's refusal to pledge the Government to give another night to the discussion of the O'Conor Don's Catholic University Bill, on the ground that the business of the House was already behindhand. One Irish member after another got up, and declared that this step should not conduce to the pushing forward of public business. They carried out this threat on the moment by delaying the Indian Budget for an hour and a half. Irish members complained of having been deceived; but it is surely not the best way to show a capacity for self-government to endeavour to render all representative government impossible.

the country for its own sake. The most necessary reforms were withheld until, as in the case of Catholic Emancipation, the Government yielded to one agitation only in such wise as to provoke another. Naturally, therefore, the Irish look back to what seems to them the one bright spot in their history—the Parliament which kept up a sort of illusory independence for nearly twenty years. The memory of the great orators of that assembly still lingers in the land, and lends a deceptive gilding of national greatness to the period, whilst the bribery and corruption by which the Union was brought about afford ground enough for saying that it was unfairly obtained. A comparison too of the view taken of O'Connell during his lifetime with that which is held now, serves to show yet more clearly the mistakes which have been made. That turbulent orator was, as all now see, a patriot, and his demand for the disruption of the Empire ought to have been met by the steady removal of Irish grievances. Had this been done, more time might have been devoted to the consideration of the economical condition of Ireland which brought about the catastrophe of 1847. With that catastrophe the history of Ireland for men of the present generation may be said to begin. Between 1800 and 1846 the population of Ireland had increased, under the combined influence of cottier tenancy and the potato, from 4,500,000 to nearly 9,000,000. Two bad crops in succession killed 1,000,000 of the inhabitants, and drove 2,000,000 away, bringing down the population to about its present level. There were grave mistakes made, but from that time to this the terrible famine of 1847 has been referred to by Irish orators as if it had been a crime of the British Government. Thousands of Irishmen in America and the British Colonies, as well as in Ireland itself, are bitter enemies of the nation to whom they attribute their enforced expatriation.

With all this we must simply make our account. It would be as impossible, as it would unquestionably be ruinous, to retransplant the emigrants and their descendants to Irish soil. What part the Irish either abroad or in England would have in that new nationality which the Fenians think to create, none outside of the secret brotherhood can possibly imagine. Home Rule, however complete, would in nowise affect the dwellers in Liverpool, Glasgow or Southwark, New York or St. Louis. Moreover the soberer of the Irish leaders are as much opposed to Fenianism as they were ten or twelve years ago. In so far as that element of disorder comes to the front, the central Government may fairly expect the support of intelligent Irishmen of whatever position or creed. With Fenianism the issues pass at once outside political limits, and involve questions which few wish to open without seeing further than they can see at present.

But in the thirty-two years which have passed since the great 'ne, Ireland has not advanced with the rapidity that might have

been hoped for, and her stagnation has appeared the more obvious in comparison with the extraordinary increase in wealth of England and Scotland during the same period. At first there was to all appearance great improvement. In spite of much hardship and even cruelty, the emigration and evictions¹ benefitted Ireland as a whole. The inflow of capital from England raised the rate of wages. The 5,500,000 left had more elbow-room, and the improvement of communication gave opportunities for employment in England at better pay than at home. But remaining still a poor agricultural country with a large absentee proprietary, we have now evidence and to spare that in many parts of the island the people are still living from hand to mouth, and eke out in the best times but a precarious subsistence. Exceptional measures, such as have never been called for in any part of England during the whole six years of growing depression, have had to be taken this year in hot haste for the relief of the people in the West of Ireland. Nor should it be forgotten that up to a late date Conservatives and Liberals alike refused to admit the gravity of the distress. This of course puts a new and forcible argument in the mouth of the advocates of Home Rule. If we could not see (they may contend) and would not believe, that the effects of agricultural depression must be far heavier in Ireland than in England, how can we satisfactorily handle more important matters? Happily there have not been the political grievances of the past for agitators to work upon. The right of a landlord to demand rent so long as society remains what it is, cannot be disputed, nor of course his right to evict on non-payment; but whatever objections may be taken to Mr. Gladstone's outspoken observations as to the influences which enabled him to carry the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and the Irish Land Bill, or even as to the merits of these measures in themselves, the agitation of this autumn and winter would have been infinitely more dangerous if the former at least had not been passed.¹ The indifference of the Imperial Parliament to Irish concerns, the incapacity to deal fairly where vested interests were involved, and the religious animosity which blinded men's eyes to the principles of ordinary justice, would have afforded the groundwork for orations of a very different character from those which, as it is, have done much mischief.

(1) The famous third clause, giving compensation for eviction, has turned out the failure most Conservatives and many Liberals predicted it would. On the one hand the landlord, though not prevented from unduly raising the rent, was stopped from turning out a tenant, however bad a farmer he might be, without heavy compensation. On the other, by giving this second interest in the soil, eviction, even for non-payment of rent, was created into a greater grievance than before. Thus a good tenant's rent might be raised as the reward of his improvements, but there was no adequate means of dealing with a bad tenant.

Dr. Neilson Hancock's able and dispassionate paper in the last number of this Review shows that much ~~has~~ still to be done before Ireland is placed upon a level with England and Scotland in matters of ordinary administration. But it should not be overlooked that, owing to a variety of causes, Ireland is still far behind both the sister countries in many respects, and it does not follow that Irishmen are fully prepared for all measures that might be suited to Scotland. Still, when this allowance is made, it is open to all who choose to follow Dr. Hancock's plain unvarnished statement that Irish Catholics are still, nominally at least, under disabilities which liberal men of both parties would wish to free them from; that the Poor Law—that the law itself is bad in principle may be admitted without affecting the contention—is behind what is thought necessary in richer England; that public education ought to be placed upon an equal footing with that in England or Scotland; that localisation of jurisdiction and cumulative voting should be introduced. Here we have suggestions of more complete assimilation. But immediately afterwards come the proposals that the Bright clauses should be further extended, and Ulster tenant-right—a custom extorted and maintained outside of the law for generations by the energy and independence of a non-Irish people—should be made law for all Ireland. This is, of course, considerably in advance of English or Scotch legislation.

Dr. Hancock maintains also, in common with the Home Rulers, that the Imperial Parliament has neglected Irish affairs, and that, therefore, Irishmen have just ground for complaint. When this is examined into, it is difficult to see that Irishmen, except in regard to matters on which there has been the widest difference of opinion among themselves, have more reason to grumble than the rest of us. If they had pressed the economical and legal considerations now coming to the front with the same energy as has been devoted to Catholic education, far more would have been done by this time. Admitting also to the fullest extent the claims of the Irish members, we have still to learn, as Dr. Hancock says, that whole or partial separation is the best or safest way to carry them. That, in fact, is a very mild way of putting it. Decentralisation is a principle which, as a rule, finds favour with the country, but a method which would leave it open to a body of men to declare that property in land had ceased to exist for one section of society, is scarcely in accordance with any government at all. Even granting that the demand for Home Rule is to be justified on general grounds, how Ireland would benefit has not yet been shown.

That so far there should have been no intelligible draft of any definite project for Home Rule made public, surely goes to show that

its advocates are fully aware of the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of proposing a plan which would stand the test of criticism and discussion. Home Rule, as we know it, may mean anything. It is the most elastic political formula yet discovered. It serves to include for the time being men who mean widely different things. Thus, there are those who really aim at no more than they say, and honestly believe that a better and more economical system of government for Ireland might be established by Irishmen themselves, without in the least affecting the connection between the two countries, or sapping the authority of the Imperial Government. There are others who say plainly that Home Rule is a step to repeal of the Union, and a yet more complete separation. Lastly, there are the Nationalists pure and simple, whose "Ireland for the Irish" signifies something which they know will never be yielded except to a successful rebellion. Patriotism, self-seeking demagoguism, and misguided fanaticism are found for a time under the same banner.

The clearest explanation of what the Home Rule party wish is still to be found in the original resolutions passed by the committee of the Home Government Association appointed for that purpose. All subsequent speeches have been based upon these original propositions, and the arguments used in the Home Rule debate of 1874 were directed rather to the expansion of grievances which Home Rule must of itself remedy, than to the proof of how it could be satisfactorily carried out in practice. In brief, however, the Home Rule programme comprises the following heads:—A national Parliament of the Queen, Lords, and Commons of Ireland. This Parliament to have the right of legislating for, and regulating, all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, with full control over Irish resources and revenues, subject only to the obligation of contributing the just proportion to the Imperial expenditure. The Imperial Parliament is alone to have the power of dealing with foreign and colonial questions, as well as with all matters of Imperial defence.

This brief programme means, as we have since learnt, that Ireland is to have the exclusive management of her own taxation, her own land laws, her own education, her own railways, fisheries, and public works, through a parliament sitting in Dublin, of which the Upper House will consist entirely of Irish peers, and the Lower will be elected by Irishmen living in Ireland. Now I venture to think that if Irish Home Rulers could show that such a parliament might be summoned without bringing on the break-up of the Union; that its meeting would really benefit Ireland; if it could be proved, too, that Imperial interests would suffer no injury, and that, in fact, the whole arrangement would not fail from the start—if all these points I say could be satisfactorily established, little objection would be raised to the proposals. There is no more feeling on the part of members of the

House of Commons, or of Englishmen generally, against a parliament at Dublin than against a parliament at Edinburgh, or say at Carnarvon. Why should there be nowadays? We are dealing with political business, and all we want to know is what may be the best way of carrying on the Queen's Government. It is merely because the Irish remedies are thought to be wholly impracticable, that they are denounced as impolitic. In any case the burden of proof rests with those who consider the present system faulty, and recommend the substitution of another.

It is well nevertheless, in view of the near approach of a general election, to gather from the vague statements at hand what steps would have to be taken before another Irish Parliament could find itself established on College Green. For, as we see, those who propose to stand for English constituencies are called upon, if they wish to secure the Irish electors, to pledge themselves to vote for an inquiry into Home Rule. Now an inquiry ordered by the House of Commons has always hitherto been directed towards some practical end. But in this case an inquiry is proposed into an impalpable theory of government—an inquiry into the framework and constitution of a political will-o'-the-wisp, which no Irish member has yet been good enough to catch and table for our inspection. Would it not be well that accommodating Englishmen should ask their Irish friends to be so kind as to describe for them what the basis of the investigation is to be?

An Irish Parliament is to sit in Dublin. Well and good. Under what franchise is its Lower House to be elected? Is that to be settled by the House of Commons; or, supposing such a thing possible, by a caucus of the present Irish members by themselves? Even now some are in favour of a reduction of the franchise and others are not when the Irish members are in a minority. What would be the case when a lowering of the qualification put the entire power of election for all local business in the hands of a poverty-stricken and uneducated peasantry? Some points here would seem to deserve consideration. Would anything satisfy the Catholic majority of the people of Ireland which failed to give them the majority of the representatives in the Irish House of Commons? Is it conceivable that the Imperial Parliament would consent to any Reform Bill for Ireland alone which would bring this about? Granting the readiness of Catholics and Protestants together to give the fullest possible right of voting under existing circumstances, manifestly affairs would assume a totally different appearance when the balancing influence of English and Scotch members was withdrawn. The classes possessed of property and intelligence would be legally at the mercy of a body whose members had been elected by men holding views on the subject of the right of individual ownership, and the proper incidence of

taxation, much at variance with what is at present supposed to be sound. Nor would this difficulty be in any way met if the settlement were left to the Irish members themselves.

But it may be said the Irish House of Lords would act as a check upon the Irish House of Commons, even if Mr. Davitt or Mr. Stephens became Prime Minister, and Mr. Brennan or Mr. Daly was appointed Home Secretary. So far from this being the case, we have here only a danger the more. The Irish Peers are nearly all Protestants and all landlords; the Irish Commons would probably be most of them tenants, or the representatives of tenants, and Catholics. Have we not in this arrangement the making of a deadlock of the most anarchical description? We have only to imagine for a moment an Irish Parliament at work by itself upon a reform of the land laws, including the newly-developed theory of rent, to see where this would land the whole community. To put the thing plainly, would the owners of property in Ireland allow the class now agitating for a change, to carry out their views under Home Rule without that sort of opposition which has elsewhere led to civil war? How long, again, would the Lower House submit to be thwarted in the slightest degree by the Upper, without resorting to violence? When the Imperial Parliament passes a measure for the benefit of this or that portion of the Irish population, there is no option on the part of dissentients about giving way. There is power at hand to enforce the law. But there is no such obvious disparity of force in Ireland alone by any means, unless the Imperial authority is to be invoked to carry out the decisions of the local parliament—an arrangement which would scarcely be the Home Rule we understand.

Of course the Protestant members and landlords of the Home Rule party may have some method of restricting the suffrage carefully concealed, which would obviate possible hitches, which would reconcile conflicting interests, and assure the peaceable settlement of the reforms so loudly called for. If so, they do us a grave injustice by not bringing it forward. For not the most radical among us could view without apprehension the unchecked development of some of the schemes lately broached to admiring audiences. Is Ireland fit for manhood suffrage? That is what the rank and file of Home Rulers seem to favour. First, then, let us know whether manhood suffrage is to be the basis of the Irish House of Commons; and if not, at what point short of that it is intended to stop? As in the event of any serious difference of opinion leading to a collision, the interests of both countries would necessitate Imperial intervention, it is only right that we should have some opportunity of judging how soon, if Home Rule were granted, such interference would again become unavoidable.

able. Otherwise the Imperial Parliament is asked blindly to give the people of Ireland the power to organize disturbance, without any right whatever to stop them until it took an active shape.

Assuming this initial difficulty disposed of, further drawbacks at once come into view. For example, the Home Rulers declare that there is no wish whatever to break up the Imperial connection, none to avoid paying a just share of the Imperial taxation. Not disputing the former statement, who is to settle what is a just share of the Imperial taxation, the Irish or the Imperial Parliament? For there is a doubt on this head. Sir Joseph McKenna, Mr. Mitchell Henry, and others contend—with how much of justice it is not my present purpose to inquire—that Ireland is taxed twice as heavily as England in proportion to the relative means of the two countries, and that besides the terms of Union are infringed by this excess. Therefore there is a difference of opinion as to what would constitute a “just” contribution to the Imperial exchequer. The records of the old Irish Parliament show what difficulty there was in arranging matters then. Will the process be any more simple now? For it is not to be presumed for a moment that England and Scotland would allow Ireland to frame her own estimate as to the amount which she should be called upon to pay. At that rate there might as well be separation at once, leaving Ireland to keep up an army and navy on her own account, and establish a nationality in good earnest—an arrangement which, apart from its political absurdity, she would soon find burdensome enough.

It must rest then with the infinitely more powerful portion of the partially disunited kingdom, to say how much Ireland should pay at the outset. But this would be a varying amount. Say that it became necessary for the whole country to embark in a dangerous war calling for sacrifices from all, how long could the smooth working of such a complicated arrangement be expected? Thus, even if an agreement had been arrived at as to what was a just proportion one year, we could not rely upon getting it the next, when the contribution was to be increased by necessary taxation in excess of previous demands. Again, in the matter of the taxes themselves. Ireland can never be allowed the right to tax exactly in the way she pleases. Here, indeed, we at once enter upon those Imperial functions which the Home Rulers protest they have no desire to interfere with. To tax imports, however, is such a pleasing way of raising revenue that we can scarcely suppose the Irish Parliament would long resist the temptation to try how this would answer. In short, whichever way we turn, a Home Rule Parliament butts up against some Imperial business which could not be delegated to Ireland save by complete separation of the two countries.

The United States—the Federal and State Legislatures—inde-

pendent yet not conflicting Canada—the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments—are instanced as parallel to the form of Government which it is designed to set up in Ireland. But these associations are very different from any connection which can ever exist between England and Ireland. They presume an equality or the prospect of an equality, and besides, as has been pointed out over and over again, the matters to be arranged are far more simple. Moreover, the tendency even there is towards centralisation in important matters, and the doctrine of State rights cannot be pushed far without a danger of disruption. On every possible scheme of confederation Ireland would always be in the control of England. Such countries as Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland merely maintain their independence because of the jealousies of their neighbours, or because they are too small to be worth interfering with. Hungary, which is sometimes cited as a country holding a similar position to that claimed for Ireland, will shortly only prove how impossible it is to work such a dual Government for any length of time. As to our colonies, their position and history render any analogy between the two cases altogether out of place. Indeed, all such analogies are quite misleading. What is wanted is a plain, straightforward scheme—an intelligible sketch of how an independent Parliament is to be reconciled with unavoidable dependence; how Ireland is to have her cake at Westminster and eat it at Dublin. For it is to be observed that no word has been yet heard of giving up the right to Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament.¹ The whole affair is still in the clouds. Bound up with England as the most patriotic Irishman must admit his country to be, a separate nationality is a chimera. Yet the separate Parliament can scarcely mean anything else. The Fenians are much more logical and scarcely less practical than Mr. Parnell. Yet no Englishman, I suppose, would pledge himself to vote for an inquiry into an Irish Republic, with "agrarian communism" as its basis. It is precisely because Home Rule assumes that no change will be made in the constitution, and that the Union will be maintained, that it has obtained so much success even as it has. Let it once be made clear that final separation is its goal, and the end of the movement is at hand.

There is, however, a more serious drawback than any of mere detail, involved in turning over the entire government of Ireland to Irishmen without any external control. It is argued because Catholics and Protestants have joined in this Home Rule cry,

(1) "I propose no change in the Imperial Parliament, and if my scheme were adopted, the House would meet next year just as it has done this; there would not be a single change in members or constituencies; there would be members for Leeds, Glasgow, Dublin, and Limerick. The only change would be to take from that Assembly some of the duties which it now discharges in reference to Irish business, and to relegate them to another."—*Mr. Butt in the House of Commons, June, 1874.*

because Catholic constituencies have returned Protestants, and the Catholic clergy show no objection to Mr. Parnell, that therefore the self-governed Ireland of the future would know no religious differences, and that national prosperity would wipe out the bitter feuds of the past. This is the assumption, but what is there to justify it? Not the state of Ireland itself. True we have not had of late something little short of civil war in the streets of Belfast, and the usual festivals of riot have passed over with only a moderate allowance of homicide. But why? Because the Imperial Government has in each case taken the greatest precautions to keep the peace, much to the disgust of the people themselves. Not to speak, however, of what occurred last year at Lurgan and elsewhere, only the other day at the election of a dispensary doctor in a small town in the south of Ireland, it was necessary to call up a strong body of regular troops in order to obviate the chance of a serious collision. The Protestant Home Rulers themselves are perfectly well aware that religious feeling still runs very high, and that self-government might easily intensify it. Nor would the improvement of the wealth of the country, supposing it to be effected, at all interfere with the display of this traditional animosity. Irishmen in America and Canada are well-to-do enough, but the ancestral differences about the Battle of the Boyne are there debated with the same keen enjoyment of manslaughter as in old Ireland itself. Cities otherwise peaceable enough have been turned into fields of battle between rival processions of Irishmen, who held different opinions on matters of the smallest possible moment. Americans and Canadians alike look upon Irishmen as altogether impracticable in such matters, and wonder that they ever kept from flying at one another's throats in their own country. Unpleasant as obstruction is, a religious misunderstanding might easily be still more objectionable.

Once more, however. It is said that Irishmen manage what is left to their control exceedingly well; that their Poor Law, though inefficient owing to its legal shortcomings, is ably administered, their prisons and county unions carefully arranged, and that their municipal governments will challenge comparison with any on this side of the Irish Channel. All this, however, it must be remembered, is under pressure from without. In other parts of the world Irishmen in groups have not distinguished themselves for uprightness, or regard for the laws of the countries where they settle. This may be in part due to their neglected education, and in part to the absence of their natural leaders, whom, until the land question broke up the ties between them, they respected and followed. But in view of the Home Rule proposal, unworkable as it is on other points, it is not out of place to recall the fact, that the only great city that was ever administered by South of Ireland Irishmen was

New York. The population of New York is nearly two millions. The members of the Tammany organization, which had it under their command, were almost wholly Irish; they depended for their support upon Irish votes, and if ever there was a favourable opportunity for showing capacity for honest and intelligent administration without cost to themselves, there it was. How they took advantage of it, who runs may read. A more corrupt gang never preyed upon a civilised community. The whole municipal government became one organised villainy, and the only people who thrived were rowdies and bribe-taking judges. Wherever in American cities the Irish voters have got the upper hand, there, in a greater or less degree, the same phenomena have been reproduced. What has been the attitude of Irish labourers towards negroes and Chinese when they have come into competition, it is unnecessary to recall. In the same way the Molly Maguires of Pennsylvania, whose murderous outrages shocked the whole American community, were Irishmen, and this secret band of unionists could not of course plead barbarous landlords as an excuse for their assassinations.

It would be monstrous indeed to speak of the able and upright men who head the Home Rule party, in the same breath with the scoundrels who did their best to ruin New York; or to link the Catholic population of Ireland, so singularly free from odious crime, with the brutal colliers of the Schuylkill region. But the leaders may be only the Girondins of an Irish revolution. How long would they keep the control of their countrymen, when it came to dealing with the revenues and resources of the country for—as one of them has lately advocated—the encouragement of local enterprises? The common contention on the part of Irishmen that the State has duties towards them very different from any that it is called upon to perform in England—an argument which is in part accepted by Englishmen themselves—points clearly to Home Rule as a sort of beneficent if impersonal providence, which is to do for Ireland something that at present is not to be done.

But even when the impracticable nature of the Home Rule programme so far as it is intelligible is shown, we are evidently no nearer to a settlement of Irish difficulties. It is not to be expected that Parliamentary action will cease when the return of good times and the renewal of emigration has cooled down the agitation in Ireland itself. Even if the alleged grievances were righted, there might still remain that idea of a nationality by which, as the ablest Irish writer of this generation has truly said, the difficulty of dealing with the people is enormously increased. Nevertheless, we see in the case of Scotland, this sentiment of nationality is gratified without the slightest danger to the connection between the two countries. No one would accuse Scotchmen of any

lack of pride in their country ; no one would think of imputing to them an incapacity for self-government or self-assertion. Yet there is no call on their part for Home Rule. They are perfectly satisfied to await their turn of legislation, and in more than one instance—notably in the case of the law of Hypothec—they have been content to see a measure, supported by a great majority of Scotch members, overruled time after time by the majority of the House of Commons. Taking their full part in the discussions of other questions, they have recompensed themselves by their influence in other directions for the temporary neglect of their own immediate concerns. It has been said that the Scotch vote ~~had~~ disestablished the Irish Church, and certainly it has had great effect at many times in our recent history. But then we are told that the cases are entirely different. Not nearly so much so as Irishmen generally assume. The Scotch Parliament was brought to an end by bribery. For a long period the country was fearfully misruled, and a prey to civil war and contending factions. There was more ground for saying that Scotland could never be pacified, and that Highlander and Lowlander, Churchmen and Covenanters, would never come to a peaceful agreement, than that Irishmen will never consent to accept the conditions of union with England ; or that Catholics and Protestants will never agree to differ whilst returning members to a joint Parliament in London. But then we have never treated Ireland as we have treated Scotland, and we are in too great a hurry to reap the benefit of recent conciliatory measures.

Scotland is not discontented, because, in the main, her affairs are managed by Scotchmen in the interest of Scotland. The great majority of Scotchmen are Liberal, and only an insignificant minority of Scotch members have enrolled on the Conservative side. None the less, they acquiesce without complaint in a Conservative administration for the three kingdoms, though they know that it must postpone reforms, because a Scotchman is appointed Lord Advocate ; and no attempt is made (as in Ireland was made, until very recently) to force Englishmen into all the higher administrative and legal posts, or to treat the people as a whole as if they were a recently conquered race. If an English Conservative had the sole charge of Scotch Bills, if the statements of Scotch members were commonly treated as unworthy of belief, and if the whole tone towards Scotchmen were one rather of contempt than of conciliation, then we may be very sure the cry for Home Rule north of the Tweed would be loud enough. It is because instead of pursuing such a course Scotland is fully consulted, even in matters of sentiment, that there is no trouble in that quarter. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Lowther are highly creditable specimens of the sound, shrewd English gentleman ; but as Mr. Shaw has lately pointed out, and as

is well known to all who have watched what has passed during the present administration, they do not understand Irishmen as Lord Carlingford and Lord Mayo understood them, or as Mr. Plunket or the O'Conor Don would understand them. This is nothing in English affairs, but it becomes a serious matter in trying times in Ireland. Our theory that any one may be pitchforked into any office, whether he has had previous training for it or not, has been tried rather hard of late. Unless Ireland is to be held still upon terms which we have refused to sanction of late years in any part of the Empire, the Irish ought to be put on the same footing as the Scotch. If this principle were accepted, and the Chief Secretary were always an Irishman, very little more would be heard of the cry for Home Rule—a cry which, perhaps, some even of those who are elected on it do not very heartily join in.

There is some ground for saying that certain measures have not been taken because they conflict too much with English views. More than a generation ago, two men of such different opinions as Cavour and Lord Beaconsfield were of opinion that a peaceful revolution was the proper remedy for Irish troubles. It is sad to read in 1880 Cavour's liberal yet conservative recommendations in 1844, and to see how few of them have been carried out. Still the tenants of Ireland are Catholic, and the landlords Protestant; still absenteeism is a curse of the country; still much cottier tenancy prevails. Education is very imperfect, and the Poor Law incomplete. The Italian statesman was certainly a lover of a territorial aristocracy, and not too friendly to the Roman Catholic Church; yet, looking at Ireland with an impartial eye, he was of opinion that in her case it would be well "to abolish entails, and also the right of primogeniture; to permit the partition of inheritances, and to simplify the processes and formalities now required for the sale or division of landed estate. To the British people these measures would seem very serious; they would be regarded by them as expedients almost revolutionary." So revolutionary that they have barely been spoken of during all that long interval, and except for what the famine did for those who were left, we have to start from nearly the same point as when this passage was penned. The chief object now as then is to bring about a peaceful change, to enable the landed proprietors to rid themselves of a property which they hold at a disadvantage, because owing to race, creed, and disinclination to live in the country, they leave their land to be improved by their tenants, and are unable to identify themselves with the body of the people. We have found out in India that laws and methods of rule which suit us very well are wholly inapplicable, and even ruinous under different circumstances. Even in England we are beginning to doubt whether the privileges accorded by society to the owners of land are so

beneficial to the country as was sometimes thought. In Ireland the people have no doubt at all as to the effect of English laws. Fixity of tenure, and an extension of the scope of the Bright clauses, are called for by men whose natural sympathies would be with the landlords.

When Home Rule is refused finally, as sooner or later it must be, by both parties, no matter how much either of them may coquet meantime with the Irish vote, it will be absolutely necessary to show a readiness to settle this and other questions. To shut our eyes to our social and political dangers because some agitators have gone beyond all reasonable limits, or because a proportion of the people would confiscate property, and a few have resisted the law, is not in accordance with any wise view of the duty of a government. Those are altogether in the wrong, and must be summarily treated, who demand that they shall own the fee-simple of the soil on paying rent at a valuation for fifteen or twenty years; those, again, who urge that any man who has taken a piece of land for six months is entitled to hold it in perpetuity are almost equally to blame; for at this rate even the tenant who last purchased his holding will perhaps shortly find a poorer sub-tenant, whom he has let to, raising an agitation in the same sense, and all contract in relation to land is at an end. But all this does not alter the fact that the present tenure is not approved by any impartial person who has examined into it. Nor, on the other hand, would ownership, however complete, enable the occupiers of small patches to raise themselves much above the limit of starvation. Granting that cottier tenancy is a miserable failure, it by no means follows that any reform will relieve us from the drawbacks incident to the natural conditions of the country. Tillage has been kept up with difficulty in some districts for generations, as the statute-book shows. The general tendency is towards pasture and dairy-farming, which need fewer hands, and are more profitable than arable land. To legislate to stop a process which is suited to the country would be, of course, sheer madness. In Ireland, as in other countries, it is not possible to do what is economically most desirable. If it were, few can question that the poorer peasants would be far better off in America or the English colonies, even if they were given the fee-simple of their holdings to-morrow. If, therefore, State intervention is thought necessary in the direction of enabling the tenants to obtain possession of their holdings, it can scarcely be refused in the direction of assisted emigration, to which the Home Rule party, as represented by Mr. Parnell, seem to object. Otherwise the evils of subdivision and subletting which have manifested themselves before will certainly appear again.

It is at any rate the business of English and Irish politicians and publicists to consider this ~~treacherous~~ some subject without prejudice.

Either party may fairly undertake it without sacrifice of principle, for the Bright clauses of Mr. Gladstone's Act were accepted by Conservatives as well as by Liberals, and even fixity of tenure was given to sub-tenants in Bengal (with an unfortunate result, as some allege, owing to the Hindoo law) by an English administration. If we cannot hand over the management of the matter to Irishmen, we are at least bound to clear our minds of any feeling as to the effect which such changes as the abolition of entails might have on the solution of a similar problem in England. Home Rulers are at least right so far. On another point also there is a good deal to be said for their view. Absenteeism is, and long has been, a serious drawback to Ireland. The yearly drain of little short of £4,000,000 and more, is no trifle even economically, apart from the bad political effect of treating with tenants exclusively through agents, who have no interest in the estates, and look upon the whole question as a mere matter of salary and commission. In any steps which are taken to enable the Irish to become possessors of their holdings, the estates of permanent absentees may at least be considered fit subjects for experiment. Not the most abject idolator of the rights of real property can contend that *they* feel any deep interest in the welfare of a country which they rarely or never visit, and which in many instances their continuous demand for increased rent tends to pauperise. To allow such people to assert their privileges to the full extent, when they altogether neglect their duties, is simply to legalise and encourage a ruinous system.

Landlords are maintained in the peaceful enjoyment of their land because on the whole it has been found to the general advantage of society that they should be so. But in particular instances, where forced sale is advisable, it is carried out, and the Encumbered Estates Act might very well be supplemented by an Absentee Act—the Bright clauses under the wider interpretation now given to them by a vote of the House of Commons being applied in all sales effected. To read much of what is written nowadays, one might suppose that the 12,000 landlords of Ireland had not only the right to be protected in putting the law in force against their tenants, but that any change whatsoever in the law itself, however economically or politically desirable, must be a shock to the whole social system, and a step towards agrarian communism. Such argument on one side is almost as bad as the anti-rent agitation on the other. The Imperial Parliament is quite capable of steering between the two extremes and of satisfying all reasonable demands without danger. This an Irish Parliament certainly could not do, and whatever questions might safely be left to Irishmen to settle, the land is not one of them.

The desire for more local self-government is not, however, confined

to Ireland, though there it is pressed in a different shape from elsewhere. There is, as is commonly admitted, far too much local business brought before Parliament, and the excessive expense inflicted upon the country, and especially upon Ireland and Scotland, by the private bill system calls for some remedy. Railways, waterworks, and other matters of a similar nature might well be transferred to Commissions, whilst the power of municipalities and shire councils could be beneficially extended at the same time. This has been proposed by both Conservatives and Liberals, and any scheme would necessarily include Ireland. Unfortunately concession would now be translated as a surrender to agitation and clamour, whilst the resistance to the police of late has produced a stronger feeling in this country than ever. But though such measures may be beyond the scope of the expiring Parliament, they may be thought of as matter for the next. To suppose that the difficulties of Ireland can be solved at a blow is of course absurd. Whatever changes are made must be gradual. But much has been learnt by the Irish themselves during the late agitation. They see that neither in England nor in America can they expect sympathy for demands which go the length of confiscation and the upsetting of all law. On the other hand, we have had occasion to learn that the poverty of Ireland is no mad craze of Irish members, but that what in England means only pressure and hardship, in Ireland means famine. It rests with the present administration, by a careful attention to the needs of the people now—manifestly, individual charity, loans to landlords, and the Poor Law are insufficient for the growing distress—and by firmness, combined with conciliation, both within and without the House of Commons during the present year, to relieve the country from the scandal of obstruction in the approaching session. But to ensure that Ireland shall be, in future, a source of strength rather than weakness or annoyance, she will have to be governed more in accordance with the views of the majority of her population, and less on the lines of any preconceived policy, however apparently sound. This may involve some concessions disagreeable to our prejudices, but the pacification and contentment of any portion of the United Kingdom is well worth the sacrifice of rigid political consistency.

*H. M. HYNDMAN.

THE YOUNGER PLINY.

It is not surprising that the Younger Pliny should never have excited anything more than a rather languid interest outside the circle of professed students of Roman history. As a writer he is easy and graceful, but with a decided leaning to commonplace. His life was uneventful, and his times were dull. The storm and stress of the last years of the Republic had long passed away, with their fierce controversies, and their atmosphere of political, social, and intellectual unrest. Pliny himself was only nine years old when the accession of Vespasian put an end to the struggles which had distracted the empire since the fall of Nero. Domitian's outburst of frenzy in 93 was abruptly closed by his murder in 96 A.D., and throughout the period covered by Pliny's correspondence, men were living quietly under the vigorous and even rule of Trajan. Thus it is that the absence of stirring interest which disgusted Tacitus with his age, is conspicuous in Pliny's life and writings. There is plenty of official bustle, but little political movement, much intellectual liveliness, but no serious speculation, no passionate aspirations, no onward progress of thought. For the most part his contemporaries kept obediently enough within the limits imposed by imperial rule, contented if only they were left so far free and undisturbed.

But nevertheless Pliny has a genuine claim on our attention. In one sense the history of his time is easily mastered. Its few decisive events, its chronology, and the figures of the leading actors are fairly well ascertained, and are intelligible enough. Of the vast administrative machinery which regulated the life of the empire, we know much already, and our knowledge of it is steadily increasing. But it is when we come to this life itself that our difficulties begin. There is so little movement discernible, the interests are often so apparently artificial or trivial, the figures so shadowy, that it is hard to realise distinctly how men lived and thought and acted, and what were their engrossing occupations, their guiding hopes and fears.

Towards a right understanding of all this, Pliny contributes more largely than any other writer of his day. His letters, though rather artificial in their style, and composed, many of them, with an evident view to publication, are a more pure and transparent medium than either the histories of Tacitus or the satires of Juvenal.¹ He does not spend himself in a passionate protest against the dulness and meanness and vice of his age; but, on the contrary, his evident

(1) An English translation of Pliny's Letters has just been published by Mr. J. Delaware Lewis. (London: Trübner & Co.)

harmony with the situation and his constitutional moderation, make him all the more faithful an exponent of the average life of his time. His freedom from any keen intellectual cravings, or unsatisfied political aspirations, are not more characteristic of the society in which he lived than his mingled pedantry and dilettanteism, his rather sentimental admiration of the lost Republic, and his naive reverence for, and belief in, the imperial system of administration. He is valuable, too, because he supplements very usefully the partial accounts given by others. We learn from him, what we could certainly never learn from Martial or Juvenal, how much of sober decent life, of careful discharge of public and private duties, of genuine friendship, there was in the ordinary circles of Roman society. A warm friend and a kind master, humane and liberal in his private, and strictly conscientious in his public relations, Pliny is a valuable witness to the better elements which still survived in a corrupt age; and his letters prove that not only individuals like Tacitus' father-in-law Agricola, but a large and important class had discovered that middle path between "a rugged contumacy and a disgraceful servility," which Tacitus himself seems to regard as the best course open to a Roman in those degenerate days.

Pliny was above all things fortunate in the class to which he belonged by birth. What remained of the old nobility of Rome had, with few exceptions, either sunk to the level of mere courtiers, or withdrawn into a sullen seclusion. They were still proud of their great names and long pedigrees, but the prestige which these enjoyed was too often weakened by the obvious contrast with the ignoble lives or straitened means of those who owned them. It was now a matter of surprise, at least as much as of pleasure, when some member of these ancient families achieved any prominent distinction as general, statesman, or author, a distinction which frequently made its winner a mark for imperial jealousy, or for the intrigues of informers. But if the high-born noble was forced to disgrace his republican ancestors by courtiership, to frit away his life in vain regrets for an irrevocable past, or to be haunted through a dull career of office with a sense of degeneracy; the lowborn son of the people, if he wished to rise, had usually to seek promotion by flattering the great, and either, like Martial, lost all self-respect in the process, or, like Juvenal, was driven into indiscriminate hatred of his generation. To neither of these two classes did Pliny belong. On his father's and his mother's side alike, he belonged to the *noblesse de province*, the municipal nobility of Italy. Both the Cecilii and the Plinii were families of wealth and respectability, near Comum, in Northern Italy. So far as we know, his father had attained to nothing higher than an honourable position among his fellow-townsmen. His uncle, the celebrated author of the *Natural History*,

had indeed been recommended by his talents to the friendship of Vespasian and Titus, but he had remained a simple Roman knight, without ever assuming the higher honours of senatorial rank. But these "municipal nobles," the squirearchy of ancient Italy, were the very salt of Roman society. For the most part they were untainted by the vices of the capital. When Vespasian, who knew their worth, admitted numbers of them to the senate, their comparatively simple habits powerfully aided him in his efforts to stem the rising tide of luxury in Rome. From this class came many of the ablest officials, the most successful lawyers, and the best writers of the day. At home they did good work in managing the affairs of the town whose citizens they were, while in the capital they swelled the ranks of those who were content to make the best of the empire as it was, "to pray for good emperors, but put up with such as they could get."

But if Pliny was fortunate in the class to which he belonged by birth, he was not less so in his birthplace. From the time when the valley of the Po and the surrounding districts had passed finally under Roman rule, Northern Italy had been a favoured part of the peninsula. The germs of a vigorous civilisation planted there in the days of the elder Cato had steadily thriven and grown. The twin evils of slave-labour and large estates had spread more slowly and less widely there than elsewhere. Its rich lands had never been wholly converted into an aristocratic pleasure-ground like the Campanian coast, nor surrendered to slaves and brigands like the pastures of Apulia. The vote of Cisalpine Gaul was of especial consequence at elections in the days of Cicero. Even in Pliny's time, its numerous and thriving towns contrasted favourably with the desolate ruins of Latium; and in the open country the small proprietor had not yet been elbowed out of existence by the rapacious encroachments of wealthier neighbours. And these more equable conditions of life, added to a comparatively healthy climate, had developed and sustained a more robust habit of mind and body than could easily be found, except, perhaps, where in Spain and in Southern Gaul a young civilisation was growing up under somewhat similar conditions. And it is clear that those who came from these favoured districts retained always a strong affection for them, cherished carefully the memories of distinguished compatriots, and felt themselves united by a strong bond of neighbourly feeling. The names of Catullus, of Virgil, and of Livy were as dear to Northern Italians as that of Marius had once been to the men of Arpinum. Comum, "our fatherland," as he affectionately calls it, was the constant object of Pliny's affectionate interest, and the instances are numerous in which he exerts his influence at Rome on behalf of countrymen of his own.

Caius Plinius Cecilius Secundus, to give his full name, was born in the year 61 A.D. Of his father Cecilius, we know little beyond the fact that he belonged to a family long resident near Comum, that he was an influential citizen of that prosperous little town, owning considerable estates in its neighbourhood, and, lastly, that he died while Pliny was still quite young. His mother, Plinia, was alive at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, but beyond the fact of her presence there, we hear nothing about her. Without doubt the two persons who exercised the most decisive influence over Pliny's early life were his uncle, the elder Pliny, whose adopted son he became, and his beloved guardian, Verginius Rufus.

The former was, in every point but official distinction, a bigger man than his nephew. In his indefatigable literary activity, and his omnivorous zeal for knowledge, which he found time to gratify amid the bustle of a busy life, he reminds us of Varro. His *Natural History* is an encyclopaedia of the learning of his day. His *History of the German Wars* seems to have been largely used by Tacitus in the earlier books of the *Annals*. His military experience as a cavalry officer took shape in a treatise *On Cavalry Javelin Exercise*; while he anticipated Quintilian by a treatise in six volumes on the *Student*; "in which," says his nephew, "the orator is trained from his very cradle and perfected." During the last years of Nero's reign, when literary independence was at a discount, he solaced himself by a discussion, in eight books, on *Doubtful Phraseology*; and when Nero fell, he reappeared with a continuation of the histories of *Aufidius Bassus*, which, apparently, embraced the reigns of Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian. In addition to these published works he left behind him a prodigious quantity of note-books, "written on both sides of the parchment, and in an extremely small hand."¹ And all the time he led a busy life; at first, as a useful public servant in various subordinate offices; and, finally, as the trusted adviser of Vespasian and Titus. The nephew had not the mental or physical powers of the uncle, but he followed him at a distance in his love of study, in his thirst for knowledge, and his devotion to public duty. On the last head, however, Pliny had even more to learn from his guardian. Verginius Rufus was a man of whom Comum might justly be proud. He came from Pliny's own class, and their estates joined; but he had won for himself by his military abilities, and still more by his unswerving honesty and uprightness, the universal respect of the Roman world. He held high commands, was three times consul, and had twice refused the imperial purple offered him by his devoted legions; and when he died, full of years and honours, men mourned in him the loss of a perfect pattern of the virtues of an older day. To Pliny he was a second father, ever ready with

(1) *Epp.* iii. 5.

sympathy and counsel, and always at hand with the support of his name and presence. It would be difficult to overestimate the stimulating effect of such early associations as these upon Pliny's character. The lives of Verginius and his uncle set before him an ideal of an old-fashioned sense of duty, a purity of life, and a devotion to learning which probably did much to save him from the two extremes of luxurious indolence, and austere but useless seclusion, which were fatal to so many of his generation.

We can only guess at the manner in which Pliny's life was spent, before, at the age of nineteen, he commenced practice as an advocate in Rome. The comparative merits of a home and a school education were as hotly discussed then as in more recent times; but whether Pliny himself was taught by a "preceptor" at home, or attended the school of some local "grammaticus," we cannot certainly say; the wealth of his family, however, would make it easy for them to secure the services of a competent tutor from a distance, while we learn that Comum itself was singularly ill-provided with schools. In either case his course of education at this stage probably resembled closely that described by Quintilian as belonging to the sphere of the "grammaticus," a course not unlike the old purely classical curriculum of our own grammar schools. It began with a careful study of grammar; then followed the reading and repetition of select passages from Greek and Latin poets; Homer and Virgil being those recommended by the best authorities; and lastly came verse-making, a branch in which Pliny showed a more than Etonian precocity, for at the age of fourteen he composed a Greek tragedy.¹ With the fifteenth birthday school life and boyhood ended together, and if his parents could afford it the "young man" was next sent to complete his education in the schools of the rhetoricians at Rome. The step from the tutor at home, or the local grammar school, to the school of rhetoric, was a step like that from school to college in our own day. The young Italian was at once plunged into a larger world. The strict restraints of discipline were removed, the course of study was wider and more advanced. The student sat at the feet of celebrated masters, and was encouraged to discuss, to criticise, and to question, where before he had simply learnt.

Chief among the teachers of rhetoric in Rome, when Pliny began his student-life there, was Quintilian, the first holder of the chair of Latin rhetoric established by Vespasian. His lectures Pliny attended, and those also of a Greek professor, Nicetes Sacerdos,² but he tells us nothing more of this part of his life beyond the fact that among his fellow students was his friend and countryman Voconius Romanus.³ Traces, however, of his studies are visible in his letters.

(1) *Epp.* vii. 4.

(2) *Epp.* ii. 14; vi. 16.

(3) *Epp.* ii. 13.

The learned world was exercised then, as it has often been since, by the difficulty of settling the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns. One party upheld the claims of the poets and historians of the century, and applauded the eloquence of contemporary orators, while the other scornfully contrasted these new men, with their affectations and meretricious elegancies, with such giants of past times as Virgil, Livy, and Cicero; or even, if they were extreme in their reverence for antiquity, with Ennius, with the elder Cato and the Gracchi. Adherence to one side or the other was often determined by other than purely literary considerations, for the Stoics and their sympathisers, as well as those who professed to look back with regret to the days of republican freedom, preferred the ancients as naturally as others did the moderns. The great Quintilian himself must be ranked among the more moderate and discriminating admirers of the ancients. He refused indeed to go back for models of eloquence to Cato, or for models of poetry to Ennius; but he emphatically recommends the great masters of the Ciceronian and Augustan ages in preference to later writers. Pliny's verdict agrees on the whole with that of his teacher. "I am," he says, "of the number of those who admire the ancients."¹ At the time of the eruption of Vesuvius he was engaged in a close study of Livy.² As a pleader he copied Demosthenes and Cicero.³ In one passage he prays for a return to a style more severe and simple than that which was then fashionable; and elsewhere a friend's poems are praised as reminding him of Catullus, and even of Plautus and Terence.⁴ And in his case too this admiration of the ancients went along with a perceptible leaning towards Stoicism, and a moderate love and respect for all that belonged to the old Republic. But it is not only in these specific opinions that we can detect the results of his training in the rhetorical schools. In him, as in others, it affected all his habits of thought and his whole literary character, though the loss of all his poems, and, with one exception, of all his speeches, prevents its effects from being so visible as they would otherwise have been. The aim of Roman education is clearly and simply expressed in the title of Quintilian's elaborate work, the *Institutio Oratoria*. The highest ideal of complete culture was realised in the perfect orator. In him all learning, and even all virtue, found their fullest expression and the noblest sphere for their exercise. To possess a complete mastery of all the resources of language; to have at command for illustration and argument all the accumulated treasures of poetry, philosophy, and history; to be familiar with all the workings of the human heart and mind; and lastly, to be skilled in every turn of dialectic, was the highest result of sound education, as it was then understood. The theory was a

(1) *Epp.* vi. 21. (2) *Epp.* vi. 20. (3) *Epp.* i. 2. (4) *Epp.* iii. 18; i. 16.

legacy from the days of republican freedom in Greece and Rome, when politics were the absorbing business of life, and effective speech the greatest force in politics. In Greece, first of all, the scientific use of this weapon was systematically taught; when her freedom left her, the art of rhetoric continued to flourish in her schools, and was thence transplanted to Rome. There the untutored eloquence of early days was replaced by a studied oratory, of which the younger Gracchus was one of the first exponents, and the rapid advance made by the art of rhetoric may be illustrated by Cicero's famous treatise on *The Orator*. When, after the establishment of the Empire, silence fell upon the Forum, and even in the Senate free discussion was rarely more than a mere form, rhetorical training still formed the sum and substance of education. A system so one-sided in its aim would have been bad enough anywhere, but its effects were the more disastrous in Imperial Rome because the proper sphere for the exercise of this special training was so restricted. Only in the law courts, and occasionally in the senate, could the lessons of the schools be carried into practice, and thus deprived of its natural outlets rhetoric forced its way into fields not rightly its own. All literature was pervaded with a rhetorical spirit. The tendency to declamation and special pleading, the excessive straining after effect for effect's sake, and the undue stress laid on form and style, faults which in various degrees are noticeable in all the writers of the age, may be attributed to the rhetorical bias which their education had given them; and the air of unreality and affectation which thus resulted was rendered more conspicuous by the increasing absence of any of those stirring interests in practical or intellectual life, which are the food on which a healthy literature thrives best.

So far as Pliny is concerned, these defects are most clearly seen in his *Panegyric of Trajan*. There does, indeed, run through it a current of genuine gratitude for the liberal rule which Trajan had inaugurated, and of sincere admiration for his great qualities. But the composition is very laboured; the flattery of Trajan is fulsome, and the language used in describing his "restoration of liberty" is almost comically exaggerated. Even in the letters, however, their natural grace and freshness is too often spoilt by over elaboration, or by rhetorical touches and sentiments. Like his speeches, they seem many of them to have been revised for publication with a care which only impairs their effect. Sometimes he is wearisome in his efforts to be smart; at others he is absurdly magniloquent. To take a single instance. The prosecution of Marius Priscus—by no means a very unusual sort of suit—is described as¹ "memorable from the great position of the personage concerned, salutary from the severity of the example set, and immortal owing to the magnitude of the

affair." Not less characteristic is the prominence he gives to questions of style and to the art of composition. Here is the course of study he prescribes for his friend Fuscus, a course good enough as far as it goes, but wofully limited in scope.¹ "It will be particularly profitable—and so it is laid down by many—to translate either from Greek into Latin, or from Latin into Greek. This is a kind of exercise which will furnish you with propriety and brilliancy of expression, a great supply of ornamental turns, force in exposition, and moreover, by imitation of the best models, with a faculty of inventing what will resemble them." In the same spirit he recommends history, not as a subject of scientific study, but simply as a literary exercise. "I should wish you," he says, "occasionally to take up some historical topic;" letter-writing is advised, "for a concise and pure style is thus acquired." "Even poetry is a fitting relaxation, for it is marvellous how by means of these compositions the mind is at once exerted and refreshed." In the same spirit the notebooks which Pliny, like his uncle, kept always at hand, while waiting for wild boars in the woods above Lake Como, no less than when on a journey or in his study, were used more for the convenience of jotting down verses or happy turns of thought than for the collection of facts. We have only one direct allusion to the Dacian wars of Trajan, and that in a letter,² in which he points out their capabilities as a subject for verse, the most serious difficulty being that of preventing the "barbarous and savage names from showing their repugnance to Greek metre," otherwise the subject is admirable. "So vast, so poetical, and though dealing in events of the most real character, so like fable." Here we have the method of treatment in germ, which was developed in all its tiresome monotony by Silius Italicus. For philosophic speculation of a serious kind, Pliny has as little taste as most of his contemporaries; but in the tricks and turns of dialectic he takes a characteristic delight, of which the following description of the Greek rhetorician Isaeus is sufficient proof.³ "Great as was the reputation which had preceded Isaeus, yet he was found to surpass it; his powers of speech, his copiousness, his richness are extraordinary. He calls for several subjects of discussion, and allows his hearers to make their choice, frequently even to select their sides. He rises and composes his attire, then he begins. At once, and almost at the same moment, everything comes to his hand, profound ideas present themselves, and expressions—oh, such expressions! so choice and polished! His preludes are to the point, his narratives clear, his attacks vigorous, his embellishments noble. He indulges in frequent *enthymemata*, frequent syllogisms, concise and reasoned out, such as it is difficult to produce even with pen in hand. His memory is incredible; he will repeat from a long way back what he has spoken extempore, without a mis-

(1) *Epp.* vii. 9.(2) *Epp.* viii. 4.(3) *Epp.* ii. 2.

take in a word. To this degree of skill has he attained by study and practice; for night and day he applies himself to nothing else, hears and talks of nothing else." So excessive an admiration for what was after all merely a remarkable *tour de force* was the natural and inevitable result of the one-sided rhetorical education of the day.

Pliny had probably just finished his studies in the rhetorical schools when, in A.D. 79, he lost his uncle. From Campania he returned to Rome, and at the age of nineteen he began, as the custom was, to practise as an advocate in the civil courts. Of his earliest essays at the bar we know nothing, and this stage of his practice cannot have lasted long; for his wealth and connections, joined to the reputation of his uncle, all pointed to a more ambitious career than that of a simple advocate. The military profession, attractive as it was to more adventurous and active spirits, had as little charm for him as for Cicero. His uncle's official course had been limited to the subordinate posts under the Imperial Government, which fell naturally to the lot of those who were only simple knights. But his nephew might fairly aspire to the high honours of senatorial rank, and to the dignified magistracies to which a seat in the Senate opened the way. It was no doubt with a view to this traditionally respectable career that Pliny underwent a short probation in the army, for a certain period of military service was still required from candidates for the "magistracies of the Roman people." The young Roman of position, however, had long ceased to enter the ranks of the legion as a private. Instead of this, he obtained a commission and commenced service as military tribune. In this capacity Pliny, at the age of twenty, entered the third Gallic legion, which was then, and had been for a long time, stationed in Syria. He seems to have made a respectable officer, though he reports badly of the state of discipline.¹ But he saw no active service, and found leisure to form acquaintances much to his taste with the Greek philosophers Euphrates and Artemidorus.² His whole term of service cannot have lasted for more than a year, and was very possibly compressed into half the time. This preliminary soldiering over, Pliny returned to Rome to stand for office. By this was meant, not the various prefectures, legateships, and procuratorships created by the emperors and bestowed by them at their own discretion, but the old legitimate republican magistracies, which, though often little better than sinecures, and at the best entailing purely municipal duties, still retained much of their old prestige, and carried with them a social dignity which was eagerly coveted. The lowest of them—the quaestorship—gave its holder the rank of senator, and he became a member of what was virtually the peerage of the Empire, and each successive step raised him higher, till, with the consulship, he reached the very top of the social scale.

(1) *Puney.* 18.

(2) *Epp.* i. 10; iii. 11.

Pliny entered Roman society under favourable auspices. Domitian had been only a short time Emperor, and had not yet professed that "hatred of good men"¹ which darkened the closing years of his reign. Pliny was no doubt known to him through his uncle, and seems to have stood fairly high in his esteem. But apart from imperial patronage, he found a ready admission into the best circles in Rome. They were not, indeed, the most fashionable or the most aristocratic, but they included nearly all that the capital could boast of moral or intellectual worth. There was a sprinkling of austere Stoics and republicans who religiously observed the birthdays of Brutus and Cassius and wrote the lives of illustrious victims of imperial tyranny; but the majority were men of the type of Verginius Rufus, or of Pliny's countryman and trusted counsellor Corellius, or of Cornelius Tacitus; men who united a rare simplicity of life and purity of character with considerable literary culture and much practical common sense. In their society Pliny passed his time till he was of age to stand for the quæstorship. He seems to have now resumed his legal practice; and in this interval also occurred most probably his first marriage, though as to his wife's name and origin we are left very much in the dark.

In the year A.D. 89, at the age of twenty-eight, he became quæstor. His candidature was no doubt powerfully supported by such friends as Verginius and Corellius, but it is probable that he enjoyed the far greater advantage of being one of the candidates recommended to the votes of the Senate by the Emperor himself. Such a recommendation was decisive, but Pliny received a further mark of Domitian's favour in being selected for the Emperor's immediate service as "quæstor Caesaris."² He thus escaped being sent to a province as quæstor to the governor, while enjoying special distinction as the ordinary medium of communication between the Emperor and the Senate.

His next office was that of tribune of the plebs, which he probably held from December, A.D. 91, to December, A.D. 92. It was with good reason that many in Pliny's day regarded the tribunate as nothing better than "a shadow and an empty name."³ The tribunician authority held by the emperors apart from the office itself, was at least useful in giving the sanction of republican tradition to their rule in Rome; but for the actual tribunes of each year nothing was left but rusty prerogatives and the memories of an illustrious past. Yet it is characteristic of the rather sentimental sympathy with old times felt by Pliny and his set, and of his own *naïve* self-importance, that he by no means assented to the ordinary view of the office. He did not, indeed, commit himself to any unseasonable revival of its powers, as did his more thorough-going friend Rusticus⁴

(1) *Panep.* 95.

(2) *Epp.* vii. 16.

(3) *Epp.* i. 23.

(4) *Tac. Ann.* xvi. 26.

—on the contrary, he speaks in the *Panegyric* of its “quiet”¹—but he consistently held aloof from all that he considered incompatible with its rather obsolete dignity, and in particular from practice in the courts. “It appeared to me,” he writes,² “most unseemly that one in whose presence every one is bound to rise and to give place, should himself stand, while every one else is sitting; next, that one who can impose silence on all, should himself be silenced by the hour-glass; again, that he whom it is unlawful to interrupt should have to listen to actual scurrilities. . . . Moreover, suppose I had been appealed to in my official capacity either by the person for whom or the one against whom I appeared. Should I interpose as tribune and aid him? or should I keep quiet and hold my tongue, abdicating, so to speak, my magisterial capacity?”

But though he abstained from practice during his tribunate, he was now, in virtue of his quaestorship, a senator, and a new and higher sphere for advocacy was thus opened to him. It was before the Senate that political prosecutions, and especially suits brought by provincials against their governors, were tried, and the pleaders on both sides were usually themselves senators. Pliny’s first senatorial case occurred apparently in the year after his tribunate. In conjunction with his friend Hercunius Senecio, he was appointed by the Senate to take charge of the suit brought by the Spanish province of Baetica, with which his uncle had been at one time connected, against their former governor, Babius Marsa.³ Pliny won his case, and, by his own account, gained golden opinions for the independence and courage he displayed.

In A.D. 93 Pliny obtained the praetorship at a critical moment for himself and for the section of Roman society to which he belonged. Our authorities agree in dating from this year a sudden change for the worse in Domitian’s behaviour; and, allowing for possible exaggerations, it seems certain that either the dangerous capriciousness which a sense of absolute power begets in all but the steadiest minds, or the sudden frenzy inspired by a despot’s fear of hidden foes about him, drove him, as it drove Caligula and Nero, and possibly Tiberius, into a reckless attack upon all in his neighbourhood who excited his dislike, his jealousy, or his fears. But we must not be led by the statements of Pliny or Suetonius to overestimate the extent or the effects of the storm. The vast machinery of government seems to have suffered no serious shock; the provinces, and even the country districts of Italy, were untouched. It was in Rome, and on the senators, philosophers, and literary men in the capital, that Domitian’s fury spent itself. For them the three last years of his reign were a real reign of terror. Tacitus declares Agricola⁴ to have been happy in dying before he witnessed their horrors. A trembling and speechless Senate overawed by armed force; men and women of high birth

(1) *Paneg.* 26.

(2) *Epp.* i. 23.

(3) *Epp.* vii. 82.

(4) *Agric.* 44.

and spotless character hurried away to execution or to exile; literature and "learning paralysed; and vice, in the shape of informers, legacy hunters, and parasites, rampant in high places—such, according to contemporary writers, were some of the terrible features of these "gloomy days." Pliny, though he escaped unscathed himself, had his full share of anxiety and grief. Hitherto he had stood high in Domitian's favour; and his recent election to the praetorship had been largely the work of the Emperor.¹ But it was no longer possible for him to bask in the smiles of a patron who had banished his beloved philosophers from Rome, and who had put to death some, and exiled others, of his dearest friends.² For the time he withdrew from public life, and postponed his chances of further promotion till better days should come.³ They arrived at last, with the murder of Domitian and the accession of Nerva, in A.D. 96. The Senate once more took courage in the presence of an emperor who respected its dignity; there was a general revival of letters; the exiled professors of learning returned to Rome, and with them the surviving victims of the reign of terror. The tide of public feeling now turned strongly against those who had been implicated in the late persecutions. "Every one," writes Pliny,⁴ "impeached and crushed his own private enemies," and such notorious informers as Marcus Regulus trembled for their safety.⁵ Pliny had his own task of vengeance to perform, but he waited until the first heat of passion had cooled, and then came forward to clear the memory and chastise the murderer of the most prominent of Domitian's victims, Helvidius, the son of Helvidius Priscus and of Thrasca's daughter, who had been condemned and executed on a charge of treason. His accuser was Publicius Certus, a senator of position and influence, and now consul-designate. Pliny denounced him in the Senate with such vehemence and success that Certus was deprived of his expected office by Nerva, and forced "to surrender under a good prince the prize he had received at the hands of a bad one."⁶

In the next few years of Pliny's life there is little to notice. He seems to have held in succession the offices of prefect of the military chest and prefect of the public treasury, being appointed to the latter post early in A.D. 98. Its duties were evidently irksome to him; they kept him a prisoner in Rome when he was longing for the quiet and leisure of his country seats, and even in Rome left him little time for his favourite literary pursuits. "Yet why," he exclaims after a description of the philosopher Euphrates, "speak further of a man whose company I am not able to enjoy? For I am engrossed in the discharge of an office as irksome as it is important. I sit on the bench, countersign memorials, make up accounts, and write a vast number of most unliterary letters."⁷

(1) *Epp.* vii. 16. (2) *Epp.* iii. 11. (3) *Paneg.* 95. (4) *Epp.* ix. 12.
 (5) *Epp.* i. 5. (6) *Epp.* ix. 13. (7) *Epp.* i. 10.

But while still prefect of the treasury, towards the end of the year 99, he was engaged in an affair on which he looked back with something of the satisfaction with which Cicero regarded his defeat of Catiline. He had temporarily relinquished legal practice, not out of regard to the dignity of a post which had no historical associations, but because he could not spare the time from his official duties. He was, however, requested by the province of Africa to conduct the prosecution of the governor, Marius Priscus. He at first refused, but finally with Trajan's permission he undertook the task.¹ To us the chief interest of the case lies in the fact that both Pliny and Tacitus were engaged in it; but for Pliny it was a momentous event, and the condemnation of Priscus the greatest triumph of his life.

The trial of Priscus ended in January, A.D. 100, and in September Pliny entered on the consulship to which he had been designated early in the year. The man who had rated so highly the dignity of the tribunate was sure to entertain exalted notions of the consulship. But in this respect he was not singular. The consuls of his day were, it is true, merely the nominees of the Emperor; they no longer guided the policy of Rome or led her armies; their term of office had been curtailed, and there were often six successive pairs of consuls in a single year. They still presided in the Senate, and still retained the symbols of their former power—the purple toga, the curule chair, and the attendant lictors; but in Rome they were dwarfed by the presence of the Emperor and the more substantial powers of the imperial prefects, while so far as the empire at large was concerned they were little more than a name. But though its shrunken prerogatives did not escape the sarcasms of such writers as Seneca and Lucan, it is certain that the consulship was still regarded as a prize worth striving for. It was open only to senators; and to them it was what a dukedom or the garter is said to be to English peers. It gave a man precedence among his fellows, placed him at the head of Roman society, and invested him for the time with a certain outward dignity and even splendour. But in the eyes of those who reverenced the traditions of the republic the consulship meant more than this. They lost sight of its present diminished powers in the glory of its past history, and to them it was a crowning glory to be permitted to sit in the seat of the Fabii, the Metelli, and of Cicero. "What else," asks Tacitus in the *Agricola*,² "had fortune to bestow on one who had been consul, and won the distinction of a triumph?" Pliny elsewhere speaks of the consulship as "the loftiest station open to a subject";³ but in the *Panegyric* what is especially noticeable is the way in which, while magnifying the dignity of the office, he allows us to see how entirely it had become a mere piece of patronage in the gift of the Emperor. He delights to dwell on the fact that he owed his elevation to Trajan

(1) *App.* ii. 11.

(2) *Agric.* 44.

(3) *App.* ii. 1.

and to Trajan alone.¹ Though he had formed one of the two ordinary consuls, as they were called, who took office in January, and gave their name to the year, he regards it as an especial mark of honour that he was appointed for the Emperor's natal month² (September), and that the Emperor had done him the honour not merely to recommend him to the Senate for election, but to preside at the ceremony himself. Of the events of Pliny's short consulship (it only lasted about two months) we have no record; and the chronology of the next few years of his life is rather uncertain. It was the custom until recently to place his governorship of Bithynia in A.D. 103, only two years after his consulship, but Professor Mommsen has given good reasons³ for thinking this date too early, and he suggests the year 111 as the most probable.

On this view we have an interval of about ten years during which Pliny seems to have remained stationary, so far as any important promotion is concerned. It is possible that he continued prefect of the treasury till 101. We know that he asked for and obtained from Trajan an augurship;⁴ and this honour probably fell to him about this time, as well as the commissionership of the banks of the Tiber mentioned in two inscriptions, and to which Mommsen sees an allusion in *Ep.* v. 14. To the same interval, 100-111, belong also Bks. III.-IX. of his *Letters*, so that though we cannot trace his career with any chronological consecutiveness, we have a fair picture of his mode of life under all its various aspects. It is a picture, as we have said, not of a very great man, but of one who was a fair specimen of the best tendencies of his time, and as such is worth study. The life portrayed is that of a moderately wealthy and highly cultivated senator, a successful advocate, and a writer of some celebrity for whom fortune could have little more in store, and his correspondence has about it the air of a satisfied ambition. Though still a busy man, and often impatient of the occupations that kept him a prisoner in Rome, his life moves round in an easy circle of routine. There are no bitter repinings, no unsatisfied cravings, no pressing anxieties. Even of his posthumous literary fame he felt tolerably secure. He ardently desired children, but he was still young enough not to despair of a father's honours. If he was ever troubled with forebodings as to the political future, he does not mention them, and his prevalent tone is one of genuine satisfaction with his age, and above all with his Emperor.

His year is divided between town and country. For some months he is in Rome, engaged in legal and official business, yet finding time for society and for an assiduous attendance on the recitations. During the rest of the time he is away by the shores of Lake Como, in Etruria, or even at so suburban a retreat as Laurentum, enjoying

(1) *Poen.* 92. (2) *Ibid.* 1.c. (3) *Hermes*, iii. 55. (4) *Ad T.* 13; *Ep.* iv. 8.

the company and kindness of friends, looking after his property, hunting wild boars, and composing. But throughout he is the same kind-hearted, conscientious, rather pedantic optimist.

Often as he complains of the pressure of work in Rome, it is clear that he thoroughly enjoyed the varied interests of life in the capital. He was in constant practice as a lawyer, and on three occasions he undertook provincial suits in the Senate; but the bulk of his business was in the civil court of the centumviri, "My own arena," as he calls it.¹ Here he was eagerly listened to by large audiences, attracted rather by his reputation for eloquence than by any interest in the case. And the opportunities for effective displays of rhetoric were keenly appreciated by the speaker himself. He ridicules, it is true, the young pleaders who used the courts simply as places in which to declaim.² These forward youths are described as being "followed by an audience of the same stamp, hired and bought for the purpose; a bargain is made with a speculator; in the middle of the court presents are distributed as openly as in the dining-room; for a like consideration these people will pass from one court to another." But though Pliny did not approve of this abuse, he shared the rhetorical view of legal pleading from which it sprung. It was to him a high intellectual pursuit. The applause he won he takes as a proof that there was still intellectual interest alive in Rome.⁴ His speeches were carefully prepared, and after delivery were revised, re-written, and published as literary exercises, to be criticised or admired as such. Repeatedly in his letters he returns with zest to discussions on pleading as a fine art, to the difference between a pleading and an oration, to the merits and demerits of brevity, and to the tactics of attack and defence. In his view of forensic eloquence he differed from the young advocates whom he ridicules, much as he differed in his political theories from such pronounced republicans as Helvidius Priscus. He agreed in principle, but his correcter taste and his common sense saved him from any absurd extremes in practice. That Pliny had a large business as an advocate is certain, but it is doubtful whether he derived any great pecuniary profit from it. Things had indeed greatly altered since the time when the patrician patronus felt himself bound in honour to defend in court his humble client, and though there was no recognised system of fees, yet the customary presents given by suitors had already made advocacy a lucrative profession in the time of Cicero. We learn from Pliny that in his own day the greediness displayed by advocates led to the presentation of a remonstrance on the subject in the Senate by a tribune of the plebs, but he distinctly declares that he himself was clean-handed.⁵ "How glad I am," he

¹ *Epp.* vi. 12.

² *Epp.* iv. 16.

³ *Epp.* ii. 14.

⁴ *Epp.* iv. 16.

⁵ *Epp.* v. 13.

rites, "that in conducting my cases I have always declined not only bargains, gifts, and fees, but even presents of courtesy." Wealthy as he was, he seems to have felt amply repaid by the reputation he acquired as an orator, and the opportunities which his legal position gave him of assisting his numerous friends.

Literature and law went hand in hand in Pliny's life at Rome. Though Trajan had little personal taste for letters, he maintained an attitude of kindly tolerance which allowed them a free scope. The result was seen in a busy activity which filled Pliny with delight. "If ever the polite arts flourished in our city, they are flourishing now;" "Letters, once nearly extinct, are being warmed into life again."¹ The names of Tacitus and Juvenal give some support to these enthusiastic statements, but in spite of these exceptions we cannot entirely accept Pliny's rose-coloured view of things. The great bulk of the literary men were either persons who made letters a profession, or dilettanti of various degrees of excellence and ability. For the first class Pliny expresses a discriminating admiration. He laughs at the philosophers "who advertise their love of wisdom by their external appearance," and who "haunt the gymnasia or the public arcades, and amuse their own leisure and that of others with lengthy dissertations." But he is fascinated by the eloquence and dialectic skill of the leading Greek rhetoricians and philosophers. He longed to consume whole days in listening to Euphrates, and we have already quoted his eulogy of Isaeus. He has, too, a genuine sympathy with those who were scholars and nothing else. Of the same Isaeus he says, "He has passed his sixtieth year, and is still a scholar and nothing else, a class of men than whom none are more honest and straightforward."² Very graphic, too, is his sketch of the scholar's small retreat and quiet life.³ "Your scholars, when they are proprietors, are amply satisfied with so much of the soil as permits them to lift their heads from their books, crawl along their boundaries, always keeping to the same path, knowing all their tiny vines, and able to number their diminutive shrubs." These professors and *scholastici* no doubt did useful work. They were eloquent, erudite, and laborious; they did much to diffuse that general, though not very high culture, which was a feature of the age; and not a few of them had to struggle long and painfully against poverty and the chilling indifference of the public. But we look in vain for any signs that the revival of letters, in which they bore their share, implied any real awakening of thought or any fruitful speculation. If they turned for a moment from nice questions of dialectic, or learned puzzles, to the life around them, it was not to guide or elevate it, but either to denounce it with

(1) *Epp.* iii. 18.

(2) *Epp.* i. 24.

(3) *Epp.* ii. 2.

bitter cynicism, or to look away from it again to a past which they could never recall. The same absence of healthy growing life is even more conspicuous in that other section of the literary world to which Pliny himself belonged—the literary amateurs. In some cases they were wealthy men who, as soon as possible, gave themselves up to a leisurely and retired life. They studied fairly hard, they wrote copiously and carefully, they collected libraries and works of art; but Silius Italicus, with his far-fetched allusions, his pedantic imitation of Homer and Virgil, and his insipid elegance, was probably a fair specimen of his class. Others, like Pliny, were busy public men, who found¹ “both the best solace for grief and the best resource for their leisure” in literature. They were liberal patrons, especially in the matter of lending their rooms for recitations. They published their speeches, wrote poems, biographies, and essays, and kept up a brisk literary correspondence with their friends. A few, like Pliny, no doubt won general fame, but for those who did not there was the compensation of a mutual admiration, which, if Pliny is a fair specimen, was lavish and unstinted. The instances were probably rare in which they nerved themselves to the serious labours of the historian, or attempted such a monument of patient toil as the *Natural History*. But, such as it was, Pliny revelled in this literary atmosphere. Though, as he tells us, he was a bad reciter,² he was continually reciting, and assiduous in his attendance at recitations. He was for ever sending to his friends copies of his speeches and volumes of poems, with a request for the criticism he was delighted to bestow in return. To his speeches, indeed, he attached extreme importance, for on them he chiefly rested his hopes of posthumous fame. “These speeches of mine,” he writes,³ “I propose to revise, lest the results of such great toil should perish with me, for to those who take account of posterity whatever is not perfected is as though it had never been begun.” And it was by his speeches that Pliny was best known during at any rate the earlier part of his life. Martial’s epithet for him is “fucundus.”⁴ His poetry, such as it was, seems to have been the resource of his later years, and the majority of his letters were not given to the world till after his consulship. Neither Pliny, however, nor posterity have probably much reason to complain of the accident which has destroyed the speeches and preserved the correspondence. The former would have been interesting as specimens of the oratory of the day, and would have contributed much valuable historical matter, but, judged by them alone, Pliny’s literary rank would probably have been lower, and our insight into his life less complete.

Keenly as Pliny enjoyed his busy life in Rome, he never failed to welcome the change to the luxurious ease of his country estates.

(1) *Epp.* viii. 19. (2) *Epp.* ix. 34. (3) *Epp.* v. 8. (4) *Mert.* xi. 19.

Above all, his home near Comum had especial charms for him. Here he was among his own people, and his feeling for his kinsfolk and neighbours was strong and genuine. It is true that his own family circle was a small one. He had married twice, in the gloomy days of Domitian,¹ but seems to have lost both his first and his second wife soon after marriage and without their having borne him any children. Early in Trajan's reign he took a third, Calpurnia—and though this union, like the others, was barren, it was a thoroughly happy one. She belonged to the same district with himself. Her grandfather, Calpurnius Fabatus, and her aunt Hispulla were among Pliny's most intimate friends; and she herself, though much younger than her husband, had a thoroughly wifely sympathy with all his interests. In Pliny's few short letters to her and his tone in writing of her, a fatherly solicitude and pride is mixed with his conjugal love. "You will be glad," he writes to her aunt,² "to learn that she is turning out worthy of her father, worthy of you, worthy of her grandfather. . . . to this must be added a love of literature which she has conceived from her tenderness for me. She has got my works, and studies them and even learns them by heart. How great is her anxiety when she sees me going to speak in court, and how great her joy when I have spoken. . . . Whenever I recite she sits close by separated from us only by a curtain, and catches up with eager ears the praises bestowed on me. She even sings verses of my composing and sets them to her guitar, with no professor to teach her save love, the best of masters." Her grandfather, a wealthy Roman knight, who had filled the highest offices in the municipality of Comum, and been a liberal benefactor to the town, is invariably addressed by Pliny with affectionate respect.³ The visits to Comum were evidently looked forward to with pleasure on both sides, and thoroughly enjoyed when they came. But he had old friends and neighbours to revisit as well as his own kith and kin. Among them were such men as Caninius Rufus, a wealthy citizen of Comum with a villa on the lake, and moreover a student and a poet; Calvisius Rufus, a magistrate of the same town, and Pliny's trusted adviser in matters affecting his property; the sister of his old friend Corellius Rufus,⁴ and Annius Severus. The society of these friends, the care of his property, and of the interests of his fellow-citizens of Comum, shared his time pleasantly with his studies and his sports. "I was," he writes from Comum,⁵ "with my wife's grandfather and her aunt, with friends long desired. I was going the round of my farms, listening to a number of rustic complaints." "Are you studying," he asks Caninius

(1) *Epp. ad T. 2.*

(2) *Epp. iv. 19.*

(3) *Tac. Ann. xvi. 8; Heron. iii. 114; Epp. v. 11.*

(4) *Epp. i. 2; viii. 4; iii. 19; v. 7; vii. 11. (5) Epp. v. 14.*

Rufus,¹ "or fishing, or hunting? They can all be united at our Larian home. The lake abounds in fish, the woods which surround the lake in game, and that profoundest of retreats in incentives to study." He has left us a vivid sketch of two of his villas there; one overlooking the lake, the other placed at its very edge. "Each of them has its special charm, which their very diversity renders more agreeable to the possessor of both."² In these he lived the easy regular life which he admired in his friend Spurinna,³ and which in earlier days he looked forward to "as soon as a regard for my advancing years shall permit me to sound the retreat." But though his health was weak, and his habits almost as sedentary as those of his uncle, he seems to have been conscientious in discharging his duties as a landlord. To his freedmen and slaves he was a kind and attentive master. The cares of property naturally worried him a good deal, and he confesses to his want of familiarity with farming details. "Very different," he says, speaking of his accounts, "are the papers and writings with which I am conversant." He alludes resignedly to "the complaints of the rustics who abuse my ears, as they have a right to do, after my long absence;" and once confesses that these rustic grumblings enhanced the pleasure of his literary pursuits. Sometimes the difficulty of reletting his farms gave him considerable trouble, at others a bad vintage deprived him of the time and inclination for sport.⁴

Pliny's senatorial rank and frequent absence in the capital did not make him forgetful of the duties which as a wealthy landowner he owed to his country neighbours, and above all to his beloved Comum. In the little town of Tifernum, near his Tuscan property, of which he was *patronus*, he built a temple at his own expense, but his chief benefactions were reserved for his native town. Such liberality on the part of wealthy citizens was, as the inscriptions abundantly prove, the fashion at the time. It was at once a graceful recognition of the civic tie which had not yet quite lost its strength anywhere, and was probably especially powerful in Northern Italy, and an enduring monument of the virtues or generosity of the donor. But Pliny's principal gifts to Comum show a careful consideration of the best interests of the town, which probably was less common. His own strong literary sympathies made him sensible of what seem to have been its educational deficiencies. To remedy one of these he started a fund for securing competent teachers who should reside in Comum, promising to supply himself a third of the whole sum required.⁵ He had already some years before established a public library, which he handed over to the local authorities in a speech on which he bestowed some pains, and he sent it to a friend to

(1) *Epp.* ii. 8. (2) *Epp.* ix. 7. (3) *Epp.* iii. 1. (4) *Epp.* vii. 30; ix. 16; ix. 32.
(5) *Epp.* iv. 18; i. 18; ii. 13; iv. 4; *Ep. ad T.* 4; *Epp.* vi. 25; ii. 4; i. 19.

criticise. At the same time, following the example set by Nerva himself, he gave a sum for the support of children born of free parents. A happy accident has preserved an inscription in which both these benefactions are mentioned. In a similar spirit we find him using his influence with powerful friends, and even with the emperor himself, in behalf of his fellow-townsmen, or assisting them with gifts of money. Sometimes it is a military tribuneship that he asks for, at others the *jus trium liberorum*; or even promotion to senatorial rank. For one young townsman he obtained a centurionship, and gave him 40,000 sesterces as an outfit. To another who was already a *decurio* at Comum, he offered 300,000 sesterces in order to bring his fortune up to the level required for the rank of Roman knight. And we may believe him when he tells us that his liberality was not the careless profusion of a man of unbounded wealth. "My means," he writes, "are to be sure only moderate, while my rank involves expenditure. . . . but what is lacking in income is made up by economy, which is, as it were, the spring from which my liberality flows."

It must have been an unwelcome summons which in 111 A.D. called Pliny away to the governorship of Bithynia. These provincial posts were no longer the rich prizes they had been in the days of Verres. The opportunities for money-making were fewer, and the attendant risks of prosecution greater. With the age of rapid conquest had passed away also the chance of making a great military reputation, and the governor usually found himself confined to a rather monotonous round of administrative business. Bithynia, too, was an eminently uninteresting province, and Pliny must have inwardly cursed the necessity which banished him from Italy. But the imperial call was a command. For some reason unknown to us¹ Trajan had resolved to withdraw the government of Bithynia, for the time at least, from the control of the Senate, and to send out a legate of his own choosing. Pliny was already well known to him, and had received repeated marks of his favour, and his selection of him for this post was a compliment that it was impossible to decline.

The correspondence with Trajan which forms the Tenth Book of the Letters, tells us all that we know of Pliny's provincial experiences. It extends over rather more than a year, but closes abruptly without any indication that Pliny's term of office was near its end. So far as its contents are concerned it consists of little else than a series of questions on various official matters, and of the emperor's terse replies. The existence of such a correspondence is of itself an illustration of the changed character of provincial administration under the Empire. In Cicero's day the governor of a distant province was an absolute ruler. His communications with

(1) *Hermes*, iii. 96.

the Senate at home were few and far between. Not only his internal government, but his frontier policy was largely in his own hands. Of Pompey's campaigns in Asia, and Cæsar's in Gaul, the Senate had only the most meagre information until all was over. Very different was the position of a governor under vigorous emperors like Trajan or Hadrian. Senatorial pro-consuls and imperial legates were equally the vicegerents only of a higher authority, which determined the main lines of their administration, and jealously resented any unseasonable display of independence. The postal system inaugurated by Augustus had rendered communication with Rome easy, and in every province the emperor had his own agent in the procurator, who collected the revenues of Cæsar, and who was a useful spy on suspected governors. The new system secured a more stable and uniform administration, and a coherent frontier policy, but it no doubt tended increasingly to destroy the self-reliance of the governors and to overwhelm the emperors with a multiplicity of official business. In Pliny's case his excessive deference to Trajan's judgment occasionally provoked a good-tempered remonstrance from the emperor. "Remember," he says in one letter,¹ "that you were sent to the province on this very account, that there was much in it which seemed to need rectifying." And in another he reminds him of the necessity of exercising his own discretion in "ordaining and establishing what may be of advantage to the permanent quiet of the province."² It is clear from this correspondence that if the governor had fewer opportunities for great achievements than under the Republic, the routine work of the office had become heavier: and, moreover, that much of this increase was due to the gradual collapse of the local self-government in the separate communities. The peculation and mismanagement of the local magistrates was evidently one of the evils which Pliny was sent to redress. "Before all things," writes Trajan, "you should examine the public accounts of the communities, for that they are in a state of confusion is clear."³ And this was found necessary even in the more privileged free states, as they were still called—as, for instance, in the colony of Apamea, which, however, only allowed the inspection of its accounts under protest.⁴ At Prusa, at Nicomedia, and at Nicaea, there was the same story of municipal jobbery. "The inhabitants of Nicomedia, sir," writes Pliny,⁵ "spent 3,329,000 sesterces on an aqueduct which was left still unfinished, and was even demolished." At Nicaea the theatre had absorbed more than 10,000,000 of sesterces, and "to no purpose," for it is subsiding and gaping with huge fissures." To check all this maladministration was no light task, but in addition

(1) *Epp. x. 32.*

(2) *Epp. x. 118.*

(3) *Epp. x. 18.*

(4) *Epp. x. 47.*

(5) *Epp. x. 37.*

(6) *Epp. x. 39.*

there were fresh public works to be organized, disputed points in the charters of the separate towns, or of the province itself, to be settled, judicial suits to be determined, and petitions to be considered and forwarded to Rome.

The language of the correspondence is in one respect interesting. Pliny, as we have seen, professed admiration for republican freedom. In the Panegyric he lauds Trajan to the skies for his constitutional moderation, his respect for established forms, and his republican affability and simplicity; yet, in these letters, he often uses phrases which belong more properly to an Oriental despotism. The appellation *dominus* had been deliberately rejected by Augustus and Tiberius as savouring too strongly of absolute rule; and Pliny himself, in the Panegyric, emphasises the distinction between *dominus* and the more constitutional *princeps*. But the habits of the time were too strong for him, and throughout these letters he invariably addresses the emperor as *domine*. Yet it must be said to the credit both of Pliny and of Trajan that there is none of that servile adoration which disgusts us for instance in Martial, and in which emperors like Caligula revelled. On Trajan's side there is a friendly familiarity, a genial appreciation of Pliny's devotion, and a warm interest in his personal welfare. He addresses him as "my dearest Secundus;" he is fearful lest the journey to Bithynia may have been too much for his slender frame, and he writes with kindly sympathy on hearing that Pliny's wife had lost her grandfather.

With this letter the correspondence closes, and our records of Pliny's life come to an end. His young wife had accompanied him to his province, and in the second year of his governorship the news came of the death of Calpurnius Fabatus. She was anxious to return home to her aunt, and Pliny for once broke through his rule and granted her an official passport, though her errand was a private one. "I knew," he writes to Trajan, "that I could give good reason for a journey the motive of which was family affection." Trajan's short reply is too characteristic not to be quoted: "You were right, my dearest Secundus, in being confident in my intentions. Nor could you hesitate to do what would have been done too late, if you had consulted me as to whether your wife's journey should be aided by passports such as I have authorised you to issue, particularly as your wife was bound in the case of her aunt to enhance the grace of her arrival by her expedition."

Such is our last glimpse of Pliny. The inscription¹ which records his honours, and which was engraved after his death, mentions none later than his provincial governorship, and if experts are right in assigning it to the year 114, Pliny must have died at the latest very shortly after his return to Italy. HENRY F. PELHAM.

(1) *Hermes*, iii. 99, 112.

• CAN THE COST OF ELECTIONS BE REDUCED? •

A GENERAL election is fast approaching, and the day so much longed for by some, so much dreaded by others, cannot now be greatly delayed. At the most it is only a question of months, or even weeks, before the candidates will be face to face with their constituents, employing themselves in extolling or denouncing the powers that be.

It may then, perhaps, not be without interest if we examine one very important element in the contest, and one which it is to be feared exercises considerably greater influence over the elections than it should do—I mean money. Every one will agree that the cost of elections has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; all deplore the waste of money involved in both uncontested as well as contested elections; while nearly all are agreed that nothing can be done, that the expense must continue, and that it will inevitably grow larger at every election. In spite of this wonderful unanimity of opinion, it may not perhaps be altogether waste of time to discuss a few remedies which have now and again been proposed with intent to abate this intolerable burden.

That the cost of elections is a serious evil has long been acknowledged; and as far back as 1696 the Treating Act mentions “the excessive and exorbitant expenses contrary to the laws, and in violation of the freedom due to the election of representatives of the Commons of England in Parliament, to the great scandal of the Kingdom, dishonourable and may be destructive to the constitution of Parliament,” and this Act was framed to diminish the expense. It had, however, little effect, and was followed by other more or less futile Acts during the time of the Georges. These, though they doubtless somewhat purified the expenditure, had little or no effect in diminishing it, for we are often told, as an excuse for our present lavish expenditure, that in the good old days elections were something like elections; that we shrink from a few thousands now, while then whole fortunes were flung away over one seat, and a candidate did not scruple to spend a king’s ransom in the vain attempt to wrest power from a hated rival. We have all heard of the historical Westminster elections, of the famous Yorkshire tussles of days gone by, and we look upon these contests with a sort of pride as evidence of the bull-dog obstinacy of Englishmen—which we so highly prize.

These celebrated elections are quoted as if they were the rule, and not the exception; while it is probable that, though in isolated instances fabulous sums—which have certainly lost nothing of their size in transmission to us—were expended, these really expensive

elections were few and far between. There were so many absolutely close boroughs and counties, and so many others approaching that happy state, to which the candidate did not necessarily exert himself to pay even a flying visit—unless, indeed, his patron wrote him word that “he must, he was afraid, trouble him to go down for one day”—that the whole number of contested elections was infinitely smaller than we are accustomed to. Most boroughs now feel the din of battle and the striving of parties, and though the counties fought are fewer in proportion, still the number now contested is greater even than a few years back. Then in former times the actual number of electors was much smaller; and though there was no doubt more bribery, this was a small matter compared to the heavy so-called “necessary” expenses that have now to be borne; for the increase of the electorate has vastly augmented the expenditure on agents, canvassing, advertising, printing, &c., &c. In this way, though we do not spend so much on any single contest as our forefathers did, the aggregate expenditure on elections is probably nowadays far larger than at any other time.

The decay of personal feeling in the elections is no doubt the principal reason why we cannot parallel the fabled expense of some of the old contests. In these the personal feeling was intense. The Montague was pitted against the Capulet, the Guelph against the Ghibelline. Personal jealousy, spite, revenge, and a hundred other private or family motives induced the heroes of old to lavish their money, and often their blood, in these contests. A personal feeling is the one that reasons least, that will “gang its ain gate” regardless of consequences. So, when Lord Hood was set up against Fox, or a Lascelles against a Fitzwilliam, no counting of cost was allowed; the contest was carried on with unabated vigour as long as the purse held out, or, that being exhausted, as long as credit could be pledged. But now—and the change has its advantages—the personal element in elections is nearly always subordinate to the political. The party and the programme, not the man, is the rallying point; so there is less pugnacity and more weighing of expense; and the candidate who fights the seat because Jones is a Conservative or a Liberal, and not because he *is* Jones, will always be more chary of his money than if he were to personify Jones and measure all his strength against him. Then the obvious improvement on a lengthened, excited poll, on open voting and unblushing bribery, will help to account for the difference of the highest totals of then and now.

However, whether our forefathers spent much or little, whether they or we bear the palm of extravagance, either in isolated cases or in the grand total, is of little moment to the question. Their bad precedent should not in any case be followed; their waste does not

justify ours. The existing evil is, not that a few contests are ruinously expensive, but that all are wastefully extravagant; not that we spend money here and there with lavish hand, but that we distribute it everywhere with indiscriminate prodigality.

Few persons have, I should imagine, a true idea of the gross aggregate and average expenditure at the last general election. The expenses of the different candidates at the election of 1874, as given by them and by the returning officers, are published in a Parliamentary paper of August, 1874. The "published" expenses amount to £1,046,630, but this sum does not really represent even the actual direct expenditure. In some cases the amounts put down are clearly inaccurate;¹ in many cases no return of the expense is given; in others the charges of the returning officers are given as the whole expense, and it is a manifest absurdity to imagine that a contested election could be fought without any personal expense at all on either side. These omissions would, if inserted, swell the total to at least £1,100,000. Then in very many cases it is notorious that part of the expenses of a contest is not revealed, while there are often indirect and undefinable outgoings which, not being returned, are not included in the official totals.

We must not forget, too, that the election of 1874 was a particularly cheap one. It was unexpected, short, and rapid, and the usual weeks of expense were greatly curtailed. If the coming election is put off till after the close of next session, it will be a very expensive one, for the preparations will be severe and long drawn out. There is no doubt that more seats will be contested in 1880 than was the case in 1874; each contest involves additional expense; it is therefore almost certain that the £1,100,000 of the last election will be largely exceeded this year.

An analysis of the figures given in the Parliamentary return of August 3, 1874, brings out some startling facts on behalf of the assertion that money has a much more powerful influence on the elections than is at all reasonable. The following fact alone is sufficiently confirmatory to merit attention. In two only out of the thirty-four counties in England and Wales which were contested at the election of 1874, the defeated candidate spent an appreciably larger sum than the victorious candidates; it so happened that in both these cases one candidate was standing against two. In the first case, that of Merionethshire, the Conservative candidate spent £6,472 and polled 3,355 votes, while the two Liberals together spent £4,474, and the senior member polled 4,100 votes. In the other case, that of East Suffolk, the Liberal and defeated candidate spent £6,487, and the two successful Conservatives together but £4,679.

(1) For instance, the cost of the East Surrey election is returned at £1,014 (four candidates). It certainly amounted to £14,000, and probably cost more.

In three other cases the successful spent a few pounds less than the defeated,¹ while in the other 29 contests money was in the ascendant; and often the majority gained varied directly as the money spent. We find the same result in the cities and boroughs. Out of the 172 boroughs contested in England and Wales, the economical candidate was successful in but 32 cases, and in the majority of instances his economy was not more than a pound or two above that of his rival. In the other 140 cases he who spent most was twice blessed by gaining the seat. And this is not all; money not only usually wins the seat, but, in the majority of cases, where the expenses are not equally divided among the candidates who stand together, it places him who expends it freely higher on the poll—whether he is successful or unsuccessful—than the rival or colleague who is careful of his purse.

I will analyse the figures given in this return of 1874 a little more closely. And first let me premise that in speaking of "voters" I mean in every case voters who polled, for the number of voters on the register is never an actual roll of existing electors; some of the nominal voters are dead, many names are duplicated. Again, the number of voters who polled represented accurately the political life—perhaps tempered by money—existing in the constituency. In nearly every case it is easy to judge approximately of the number of voters who polled, and I have always added together (in any simple case) the highest number polled by Conservatives and the corresponding Liberal figure. In some cases, such as Tower Hamlets, for instance, where there was a good deal of cross-voting and plumping, it is not so easy to arrive at the correct figure, but still one can make an approximate estimate of the voters. I shall throughout confine my attention to England and Wales, for the cost and the voting in Ireland and Scotland show almost identically the same features.

To begin with the counties. Out of the 83 English county divisions, 34 were contested in 1874, and the cost of these 34 contests amounted to £366,300, out of a total expenditure on all the counties, contested and uncontested, of about £401,300.² The former amount represents an average expenditure of £10,800 on election expenses for each contested county, a huge sum certainly.³

(1) If one candidate was standing against two running together, and spent less than the two together, though more than the one, I have taken it that he has spent less; for the expenditure of the two tells equally, or nearly equally, in favour of them both.

(2) The total given in the official return is £393,740 as the expenditure in all the counties. To this I add £14,000, as a low estimate of the cost of the East Surrey election wrongly returned; and I add also £2,500 as the estimate of Conservative expenses at election in Worcestershire, not given in return, making a grand total as above of about £401,300.

(3) It may be of interest to note that out of the above sum of £366,300, the Conservative candidates expended £206,200, and the Liberals contented themselves with spending £160,100. Certainly they lost most of the seats, so their low expenditure did

The most expensive county was that of Durham. In the northern division £28,200 was spent by four candidates, and the voters who polled were about 9,000, showing an expenditure of over £3 a voter. In the southern the expenditure by three candidates was £20,500, voters about 8,600, cost per head £2 8s. In Derbyshire East the four candidates spent £13,200 for 4,400 voters, giving a cost of £3 a voter. Cumberland West was only just about half as expensive, expenditure £7,170, voters 4,300; and this diminished expense is accounted for by the fact that while the two Conservatives spent together £5,740, and their voters cost them £2 5s. a head, the two Liberals (who did not, however, get in) only expended together £1,430, their voters costing them 16s. a head. Again, in South Essex the Conservatives spent £9,650, or £2 13s. a vote (and were successful), and the Liberals £3,850, or £1 8s. a vote. In Carmarthenshire the successful Conservatives spent £5,369, and the defeated Liberals only £1,894.

It is seldom that the cost per head of voters polled falls below £1 in the counties. In North Leicestershire the cost was £6,000, the voters less than 5,000; in Middlesex the voters and the cost were almost the same, being 16,600 and £16,000 respectively. In South Norfolk voters were 5,700, cost (three candidates) £5,160. Kent was one of the least expensive of counties, the three divisions were fought for £22,100, voters polled being about 25,000; in the west division (which was the most expensive) the Conservatives spent £6,280, and the Liberals, beaten, of course, £3,600. In South-East Lancashire the electors were less expensive, 16,600 voters cost only £13,500 (of which Conservatives spent £9,221), per head 16s. 3d.

To turn to the cities and boroughs; one naturally does not expect to find them as expensive as the counties, but the average cost, namely, £2,460, of the 172 contested boroughs in England and Wales is far too large a sum to be compatible with purity of elections.

The total amount spent in the boroughs was about £430,000, of which £6,000 was expended in the 29 uncontested constituencies. Some boroughs were contested for comparatively minute sums. Brecon, according to the official return, was fought for £100, each candidate paying £50, and the number of voters who polled amounted to 727. Chipping Wycombe cost £286, voters 1,387, showing a cost per head of only 4s. 1d. Liskeard, voters 663, cost £377, cost per head 11s. 4½d. Tiverton, voters 635, cost £534, or nearly 16s. 10d. per head. There are many small places where the cost per voter approaches or exceeds £1, such for instance as Abingdon, voters 770, cost £893; Berwick-on-Tweed, voters 1,150, cost £1,090;

not "pay." In Welsh contested counties the Conservatives spent £22,900, and the Liberals £13,730, allowing £4,000 as the cost of the Carnarvonshire contest, not given.

Devizes, voters 760, cost £779; while the Maldon voters cost £1 10s. 9d. each, and those of Evesham £1 11s. 5d., the voters being 845, and the cost £1,012.

Among cheap, moderate-sized boroughs Macclesfield, voters 6,000, cost £1,000, per head 3s. 4d.; and Birkenhead, where the cost per head is 4s. 3d., stand prominent. On the other hand Durham (which vainly attempted to vie with the county in expense) cost £2,560, while votes polled were only 1,770, at a cost of £1 9s. each; and the candidates of Shaftesbury and Sandwich spent about £1 3s. on each voter. Among larger places the following were fought for what must be considered (in comparison with the average) reasonable sums:—Oldham is first with voters 17,000, cost £1,108, giving a cost per voter of only 1s. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.; Leeds, voters 33,000, cost £4,207, shows cost per voter 2s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; Liverpool, 37,000, £7,040 and 3s. 9d. respectively; Halifax, 9,500, £1,454 and 3s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; Bolton has 11,770 voters, cost £1,940, per head 3s. 4d.; while Bristol is somewhat higher, with 17,440 voters, at a cost of 6s. a head.

The University towns are select and expensive, each voter costing about £1, Cambridge paying £3,593 for her 3,620 voters, and Oxford £4,530 for her 4,500 voters. Some of the moderate-sized boroughs are very expensive—Aylesbury, voters 3,385, cost per head £1 8s. 5d.; Denbigh per head £1 7s.; Worcester, voters 4,300, cost £6,328, per head £1 9s. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and Dover, where each voter cost £1 11s. 3d. It may be of interest to compare the cost of the different divisions of the Metropolis

Southwark	13,000 voters	cost	£3,200.
Finsbury	21,000	"	£4,025.
Hackney	20,000	"	£6,060.
Marylebone	18,000	"	£6,800.
Greenwich	12,160	"	£6,110.
Lambeth	23,400	"	£8,060.
Tower Hamlets	17,000		£10,200.
Westminster	14,000		£9,000.
Chelsea	16,370		£11,430.
City	15,000		£15,500. ¹

In many cases we find a vast disparity in the sums spent by the two sides, and money nearly always carries the day; for instance, at Brighton the Conservatives spent £2,550, and obtained a majority of about 1,000, while the Liberals only spent £888; at Gateshead the Liberal spent £2,375 against Conservative's £542, and was successful. At Cardiff, however, though the Conservative lavished just double the sum spent by the Liberal, he was in a minority of nine.

The total cost of the Scotch elections, counties and boroughs,

(1) The City alone has four members, the other Metropolitan boroughs having but two each.

amounted to £121,780 ; the corresponding figure for Ireland is given at £80,760, but certainly largely exceeded this sum, for in twenty-two cases "no return" is given, while in twelve others the "total cost" is no more than the returning officers' expenses ; in fact the return, as far as Ireland is concerned, is very defective.

A study of these figures will lead us irresistibly to the conclusion that if a candidate casts his bread in greater profusion than his adversary upon the waters of a constituency, it will return to him before many days.

It is now time to consider the different causes of election expenses, and to see whether some or all of them might not with advantage be curtailed or abolished.

In the counties, and in five straggling boroughs, one costly source of outlay, which is not supposed to be permitted in ordinary boroughs, though the law is often broken in this respect, is allowed and legalised. This preventible cost is that of conveying voters to the poll on the day of election, either by means of horses and vehicles, or by providing them with free railway passes. In a large and populous county this part of the candidate's "duty" involves him in much expense ; he has to convey not only the maimed, the halt, and the blind, but scores of other electors who are perfectly fit and capable of walking to the poll, but who are not averse to a lift at the candidate's expense. Of course he has to pay through the nose for the conveyances he is obliged to hire ; the happy possessors of hireable horses, donkeys, or vehicles have him at their mercy, and can charge what they like. In any case the supply is pretty certain to be insufficient for the demand, and the side which is sharper than the other, or boasts the longer purse, may manage to secure nearly all the conveyances in the constituency, and carry their own voters triumphantly to the poll, while the other side has to walk or abstain. Here then the astuteness or the money of one candidate facilitates the voting of some and throws obstacles in the way of others, while all ought really to be on the same footing.

Then he who is able to secure, at a high rate, the carriages and horses of an elector, does probably also buy the votes and influence of the owner. The latter having pocketed a good sum, will probably think that the least he can do is to throw in his vote and assistance.

If carrying of voters were declared illegal, it would be necessary to multiply the number of polling places in the counties ; this would lead to some extra expense, and this expense, as I shall afterwards plead, ought to be borne by the Imperial Exchequer. The difficulties of voting would thus be lessened, and distance would no longer be an obstacle in the way of an elector recording his vote. The help of friends in conveying must still be allowed, and there can be no doubt

that a candidate would be able to raise sufficient wheeled power among his friends to take those to the poll who were for the moment physically unable to go in any other way. The amount of voluntary help would be limited, compared to the present lavish carrying of voters, but with a larger number of polling booths the means of voting would be practically brought more within the reach of every elector than at present.

It is difficult to gauge the loss or gain that would accrue to the two rival political parties from the abolition of conveying. I believe, however, that they would more or less balance. The county Conservatives have their chief following in the country districts and villages, while the Liberal party are strongest in the small towns comprised in the county division. The Conservatives would nearly everywhere command the largest amount of voluntary assistance in conveying voters; so that while they would require the greater amount of conveyance, they would also possess it; the Liberals would have less means, but would require less, and the result would be about equal.

All the other reforms I shall mention would apply equally to counties and boroughs; and if elections are to be free, uncorrupt, and less expensive, it seems to me that we must adopt them in whole or part. The first reform would be the abolition of all paid agents, with the exception of the "election expenses" agent now required by law. It is perhaps advisable and necessary to have one paid agent as the official paymaster and representative of the candidate, to be referred to in cases of doubt or dispute. In a borough which is sure to be of a limited extent one agent ought to be sufficiently come-atable for all electors and friends, and there is no excuse to justify more; but in the case of a county it is said that, as the representation is spread over many square miles, a single agent would be practically of little or no good, and throughout the greater part of the constituency the candidate would be unrepresented. But unless a candidate is almost entirely unknown, and unless party politics are at a very low ebb in the county, he will be easily able to obtain the assistance of friends to represent him at each centre; and the friend will probably be more efficient, and certainly less expensive than a paid agent. If the county cares so little about politics that the "party" are unable to obtain sufficient voluntary help to form the necessary committees, then the candidate is so little likely to be successful that his chances ought certainly not to be improved by allowing him indirectly to bribe a few men by employing them as paid agents.

At present it is the custom, especially in counties, to employ an infinity of agents scattered up and down over the face of the constituency. One at every centre, one in every village or hamlet;

wherever it is possible to have one there is posted a paid agent to attend to the interests of his master. The paying of multitudinous agents is really little else than indirect bribery. The agent probably has the power of influencing a certain number of votes, and so may become a little centre of unlawful persuasion. He may not, it is true, vote himself, but his interest is bought and paid for, though it is supposed that all votes are nowadays "free as air, pure as snow." It is to the advantage of the rich candidate to multiply agents, for the more agents bought the more votes he can command, and the better will be his chances. What one side does the other is bound to do also if it desires to win, and so the agents and the votes they influence comprise no small part of the constituency. The paid agent is really of very little practical use, except that his employment secures a certain number of votes; the free and independent elector is not very fond of being canvassed by a hired servant, he resents the intrusion, and in many cases, unless the visit is followed by a call from some friend of the candidate, he will vote wrong through pique.

The agent—not to speak of his own modest honorarium—is a great source of expense; he wishes of course to appear most zealous, he wishes to seem worthy of his hire, and consequently he telegraphs to the central committee as often as he can on the most trivial pretexts, spares no expense, sends for bills, addresses, placards without number, does not stint his advertisements, is fussy and important, and in three cases out of four is a mere money-sucker, useless not from want of will perhaps, but from want of power.

It may be said that it is difficult to determine the point at which the actual necessary servant or messenger merges into the agent, but I do not think that there would be any practical difficulty in drawing the line. The class of paid agents is a very much higher one than that of mere drudges, for it is usually recruited from the ranks of petty attorneys, clerks, &c. In the case of an election petition, if it could be proved that several men were employed and paid, and yet were not used as messengers or for any "necessary" purpose, such hiring should void the election. It is thought by some that in order to prevent personation and other election tricks it is necessary on the day of election for the candidate to be represented at each polling-booth by an agent. This is by no means a necessity, and if such assistance were required the candidate should be obliged to obtain it from voluntary sources, and not be allowed to engage and pay men for the purpose; at the time of counting the votes one paid agent would be amply sufficient to represent him. Paid agents constitute a pressure on the voters which should be made illegal, for their appointment is a practical infringement of the spirit of the Bribery Acts.

It is probable that the abolition of paid agents and the cessation
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of conveying would result in a somewhat smaller number of voters taking the trouble to record their votes, and this would be thought an evil by many. I cannot, however, see that there would be any harm in such a result; on the contrary, I believe that elections would be more fairly representative of opinion than they are now. If a man is too apathetic to do his duty in recording his vote, it shows that he has no knowledge of, or no interest in politics; and therefore the vote of a man—whether he be Conservative or Liberal—who at some little inconvenience to himself will take the trouble to give it, is, as an expression of opinion, a much more valuable element in the representative system than that of one who does not care two straws whether the Conservative or Liberal is successful; and if the indifferent man fails to record his vote because he has not been dragged to the poll, his abstention is no loss to the body politic.

The next reform is one that would not exactly diminish the expenses of election, but would only to a certain extent change the incidence of the cost. Should not the official expenses, the expenses incurred by the returning officers, be borne by the rates, or by the Imperial Treasury instead of falling on the candidate? Why should there be in this matter a diametrical difference between a Parliamentary and a School Board or Municipal election? In the latter cases the candidates need not spend one halfpenny on the elections unless they choose; all the expenses of advertising the names, erecting or hiring polling-booths, providing ballot-boxes and voting-papers, and other official outlays, are defrayed by the rates. But in the former case all the public expenses, often amounting to several hundred pounds, must be paid by the candidate. The aspirant for Parliamentary honours cannot, do what he will, go through an election, contested or not, without having to pay something. He pays for that which the country, having imposed as the paraphernalia of an election, should pay for itself, instead of casting the burden on him who is willing to do his duty by devoting his time to public affairs.

A few figures will show that these necessary expenses are no light charge. In Middlesex the amount of returning officers' fees was £2,373, equal to a cost of nearly 3s. a voter; this was an exceptionally large charge, but in nineteen other counties of England and Wales the charges exceeded £1,000. In Buckinghamshire the charge was £1,114, or 4s. 8d. a voter polled; in East Surrey, £1,014, or 1s. 10*½*d. a head; South-East Lancashire, £1,554; West Worcestershire, £1,066, or 4s. 9d. a voter; in Carmarthenshire, £1,244, or 4s. a voter; while in Radnorshire, with but 1,820 voters, the charge was £696, equal to a cost of 7s. 8d. a voter. These were all contested counties; among uncontested the charge varies from £32 16s. in the case of Westmoreland (two members) to £626 in Montgomeryshire (one member).

The highest charge in any city or borough was that in Lambeth, £1,980, per head of voters 1s. 8*½*d. In eleven other cases (chiefly in the metropolitan boroughs) the charge exceeded £1,000. In Aylesbury it amounted to £438, or 2s. 7d. a head; Bridgnorth to 3s.; Bury St. Edmunds to 1s. 3*½*d.; Christchurch 2s. 9d.; in Radnor, borough the charge was particularly high, being at the rate of 6s. a voter. The lowest charge in a contested borough was that of Richmond, only £12. The member for Harwich was only mulcted in the sum of 6s. 6d. for official expenses; this was, of course, an unopposed return. The total of the official expenses throughout Great Britain amounted to £142,575, of which £45,713 was expended in the English and Welsh counties.

Enough figures have been given to show that the charges of the returning officers help very materially to swell the election expenses. If this part of the outlay is to be transferred from the shoulder of the candidate to that of the public, it should, I think, be made a charge on the Imperial Exchequer and not be levied on the rates. The expenditure is for national not for local purposes, and should therefore be borne by the taxpayer and not by the ratepayer. The expenses of the returning officer could not be increased by local pressure, while if it were to the interest of the ratepayers to avoid a contest, a good deal of political life would be stamped out by arrangements and agreements, and this would be an evil. Then a member would perhaps feel more independent if he knew that the country generally, and not his constituents particularly, had borne part of the cost of returning him.

It is contended that these expenses are of some use as a check on unworthy or disreputable nominations, and that unless there were something to pay, many notoriety-hunting men would come forward with no hope of being returned, and would involve constituencies in contests and turmoil for no practical result; and, unfortunately, our knowledge of human nature entirely confirms us in this opinion. If it were thought that the only simple and efficient check were still to retain a certain money payment, even then the present uncertain payment might be commuted into a fixed sum; and it might be enacted that in every case the candidate at his nomination should pay over, or give proper security to the returning officer—or some other official—for £100 or £200; if he did not do so, he should not be allowed to go to the poll. The expenses of the returning officers would still of course vary, but the candidate would in no case be called upon for a greater sum than the fixed maximum. If it happened that the official expenses exceeded the several contributions of the candidates, the balance would have to be made up from public sources; while if these expenses did not amount to the sum realised from the candidates they would be entitled to receive back the unexpended balance to be divided equally among

them. There might be some difficulty in determining the proper amount that should be levied from the candidates: if the sum were small it would be no, or very little, check; if it were large it would be too much of a deterrent. I should say that a sum of £150 to £200 would be a happy medium; this is the sum for which the candidate has to give security to the returning officer in constituencies of one thousand to two thousand electors. The sum (or security) which the returning officer is now entitled to demand varies from £150 in constituencies of under one thousand electors, to £1,000 where the registered electors exceed thirty thousand. But if part of the cost is to be paid from the taxes, the maximum sum required of the candidate should be the same whatever the size of the constituency; the poor man, as far as the official expenses are concerned, should not be in a worse position to contest the larger than the smaller constituency.

It is sometimes suggested that the same beneficial result in preventing unworthy candidatures would ensue if the would-be candidate were obliged to deposit a certain sum of money in the hands of the returning officer, as caution-money, to be returned to him without deduction after the election. But this could hardly be considered a check, for it would not be difficult for a man, utterly unfit to represent a constituency, to raise on loan the £100 or £200 necessary; no expense would be involved; the money need only be lent for a week or two, and would be returned after the election.

It is, however, possible without having recourse to any money qualification to prevent vexatious or undeserving nomination. At present the unavoidable expense is evidently thought to be a sufficient deterrent, and therefore the only form which is required to be gone, through in order to constitute a legal nomination is the endorsement of ten electors to affirm that the candidate is a proper person to represent the constituency. It is evident that this formula is a mere farce as a preventive, and that any rag-tag or bob-tail could obtain the signatures of ten supporters. But if the necessity of payment were abolished, this indifferent check might well be extended and made a real one. It might be laid down that unless a would-be candidate could get his nomination paper endorsed by a certain percentage of the registered electors it would not be a valid nomination.

There would be great difference of opinion on the question of what should constitute a fair percentage. I would suggest that it should be on a sliding scale, a larger percentage of signatures being required in the smaller constituencies, and diminishing as the number of electors increased. Possibly 15 per cent. below 500 registered electors; 10 per cent. between 500 and 1,000; 7 or 8 per cent. between 1,000 and 2,000; 5 per cent. up to 5,000; up to 10,000 3 per cent.; and above that 1 or 2 per cent. might be found to be

sufficient, and yet not involve too much trouble to eligible candidates. *Prima facie*, if a man, whatever his antecedents, could obtain the written signatures of a fair percentage of the electors, he would have a good claim to ask the rest of the constituency to endorse the choice of the few. The principal objection to such a scheme as this is, that in every case—whether the nomination were a proper one or no, and the vast majority of nominations are, of course, respectable—it would necessitate a considerable amount of trouble to obtain the signatures of the required percentage of voters. It would also in some cases necessitate canvassing to obtain these signatures, and that would be an evil in itself; on the other hand, it would be a very effectual check indeed, and would do more to prevent disreputable or nonsensical nominations than any money qualification that could be devised.

Even now a more stringent rule with reference to nominations would be of use occasionally; and if all the official expenses were thrown on to the public purse, and if a man could stand for Parliament without any necessity of expenditure, some arrangement of this kind would be absolutely necessary, or we should in many cases see a crowd of unruly candidates striving for one seat, and putting the constituency to great expense.

The next measure which should be carried out is the total abolition of canvassing at elections. Canvassing is a distinct infringement of the Ballot Act. That Act was passed in order that voting should be secret, and that no influence—monetary, intimidating, or persuasive—should be of any distinct avail in securing a vote. But as long as canvassing is permitted many a voter finds himself in the dilemma of being either obliged to promise his vote and then to give it, of promising and breaking his word, or of refusing to pledge himself and being immediately looked upon as a suspicious character. Every elector over whom any one, either as landlord, employer, creditor, master, has direct or indirect hold, is obliged, in spite of the supposed security of the ballot, to promise and to give his vote or to perjure himself. This is surely a manifest breach of the spirit of secret voting, and it is entirely due to canvassing, and canvassing is the rule at all elections throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The abolition of canvassing would ensure greater freedom of voting and at the same time it would, to a considerable extent, bring down with it the system of paid agents, would reduce the expenses, and would diminish much of the weariness and vexation of spirit now engendered by elections.

This much-needed reform would no doubt be difficult to carry out. It will be said, Where can you draw the line? Is a conversation with a friend on the respective merits of A and Z to be considered canvassing? If one casually asks a stranger which way he thinks of voting, is this to be considered canvassing? Can one,

without being punished for canvassing, assert before two or three that the Conservative Government—or the Liberal, if you like—have been guilty of all sorts of foolishness and extravagance? Such questions will, of course, be asked, but they hardly need a reply. It would be impossible, as well as unadvisable, to attempt to put a stop to conversations and arguments on the subject of elections, or the respective merits of A and Z, or to comparisons between Liberals and Conservatives. But the step between such conversations and questions, and deliberate systematic canvassing, is wide. To invalidate an election it should be enough to show that the candidate, his agent or friend, had "systematically" canvassed a street, a village, or a district, by a house-to-house visit. If the law held this as sufficient unlawful influence to void an election we should soon see the last of district maps, long lists of voters called upon and marked "good," "doubtful," "bad," "requires a visit from candidate," &c., and all the other forms and ceremonies of canvassing. A wide discretion would have to be left in the hands of the election petition judges; but if the letter of the law defined canvassing as far as it can be defined, and the spirit of the law were known, they would have little difficulty in deciding whether or no the law had been infringed, and giving judgment accordingly.

I am convinced that all candidates, and all candidates' friends, would rejoice to see the day of the downfall of canvassing. Nothing can well be more disagreeable than to be obliged to go round to ask favours for oneself, or for a friend, even if it be from the intelligent, and it is much worse to meet with the rebuffs of the ignorant, and the sycophancy of the stupid.

It is important for the right educating of the people, and for the retention of proper political life and interest, that the voters should not, by the abolition of canvassing, be deprived of sufficient knowledge of the opinions and crotchetts of their candidates. If canvassing were really confined to the asking of questions on the part of the electors, and the answering of them on the part of the candidate, or of his friends for him, it would be no bad thing; it would be "educating," and would have its worst evils purged from it. Yet even then the pledges made on behalf of the candidate by irresponsible canvassers or agents, which now so often embarrass him and mislead the electors, would still continue to be given. But it is notorious that actual canvassing is a very different thing from this theoretical picture. In one case in which the visit is made with the intention of enlightening the mind of an elector, and of then leaving him to judge for himself as to his vote, there are fifty cases where, without any real information being given, the elector is asked straight out whether he will vote for Mr. A.

If canvassing were abolished the result would probably be a greater demand for public information on the stirring questions of

the day. Less would be expected of the candidate and his friends in the way of private calls and private questions; more would be expected of them in the shape of public meetings, speeches, and replies to questions put publicly. Meetings would be multiplied; for those who before were content to see the candidate or his friends, will now expect to hear him expound his views. There could be nothing but good in this, for the more electors can imbibe political knowledge the better for the country; while, at the same time, the candidate would learn many a useful lesson by this constant speaking—there are few things as good as public speaking for educating the mind. Possibly, too, the prospect of having to be frequently on his legs, speaking on and expounding that of which he knew nothing, would be a formidable deterrent to the class of candidates whose political knowledge is of the smallest, and who chiefly desire to become legislators of the realm in order that they may tack M.P. after their names, and obtain a little social distinction or indirect pecuniary advantage. Any one can be coached up by his friends to deliver a speech, or even two, however ignorant he may be of the subject; but if he had to hold a series of meetings and undergo a torrent of questions and cross-examination, his ignorance would soon be exposed, and he would be perhaps rejected on that account—though this does not by any means follow.

Under present circumstances a large number of electors will not vote unless they are personally solicited for their suffrages. They consider that they are slighted if that which they should give freely, and give as a duty for the sake of their country, is not dragged from them by solicitation and importunity. On the other hand, there are fortunately an increasing number who strongly object to being canvassed, and rightly resent the intrusion of the inquisitor. A man must be indeed a weak, ignorant, and vacillating politician who would change or form his opinions on the strength of a few minutes' conversation—chiefly, perhaps, about the weather—with the candidate, or his friend or agent. The little brief authority which the possession of a vote gives is to some a source of much delight, and they like to make the promise of it in a magnanimous way, or to be begged and bothered for it, or to be coy and stern, in the hope that something may turn up to their advantage if they make a favour of the desired commodity.

One might have thought that these matters of canvassing, conveying, and agents, were in the hands of the candidates themselves; that they could by mutual agreement dispense with them all, and save the cost. And no doubt if two candidates did really desire to prevent these proceedings, they might make some compromise with reference to two of them. To agree not to employ agents nor to convey in hired vehicles would be easy enough; but it would be very

difficult for the candidates to come to any definite agreement about canvassing, so that no debatable point should rise for recrimination on the part of the unsuccessful candidate, and so as to prevent the zeal of friends outrunning their discretion. But it is really very seldom the case that both candidates are equally desirous of diminishing the expense. One is probably better endowed with this world's goods, and does not care to handicap himself to the level of his rival; and in other ways each side is certain to imagine that they would be the loser and the enemy the gainer from some part of the arrangement; so that, though overtures are often made for terms of agreement, it is very seldom indeed that they come to anything.

Some would go even further than the abolition of canvassing by word of mouth, and would prohibit circulars, addresses, and letters being sent to the electors; they would draw the legal line at posters, placards, and public advertisements. This is, I think, going almost too far; for though it would, especially in large constituencies, effect a considerable saving in expense, it would seriously curtail the information with regard to his candidates which every elector has, I should say, a right to expect. The elector ought to be able to receive the address of the candidate, so that he may be able properly to judge of his principles and opinions. If it were possible to draw the line at the distribution of the simple address and prohibit canvassing letters, either written or printed, I think a point would be gained. But it would be very difficult to show where the address pure and simple ended, and where the canvassing letter began. Then a soliciting letter is a very different thing from a personal canvass. The elector who receives the letter is under no obligation to acknowledge or answer it; he need not commit himself in any way in consequence of it. But if he is called upon and, face to face, asked whether he means to vote, and if so which way he intends to vote, he cannot, "smiling, put the question by;" he must give some sort of an answer, and his answer will certainly betray his intention. The begging-letter and the interested call are on an entirely different footing.

Most people allow that the expense and the canvassing, &c., of elections are in themselves evils, and young politicians are often urged to contest a seat on the distinct understanding that they will on their side have no expense and no canvassing. This is very good advice, no doubt; and if several of these forlorn-hope politicians were to carry a number of seats by storm and utterly rout those who placed their dependence on money, the whole system of election expenses might be revolutionised without any further trouble. But is it ever likely that such a result would ensue? There can unfortunately be no doubt that the side with attractive expense, the side which canvasses and conveys, will poll their margin of "indifferent" voters,

while the corresponding margin on the do-nothing side will sit at home at ease and not take the trouble to record their votes.

It is evident if a certain seat is a moderately safe one, and the two sides nevertheless pretty evenly balanced, that, though a Quixotic young politician may offer himself, the "party" and the wire-pullers will look askance at him, and will strongly object to risking the seat by running a candidate possessed with a crotchet so foolish as to imagine that he could win without the ordinary outlay and trouble. The candidate, too, if he saw that the seat, his own future, the good of the party, demanded the casting overboard of his pet idea, would not long hesitate to throw it to the waves, and when he had been seated by a narrow majority would congratulate himself on having done so. If he stuck to his guns and lost his election, what a triumph for the scoffers at reforms! what tearing of hair on the part of his supporters and upholders! Then if a really safe seat were kept without the candidate going to any expense or trouble, or if he were to contest a hopeless seat on these same principles and were to lose, as lose he would, nothing would be gained as precept or example. If reforms are to come, they need not demand a useless Juggernaut of aspiring politicians; they must come because it is shown that they are necessary.

Though something has been done to curtail the wasteful expenditure in small items, which together amount to a good total, by making the buying and distribution of "cockades, ribbons, and marks of distinction" illegal, and by prohibiting "bands, flags, and the expense of chairing," it would be an advantage if some further plan could be devised in order to check the present lavish expenditure on circulars, posters, placards, advertisements, and on the hiring of committee-rooms. It is notorious that in many cases the former are printed in hundreds and thousands, not that they may be used, but merely as a sop to the printer or agent. Any one who has had the misfortune to go through an election knows what utter waste of money and material is involved in these "extras." Circulars, large posters, small posters, addresses little and great, littering each committee-room, posted in profusion all over the constituency, twenty printed where one is required; then the addresses published day after day at great expense in the party papers, though as far as any good they do they are but stones crying in the wilderness, for every elector has not only already received the addresses, but as he runs may read them on every dead wall and in every friendly window. The advertisement is only a disguised subsidy to the supporting paper. As long as the minor expenses do not attain to corrupt proportions, I fear it is hardly possible to propose a remedy; and as long as the managers wish it, the candidate will have to bleed freely, however much he may protest against this expensive waste. Custom alone can regulate these outgoings. It

subject or citizen of the country, in which it is registered. The English author's book, therefore, to be protected in America, must be manufactured and published in America as well as in England. He will not be allowed to print and publish his book in England only, and to send his copies over to the United States for sale. The main object, I think, of Mr. Conant's exposition is to make it clear to us on the English side of the water that from this condition the Americans will not suffer themselves to be moved.

English publishers and authors cry out that such a condition is an interference with the author's "freedom of contract." But then they take their stand on the ground that an author's production is "property in itself," and that one of the incidents of "property in itself" is to confer on its possessor the right to "freedom of contract" respecting it. I, however, who recognise natural difficulty as setting bounds to ownership, must ask whether the English author can reasonably expect to be admitted to copyright in America without this condition.

Mr. Froude and Mr. Leonard Courtney both of them seem to think that the question of international copyright is not at all pressing; that opinion in America is slowly ripening for some better and more favourable settlement of copyright than any settlement which it is now likely to accept, and that meanwhile English authors may be well enough content with their present receipts from American publishers, and had better let things stay as they are.

A few English authors may, perhaps, be content enough with their present receipts from America, but to suppose that English authors in general may well be so content, is, I think, a very hazardous supposition. That, however, is of little importance. The important question is whether American opinion, if we give it time, is likely to cease insisting on the condition that English books, in order to acquire copyright in America, must be manufactured and published there; is likely to recognise the English author and publisher as Siamese twins, one of whom is not to be imported without importing the other. Is there any chance, in short, of the Americans, accustomed to cheap English books, submitting to the dearness of English books which is brought about in England by what, in spite of all my attachment to certain English publishers, I must call our highly eccentric, artificial, and unsatisfactory system of book-trade? I confess I see no chance of it whatever. There is a mountain of natural difficulty in the way, there is the irresistible opposition of things. Here, where lies the real gist of his contention, I am after all at one with Mr. Conant. The Americans ought not to submit to our absurd system of dear books; I am sure they will not, and, as a lover of civilisation, I should be sorry, though I am an author, if they did. I hope they will give us copyright; but I hope, also, they will stick to Michel Lévy's excellent doctrine: "Cheap books are a necessity, and a necessity which need bring, moreover, no loss to either authors or publishers."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, BISHOP OF OXFORD AND WINCHESTER.¹

RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHY has its difficulties and its advantages. The countless readers who found delight and comfort in the great spiritual romance of the heroic Church, the *Vita Sanctorum*, demanded nothing more than martyrdom and miracle; nor when a later theology combined successfully the scholastic method with the religious imagination, as in the *Exercitia Spiritualia* of Ignatius Loyola, did the hagiographer require any other source of interest in his subject than the adaptation of the mystical faculty to the distinctions and expansions of doctrine of which such special persons as Santa Theresa or Santa Caterina di Genova were eminent examples. But even when the requirement of credence in supernatural processes and phenomena was apparently extravagant, the vigilance of the Roman Church was never relaxed, and the enthusiasm and even the miracle were carefully directed into orthodox and harmless channels. For there was ever a narrow line between extreme sanctity and heresy, of which Savonarola, burnt and beatified, is perhaps the most prominent example, but which is still more strongly illustrated in the careers of the two great Reformers, San Filippo Neri and Martin Luther. Thus the bearing of the contemplative life on individual character is easier to portray in Catholic biographies than in those in which there is no positive check on the dilatations of the fancy, and where the connection between the religious and moral sense is consequently weakened.

A similar advantage follows from the close combination of secular and spiritual action in the Church of Rome, and in the belief of the legitimacy of the connection. Its pontiffs have been kings, and more than kings; its bishops, statesmen and rulers of peoples. There is thus no difficulty in separating the public from the private life, not only of the Court and the whole governing body of ecclesiastical Rome, but of men in similar positions in foreign churches. The public life of such men as Cardinal Wolsey, Cardinal Richelieu, or Cardinal de Retz, or indeed of men who combined the tonsure with the character of popular or able men of society, told neither for nor against their repute for personal piety or even their formal regard for religious duties; they were separate provinces of their existence.

These remarks may in a limited sense apply to the Church of England in its treatment of the internal life of its members, as well

(1) *Life of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D.* Murray, 1880.

as in its records of the public, social, and literary work of its more distinguished dignitaries. Till recent times, and while under the traditional ecclesiastical influences, its illustrations of individual piety have been confined to the story of active virtues and open excellences, expressed with sobriety of language and consistency of thought, and have rarely invaded the province of the Confessional by revelations of the struggles and anxieties of the inward man. The narrative of the parts played in the history of their country by such men as Burnet and Atterbury has been little coloured by their accidental vocation, and the relation of the eminent services of ecclesiastics in the serious walks of learning, or the tradition of their activity in the playgrounds of wit and humour, was not affected by extraneous considerations, or by a supposed inconsistency between their professional functions and the exercise of irrelevant faculties.

But the Church of England retains this privilege no longer, and the present biographer of a distinguished ecclesiastic has to count with very different requirements for his work to be considered adequate and satisfactory. If he presents to the world a narrative of public action, however interesting in itself, or however vividly expressed, he soon finds that that is not what is expected of him. The fashion of mental biography demands, even in secular subjects, a series of psychological processes, an acute analysis of motives, a turning-inside-out of the whole man, and if you can get him to do it himself by means of journals and diaries and private letters, so much the better—if not, you must do it for him. There was a custom in France in the last century of what were called *Livres à la main*, that is, manuscript copies of such records of family life as were deemed worthy of a larger interest than that of the familiar circle, but not adapted to open circulation, and these were passed from hand to hand within a limited range of readers.¹ There was in this practice of a society, not especially serious, a sense of delicacy that is totally wanting in the present revelations of the closest domestic life, and of which the titular religious world seems especially unconscious. In the work which has become a standard in that form of literature, the *Récit d'une sœur*, the writer avows the intention of laying bare before the reader the “souls” of those nearest and dearest; and the project is carried out with a skill and a charm that almost disarm criticism of the intention and the form. The success of that enterprise was complete; a noble family known to French society for its personal and intellectual attractions, and

(1) This custom was made use of for the introduction into circulation of other than private writings, which it was thought dangerous to print at once. Voltaire's *Phœnix* was thus started, and the Bibliophile cherishes such a work as a fine edition; the calligraphy is generally remarkable.

enjoying all its secular advantages, was at once credited with supernatural graces, which private sympathy is ready to accord, but which at the same time jar on the hard incredulity of the outer world. An English undertaking on the same lines, Mr. Augustus Hare's *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, has met with the same result; the innermost existences of two most estimable, but unimportant, and not especially gifted English ladies are so produced that the public interest assumes the attitude not only of gratified curiosity, but of an induced familiar acquaintance, and adopts them as representative figures of modern religious life. How can the biographer resist the temptation of a method which not only raises to fame those who could hardly claim notoriety but characters that usually seek the shade and who have given no especial cause why they should be withdrawn from it?

The chief objection to this exclusive use of personal narrative is, however, not the sense of the impropriety of its revelations, but the one-sided interest and the defect of fair criticism which it induces. Sir James Stephen, in his well-known article on the elder Wilberforce, remarks on the insertion in his *Biography* of extracts from his *Diary*, restricted as they were by the good sense of the writer:—

" Such publications too often foster in those who read them a rank under-growth of hypocrisy. For one who, like Mr. Wilberforce, will honestly endeavour to lay bare on paper the course of his life and the state of his heart, one hundred will make the same attempt dishonestly, having the fear of the biographer before their eyes. How fluent the acknowledgment of those faults which the reader will certainly regard as venial, while he admires the sagacity that has detected, the humility that has condemned, and the integrity that has acknowledged them ! "

And again:—

" No man has such an insight into his own circumstances, motives, and actions, or such leisure for describing them, or such powers of description, as to be able to afford to others the means of estimating with any approach to accuracy the exact merits or demerits of any one of his steps (and countless are the millions of these steps) in his whole moral and religious course."

But besides this difficulty on the part of the writer, there is, as it were, an infection of insincerity which communicates itself to the reader. How cruel it seems to take advantage of so much candour—to mete out strict justice to one so ready to judge himself, or even to admit his own admissions ! The judgment of posterity on so much that is miserable and even criminal in the character of Rousseau, has, no doubt, been mitigated by his " *Confessions*," and when the impression is conveyed in journals and letters not apparently meant for posthumous publication, the judgment is irresistibly disturbed and distorted by an implicit, but uncalled-for, appeal to the sympathies and affections.

It is not intended by this objection to interdict the modern biographer from that analysis of character and research into motives which length of time and difference of circumstances render impossible in the estimate of historic personalities, or even to repress the very natural and laudable desire that the men of the past had been made more distinctive and more human to us by a closer introspection into their mental workings and springs of action. The unparalleled position of Boswell's Johnson is, no doubt, due to this advantage, and it is not too much to say that Plato's philosophy owes much of its hold on mankind to the personality of Socrates. You can hardly have too much of even trivial observation of men of whom it is desirable to know anything, and when Prosper Merimée said that the "only parts of history he cared about were the *Anecdotes*," he evidently meant that they were the truest. But if we are to choose between a well-inspired, well-considered, and well-stated record of the facts of the life of an eminent man, or a jumble of letters, diaries, and newspaper-cuttings thrown indiscriminately together, and from which each reader is left to draw his own conclusions, the former is no doubt the most desirable. It is at any rate a work of Literature to which the latter makes no pretension.

There may seem little especial bearing in these observations on the life, or rather fragments of a *Life of Samuel Wilberforce, D.D.*, lately given to the world after the decease of its writer, Mr. Ashwell, Canon of Chichester, but they have been suggested by the character of the subject and the form of its treatment. M. Thiers, who became very intimate with the Bishop during his exile in England, always called him *Votre Cardinal d'Orford*, and we in Yorkshire frequently spoke of Archbishop Harcourt as the Cardinal of York; but, in the case of neither, could we have biographies such as the world has gladly accepted of the Princes of the Church to whom I have already alluded. Compared with many other Lives of our day, the Canon will appear to have been eminently discreet in his use of the ample materials placed at his disposal, and there is a gentleman-like tone about the memoir which is in good keeping with the subject, but nevertheless it may be feared that public opinion may rather find confirmation of certain presumed defects than the discovery of merits hitherto concealed.

This volume comprises forty-two out of the sixty-eight years of the life of Samuel Wilberforce, but it reads altogether like the story of his youth. There is in it a continuous juvenility, of the charm of which the writer himself seems conscious, and which gives a very true impress of the whole nature of the man. As he passes from school to college, from the student to the clergyman, from the parish priest to the rural dignitary, and from the Archdeacon to the Dean and Bishop, the biographer skilfully retains the unity of character which

in the ultimate estimate of his worth becomes of the highest importance.

Among the company assembled in the oval library of Mr. Henry Thornton's house at Battersea Rise—designed by Mr. Pitt at the time when he and Mr. Wilberforce lived there together as bachelors, and which afterwards became the social centre of the “Clapham Sect,” as described by Sir James Stephen in his admirable monograph—there were “two noisy urchins putting to no common test the philanthropy “of a tall shaggy dog and the parental indulgence of a slight figure that “followed them:” the younger of these was the future Bishop of Oxford and Winchester, and the mental atmosphere of that society lay about him throughout his life. In a letter written by the elder of the boys in his manhood occurs the nickname of “Peculiar,” as designating the evangelical school; the phrase being probably suggested by this passage in Mr. Wilberforce's *Practical View of Christianity* :—“The place held by these peculiar doctrines of Christianity constitutes the grand distinction between formal and real Christians.” And the use of the phrase by Robert Wilberforce marks very clearly the distinction between the churchmanship of the two brothers. In Robert the influences of the Oxford theology soon obliterated the earlier associations, and it is probable that their limitation of thought and exclusiveness of view inclined him to the larger historical aspects which the Roman Church has hitherto been able to hold out to its converts, but which its more recent developments assuredly tend to obscure. In Samuel the local and paternal tendencies were so deeply impressed, that they are equally visible in their emotional and critical action through all portions of his career. They at once protected him from Rome and excluded him from speculation; they saved him from Tractarianism and imprisoned him in a School. Nor is this surprising. He was, in a fair sense, the favourite son, and during his boyhood lived incessantly in his father's thoughts. There are extant over six hundred letters to him, beginning in his twelfth year, written by Mr. Wilberforce in the midst of London life and parliamentary occupation, in weak health and with failing sight, in which the absorption in the boy's material and spiritual interests is so entire, that the subject of the Slave Trade itself is never even mentioned. They are full of charming and sensible counsel:—

“ I hope my dear Samuel remembers what I used to say to him of its not being enough to be good negatively—that is, not to be unkind, but that he tries to be kind positively. Unless this is his endeavour, he will never be able to secure himself against actual unkindness. I wish all my children so to open their hearts to me; and you may be assured that I will always keep any secrets you may trust to me, and that you may always state to me everything of every kind, with the persuasion that I shall never be angry at what you shall say to me if you should tell me of faults, still less shall I ever bring up again in any way that can be unpleasant anything which you may in confidence commit to me.”

The correspondence of course includes many injunctions in the „peculiar” phraseology, and exhortations to introspection which savour rather of the Roman Seminary than of ordinary religious instruction of the youthful mind; and one especial trait of this mode of education may be contrasted with the spirit of public-school life, where Mr. Wilberforce laments “the distressing discovery” that his son has “acted the worldly part” in not telling the master of some impropriety he had discovered in the conduct of a schoolfellow, and infers with sorrow that the same “point of honour” might prompt him, “when a man,” to fight a duel. There is, too, a characteristic allusion to his newspaper-reading, at the adolescent age of seventeen:—

“I sometimes doubt if I do right in sending you the *Statesman*, which you know is edited by that worst of varlets, Cobbett. Were it the *Times*, or even the *Morning Chronicle*, I should not think it right to put it into your hands.”

There is one later letter, written when his son is going to Oxford, which is worth preserving, as a sample of that shrewd good-sense which underlaid the enthusiasm of Mr. Wilberforce’s character, and which probably enabled him to bring his great work to a successful issue. After enforcing upon him that “you, as my son, will be tried by a different standard from that which is commonly referred to, and be judged by a more rigorous rule; for it would be folly rather than merely false delicacy to deny that from various causes my character is more generally known than that of most men in my rank of life,” he proceeds:—

“Never be shy in asking me for any money you want, and pay ready money for everything, so far as you can do it with propriety and comfort. Be strongly on your guard against incurring any small debts with companions, &c., and then forgetting them. I have known persons, who I believe really did offend through inadvertency, bring on themselves the charge of roguery and meanness from little failures of this kind; and here let me also advise, in all cases of joint expenses, as on parties, &c., always be on the forward and generous side. The difference in a whole year would never probably amount to £20, while the effect on your estimation would be ten times the amount. Besides, I am sure I need hardly remind you that any one who professes Christian principles should carefully guard against bringing any discredit on them by any part of his conduct. Any action that should savour of parsimony would be charged on his principles. Yet here I should remark that I have often observed people will bear very well your being sparing on many of these occasions on which it is the general practice to be profuse and to make a display, if you can contrive to impress on them that it is not from the want of generosity that you are economical, but from your own peculiar views of duty. I have found giving presents to people please them exceedingly, and produce an impression of great liberality, and purchase the right (if I may use the expression) of being, with impunity, much more moderate than common in other cases of general expenditure—by with impunity I mean without bringing on any reflections or imputations of parsimony—e.g., when I lived a bachelor in Eton, and wished to give away as much as possible, I saw the best way of saving money was to lessen my establishment. I kept no country-house;

my only residence was a smallish house in Palace Yard. My dinners and all my apparatus were less expensive than those of any people of my rank and fortune. But I always took care to maintain hospitality, and I used to give freely dinners and suppers to members of Parliament, which consumed, comparatively speaking, very little either of my money or time, but which, as they could not be imputed to a disposition to show off a splendid sideboard, &c., &c., suited people's convenience, and made me extremely popular, and quite excluded all ideas that in the more important particulars in which I saved my money I was influenced by any narrow-mindedness."

In an early letter Mr. Wilberforce had warned his son against "emulation" as inconsistent with the Law of Love, and had soothed him for a failure in some examination, that it might be intended to teach him this lesson; but, as he approached the active work of life, he reminds him,— "How little do you know to what success Providence may not call you. If, when I was about your age, any one had pointed to me and said, 'That youth will, in a few years (not above seven or eight), be member for the first county in England,' it would have been deemed the speech of a madman. But I can truly say that I would as much rather see you a Samuel Wilson or a Buchanan, as eternity is beyond any given position of time in the estimate of a reasonable being." Besides these concluding words, there is no indication that Samuel Wilberforce was especially designated for the Church, either by his family or his own inclination. Indeed, his chief interest at Oxford rather inclined to the Bar, in its cultivation of the art of public speaking. His father had been in the habit of making him put his thoughts into an oratorical form from an early age, and his facility of utterance must have been remarkable, for his second speech at the United Debating Society attracted sufficient notice for Theodore Hook, in the *John Bull*, to draw attention to the circumstance that "two sons of Mr. Wilberforce had vindicated the deposition of Charles I." Indeed, all his speeches at that time were of the same political colour. In his first he defended Lord North's conduct as regards the War of American Independence; he denounced Borough Patronage as inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution; he censured the Union as unlikely to have been beneficial to Ireland; he advocated the education of the lower orders as likely to prove beneficial to the interests of the country, and maintained that the power of the Crown had increased since the Revolution of 1688. In 1825 he brought forward the Total Abolition of Negro Slavery; and on this and other subjects was evidently in constant communication with his father, who, however, remonstrates against the absorbing interest of the habit of debate. "I should deeply regret it if it were to have the effect of making you too much of a politician," and warns him against undue solicitude about popular estimation—"This besetting sin, for such it is, though styled the 'last infirmity of noble minds.'"

His degree was nothing remarkable, and he was defeated for a Balliol Fellowship by Moberly and Francis Newman. The choice

of a profession may, indeed, have been hastened by an attachment to a young lady of eminent charms, which had dated from his very early youth, and which his father speaks of as "his great security during his University residence." When it was decided that he should take orders, Hurroll Froude wrote to him, "From what you said in one of the last conversations I had with you, I thought you seemed more reconciled to the notion of taking orders, if at all. Of course in a matter of that sort every man must judge for himself; but I should say by all means be a parson early, if the alternative is not to be one at all." At the same time his father wrote, "I rejoice in the prospect of your becoming a clergyman rather than a lawyer, when from your talents and qualifications it appeared by no means improbable that in the legal line you might not improbably rise to the enjoyment of rank and affluence." It is interesting to connect this passage with the later impression of a large part of the world that he was meant for a lawyer rather than for a priest, and on the other hand with his own expressed belief that his character would have been injuriously affected by the alteration. "I ought to thank God for my lot," he writes in his diary of March, 1838: "if, as it is, I find it hard to make head against sin, what would it have been if I had been a successful lawyer!"

After a short curacy at Checkendon, near Henley-on-Thames, he became rector of Brighstone, in the Isle of Wight, and thus, while under five-and-twenty, had entered on his career as a beneficed clergyman. In this pleasant rural parish—in which Bishop Ken was one of his predecessors—with a beloved wife and ample means, he passed the ten critical years of life in much happiness, and in a combination of activities, not of the highest order, but most congenial to his nature and abilities. Of these the most prominent, indeed the absorbing one, was the exercise of that facility of speech which had been his characteristic from boyhood, inherited from his father, who owed to it his parliamentary success and consequently his philanthropic fame—cultivated as carefully as ever Mr. Pitt's by Lord Chat-ham—expressed through an organ, not indeed so singularly charming as that which rang through the Castle Yard of York in March, 1784, and made the diminutive young Hull merchant member for York-shire, but full of sonorous intonation and dramatic variety. This faculty of the expression of ready and ductile thoughts became, in the duties of his profession, at once the satisfaction of his daily life and the leverage of his ecclesiastical fortunes. With the paternal prestige, with an appreciative Bishop, with affectionate university relations, with an intellectual tact which stood him in stead of large or accurate knowledge, and with a love of approbation that radiated into kindness for all about him, no wonder that the Rector of Brighstone passed little time in his insular obscurity, but was frequently and increasingly occupied in preaching for other clergy

and for religious societies (especially of a missionary character), in the University pulpit in 1836, in speaking at public meetings, and in making more or less acquaintance with the best men of the day. No wonder that he should have been often tempted from his quiet living by the offer of an important London charge and several minor promotions; but he must have become very notorious to have had in 1837 the choice of the Vicarage of Leeds, which Dr. Hook accepted on his refusal. It is a curious speculation how far the more versatile and sympathetic mind of Wilberforce would have affected the opinions and imagination of that great northern city, in comparison with the influence exercised by the sturdy intellect, self-asserting temperament, and rough geniality of Hook, who, to use his own expression, found "Dissent dominant and Wesleyanism the established religion," and has left, within the range of his parochial or rather episcopal functions a distinct and traditional action of the thoughts and feelings of the Anglican Church which still has all the character of a permanent impression.¹

Besides the University sermons, the only important literary employment of these years was the Life of his father, the common work of himself and his brother. This was finished in 1838, and was eagerly read by a large portion of the religious world; but the political colleagues and associates in Mr. Wilberforce's great work had passed away, and the book, from its absence of form and defects of construction, has never taken its place among standard English biographies, though no doubt it will in many places be taken down from its dusty retirement, in the renewed interest of the Life of his son. In the Diary there is occasional mention of theological reading, and in one letter an allusion to the enjoyment of a poem of Spenser's, and in another a remark on *Wilhelm Meister*—"its curious pictures of life and manners"—but anything like serious or continuous study was incompatible with the ceaseless round of perfunctory, domestic, and social occupation.

A letter accompanying a presentation copy of his father's life to Mr. Gladstone, then busy on his book on Church and State, illustrates the mental relation of the rising statesman and of the risen ecclesiastic:—

" You will find, I trust, the part which concerns his old West Indian warfare written in a temper of which you will not disapprove; and the sketch which it gives of a public man holding fast to high principles, and living in the fear of God, will, I have no doubt, be interesting to you, and must, I think, be useful to those whose lot it is to be thrown into the midst of the same tempestuous scenes. "

" I have long wished to say a few words to you on your own position; from the one only reason which may have led me to see some things in it which may

(1) Within the last year the Hook Memorial Church has been consecrated with every expression of reverential memory, the son of Dr. Hook instituted as its rector, and an overwhelming majority of Churchmen returned for the School Board.

possibly have passed unnoticed by you, namely, that I know less and am therefore less occupied by its *details*, and may therefore think more of its general features.

" It would be an affectation in you, which you are above, not to know that few young men have the weight you have in the House of Commons, and are gaining rapidly throughout the country. Now I do not wish to urge you to consider this as a talent, for your use of which you must render an account, for so I know you do esteem it, but what I want to urge upon you is that you should calmly look far before you; see the degree of weight and influence to which you may fairly, if God spares your life and powers, look forward in future years, and thus act *now* with a view to *then*.

" There is no height to which you may not fairly rise in this country. If it pleases God to spare us violent convulsions and the loss of our liberties, you may at a future day wield the whole government of this land; and if this should be so, of what extreme moment will your *past steps* then be to the real usefulness of your high station. If there has been any compromise of principle before, you will not then be able to rise above it; but if all your steps have been equal, you will not then be expected to descend below them. I say this to you in the sad conviction that almost all our public men act from the merest expediency; and that from this conventional standard it must be most difficult for one living and acting amongst them to keep himself clear; and yet from the conviction, too, that as yet you are wholly uncommitted to any low principles of thought or action. I would have you view yourself as one who may become the head of all the better feelings of this country, the maintainer of its Church and of its liberties, and who must now be fitting himself for this high vocation.

" Suffer me to add, what I think my father's life so beautifully shows, that a deep and increasing personal religion must be the root of that firm and unwearied consistency in right, which I have ventured thus to press upon you.

" May you in another walk, and in still higher opportunities of service, as perfectly illustrate the undoubted truth that those who honour Him, He will honour. Believe me, my dear Gladstone, to remain most sincerely yours,

" SAMUEL WILBERFORCE."

His acquaintance with "that noble fellow" Bunsen, with Maurice, who "charmed me with his benignity and wisdom," and with Thomas Carlyle, "very interesting," dates from this epoch, and his removal to Alverstoke brought him into contact with John Wilson Croker, and with the family of Lord Ashburton, with which for two generations he entertained the happiest relations. He held this charge from 1841 to 1844, and then occurred the terrible event which haunted him in all the steps and various conditions of his future life, the death of his young wife. Canon Ashwell, with almost dramatic interest, puts together the notices of his journal from year to year on that fatal day, the last in 1871. There, too, was cemented by four years of mutual service the friendship of Chenevix Trench, his "best friend in life."

Soon after he was appointed chaplain to Prince Albert, and became a great favourite with the royal circle. To his nature the intimate intercourse of a blameless Court must have been especially agreeable. His loyalty was at once a duty and an affection, and in the circumstances of the young married life of the Queen there was much to give to the formality of a quasi-official relation a deep per-

sonal interest and pleasurable excitement. He had, too, that faculty of dependence without servility to which Prince Albert would have been accustomed in that peculiar combination of patronage and familiarity which the bettermost German courts had cultivated, and of which the position of Göthe at Weimar was the eminent example. A letter is here given addressed to Wilberforce, then Dean of Westminster, on his nomination to the bishopric of Oxford, in which the Prince expounds to him the duties and limitations of the character of an English bishop, and which, coming from so young a man, in however exalted a station, to an eminent ecclesiastic, would have been hardly explicable as a matter of taste and feeling, on any other supposition. The frequency of his religious services before the Court leaves the impression that his talent as a preacher was highly appreciated, and there are notices in his journal of his admission into the inner daily life of the Royal Family. The appointment of Almoner, which had been usually attached to the archbishopric of York, was regarded as a mark of peculiar favour. He had two especial friends in the household—Lady Lyttelton, whose interesting Journal may some day be given to the world without any derogation to the dignity of even royal privacy, and Mr. Anson, the Prince's secretary, whose premature loss was regarded by the Royal Family as a domestic calamity. In an incidental extract taken from his diary in 1849, he wrote: "June of this year. Domestic matters. Dangerous sickness, and near view of death. Evident withdrawal of royal favour. J. E. A.'s death bearing on this," a juxtaposition which shows how painfully the Bishop felt the change of countenance of the Court. Mr. Anson's presence there may have been of service to him as a reminder to others, but it is hardly likely that so delightful an element in a limited society would have been dismissed without some deeper meaning. It has been popularly attributed to his partial resistance to the prerogative in objecting to the nomination of Bishop Hampden, but even this error of judgment was not so persistent as to have been unpardonable; and it will remain a courtly mystery of no other import than as having been a severe trial in his life. His article in the *Quarterly Review* on "Royal Authorship" in 1867, in its affectionate tribute to the memory of the Prince, shows that if any wrong had been done to him, he had been able to bury it in happy and generous reminiscences.

During this period his friendship with his Oxford associates was maintained by frequent intercourse, and brought him into connection with the chief theological events of the time. Of these by far the most important was the publication of a series of Tracts, which at once gave a new current to the destinies of the Church of England. In this remarkable agitation he writes to his mother that he takes little interest, and indeed "has only read a few of them," and a little reflection will indicate the meaning of this disposition.

The broad distinction between what was designated the Tractarian movement, and that which under the name of Ritualism now disturbs the Church of England, is not so well recognised as it deserves to be. Between the years 1828 and 1830, the general use at Oxford of Whately's works on logic and rhetoric had sharpened the undergraduate mind, which the academic study of Aristotle's Ethics and Butler's Evidences and Sermons had left dissatisfied with the religious teaching of the day. Jebb's *Essay* on the peculiar character of the Church of England directed this anxiety towards the divines of the sixteenth century and their distinctive dogmas, while the theosophy of Coleridge led to the search for dogmatic truth by metaphysical process. In 1832 Mr. Rose started the *British Magazine*, which had for its primary purpose the defence of the Church against the radical agitation that accompanied the reform of education, and which was directed at once against its formularies and its financial interests in tithes and church rates. Mr. Newman's first volume of *Sermons*, though uncontroversial, expounded in distinct propositions and pellucid language what may be called the temper of Christianity as applied to the Church. This was followed by Keble's *Primitive Tradition* and Pusey's *Scriptural View of Baptism*, and to the opposition which assailed the latter work the appellation of the principles of the Party is probably due. Newman's *Lectures on Romanism and Ultra-Protestantism* laid down the landmarks of the English Church, and planted it as the legitimate representative of ancient Christianity uncorrupted by, and independent of, Rome. The bases of this system were essentially historical, and its method strictly logical. It was the application to strong and unemotional minds of the same principles in the ecclesiastical sphere as they admitted and acted upon in ethics and politics: it was a design to give to the Church of England a reality which admitted and made use of the imagination and the affections, but lay above and apart from them, commanding the intelligence of mankind by a higher reason of its own. It never professed any especial care for rites except as symbols, or agitated for any matter of costume except the disuse of the Geneva gown. In its relation to the State, it was the theory of the Non-Jurors, without their adherence to the indefeasible rights of Legitimacy, and of the Gallican Church without its servility to Louis-Quatorze. This independent attitude was not attractive to the character of Mr. Wilberforce's views. Though he would have repudiated any charge of Erastianism, he had the old liking for Church and State; he would have wished to see a State spiritualised by the Church, but he did not wish to see it in subjection. The historical basis vexed into an evangelical conception of religious truth as something existing apart in relation to an external world, and of which the Church was the mere instrument and communication. But the dominant sentiment was his fear and dislike of Roman authority, and he did

not see that the Tractarians, as such, had no more liking for Rome than he had. In fact they wanted to be Rome themselves; and it was only when the public voice rose so loud against this claim of the Anglican Church that the disposition to perversion showed itself. The Master who gave his name to the theory has never gone further than to propose an *Eirenicon* to the Church of Rome which would have been a victory, and the great convert, the Cardinal, who for once seems to have chained up the watch-dogs of popular Protestantism, is wittily said by Dr. Dollinger to owe his Hat to the Roman Curia's ignorance of the English language, which alone has prevented them from putting his books in the Index.

But if Mr. Wilberforce remained apart from this remarkable movement, he readily took part in the condemnation of the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity. Hampden's *Bampton Lectures*, which now would be regarded as a learned but not vivacious exposition of the effect of the scholastic method and phrasology on Christian doctrine, had four years before seriously shocked the current opinion of the University by an apparent substitution of metaphysical nomenclature for religious realities, a purpose which the writer most positively disowned. The selection of the lecturer for the official representative of the theological teaching of the University was an unwise act of defiance on the part of the Liberal Government, which, however, was probably only meant as the reward of an earnest member of the University who favoured the admission of Dissenters to the University, and had even written a pamphlet in favour of that liberal measure. But if Samuel Wilberforce's evangelical training would have made any such possible views as those indicated in Hampden's Lectures repugnant to his deepest convictions, the political liberality of the writer would have been no recommendation, for the young reformer of the Oxford Debating Society had announced himself, within a year of his ordination, as an uncompromising Tory, and later had only been prevented by the Bishop's remonstrance from seconding Mr. Ward's nomination for the Isle of Wight in opposition to the semi-sacred name of Simeon. He did, in fact, answer to the cry of "The Church and Mr. Wilberforce," in the Bugle Inn at Newport, in a speech that might seem to prognosticate the future Conservative occupant of the episcopal bench.

In 1845, after an occupation of the Deanery of Westminster too short for him to leave any distinct impression, he became Bishop of Oxford, a diocese which, from its limited size and neglected condition, was especially favourable for the exercise of that personal supervision for which he was so well adapted. In fact he treated it as one large parish, and established relations with his clergy of a nature so familiar and intimate that a new character of a very doubtful advantage was given to the whole episcopate. The larger area and independent

habits of the larger bishoprics were not either intended for or appropriate to the paternal rule, which required a man of especial gifts to employ without intrusion and despotism; and from the necessary failure of this attempt has sprung the demand for the parcelling-out of England into any number of small sees, damaging at once the dignity of the office and the freedom of the ministry. But in the relation between the Bishop and the University, unimportant in form but considerable in reality, the selection of Wilberforce was not equally fortunate. In such a position he was not a man willing to remain outside the matters in which the University was vitally interested, and, at that moment, the chiefs of the different schools were men of mark and the subjects of controversy weighty. I cannot but perceive a tone of irony in Dr. Pusey's congratulation to him that he had succeeded to a post requiring 'supernatural gifts' rather than 'natural acquirements.' His learning, classical or even theological, was of no high order, and even his preaching was of a popular rather than academic character. It was, therefore, not surprising that there should be no *a priori* good-will towards him in his treatment of important controversies, and that he should have been mistrusted both by high ecclesiastical authorities and by thoughtful inquirers.

Canon Ashwell takes the period of the Hampden controversy, 1847-48, as the turning-point in the Bishop's life—the watershed, as it were, between the happy current of his successful and comparatively irresponsible professional career and the distracted and difficult courses that followed. I am inclined to think that far too much importance was attributed to the Bishop's part in that affair, and that the worst he could be accused of was a want of resolution and decision of character, and that the reproach of double-dealing was entirely undeserved. With all the Church to choose from, the selection of Dr. Hampden for the Bishopric of Hereford was one of Lord John Russell's acts of petulant defiance of what he considered false and dangerous principles, of which the Durham Letter, issued without the knowledge of his Cabinet, was a still more flagrant specimen. He delighted to strain the constitution of Church and State, if only to show how strong it was; and when Bishop Wilberforce took the step of ministerially sanctioning the legal inquisition into the soundness or unsoundness of Dr. Hampden's religious opinions, it was clearly done rather in the spirit of an official *tu-quoque* than of a deliberate intention to embroil the Church with the Crown. It was, however, in a far different temper that men like the Oxford Tractarians and prelates like the Bishop of Exeter urged the prosecution, and this was exactly what he failed to understand. He had written an almost affectionate appeal to Dr. Hampden to make a public confession of his orthodoxy, which the Professor, attacked and hampered as he had been by the University, with dignity declined to do;

and in announcing to him the act of remitting the Articles against him to the Ecclesiastical Court, he professes to do it solely to afford him the means of proving that his opinions had been misrepresented and misunderstood. But, as the discussion went on, the Bishop became aware that he was far more compromised than he supposed, and that, whether he intended it or not, his proceedings must have a judicial character, and finally he withdrew the Letters of Requests, on the plea that Dr. Hampden had withdrawn one of the obnoxious works from circulation, and that, on a more deliberate study of the *Bampton Lectures*, on which the whole structure of heresy had been founded, he could find nothing distinctly unorthodox or erroneous. The world naturally said, "Had he never read them before?" and the foiled theologians vented on him their wrath and indignation. How he felt the position himself is told in these letters. *Henry of Exeter* scolded him in his most imperious style. To his brother *Robert* he writes:—"Write to me soon, and tell me I am not a rascal;" and again,—"I suppose, to men of my mental constitution, abuse, and especially insinuations of dishonesty, are more exquisitely painful than almost any other trial, and therefore are more necessary. Only, my God, give me the blessing of this and every other chastisement. *Private*.—I believe myself to have given up all that men mean by worldly promotion, when I signed the Remonstrance against Hampden; and many suppose me, when I was afraid of acting unjustly to him, acting from low cunning or cowardice." He also mentions that the "good old *Archbishop (Howley)* wrote to urge me to let the suit drop." I distinctly remember his telling me, some time afterwards, that this request had been most urgent. Nor was this surprising, for the Primate, having strongly objected to the nomination of Dr. Hampden to the Bishopric of Manchester, had told *Lord John* that he had not the same objection to his appointment at Hereford. After a good deal of loud remonstrance and ecclesiastical menace, Dr. Hampden became Bishop of Hereford, and never exhibited afterwards any philosophic or literary activity: the Oxford inquisition had done its work in worrying into silence a scholarly and thoughtful man. It probably never occurred to the Bishop of Oxford that his own trouble in this matter would never have arisen could he have but brought himself to believe that Dr. Hampden might have been permitted to have his own views of Christian truth, any more than years afterwards he was conscious that he had done a great injustice to a fellow-Bishop, to whom also he addressed an affectionate remonstrance, but whose earnest research for speculative truth he was equally unable to recognise.

It is with this subject-matter that this volume closes, and it will be difficult to find a writer competent to complete it. We are told that the materials for the other volumes are ready, but they can hardly have the same individual interest. The character of the man

is made; the goal of his highest ambition is near, and the points of issue on which he is to exercise his talents and his judgment are not of the nature in which they can be regarded as successful. There is one of these which may fairly be anticipated, for on it he has expressed himself in the fullest literary form of which he was capable.

The volume of *Essays and Reviews* was a collection of essays written for a Review projected by an enterprising and thoughtful publisher, and who did not wish so much good material to be lost when he gave up the design. To the readers of the articles of a similar character written by clergymen in the *Contemporary Review* or the *Nineteenth Century*, and still more to the literary companionship to which they do not seem to object, the sensation created by this miscellany affords a fair gauge of the advance of freedom of opinion. But it must be remembered that Oxford at that time was still under the Tractarian order of thought, and that it was probably the very strength of those impressions that provoked the reaction we now witness. One of the first formal protests was an elaborate article in the *Quarterly Review* (republished in the posthumous volume of Wilberforce's *Essays*) which, while admitting that the first recommendation of the work, especially to younger men, was "the apparent earnestness of character, 'piety of spirit, and high moral objects set before them by the most distinguished of its writers," marks the whole of them with a common brand of infidelity, and calls on them in moral honesty to abandon their posts in the Established Church. One of them is now Bishop of Exeter, another Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, and another Master of Balliol. The other essayists are accused of "scarcely 'veiled atheism," "open scepticism," and "daring flippancy," and the whole tone of the article is one of indiscriminate censure and angry reprobation. The possibility of a desire for truth--however mistaken--on their part has evidently never occurred to the writer, any more than it would have done to the Grand Inquisitor of other times, and the bar against any attempt to reconcile faith and piety, or reverence and criticism, is raised high and resolutely defended. But the line of attack is rather doctrinal than ecclesiastical, and it is from the evangelical standpoint of so-called objective religious truths that this excommunication proceeds. The doubt as to whether the primal pair were the progenitors of a single race or of all mankind is an "ideological interpretation that sweeps away a large part of revelation;" "the ultimate refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent" is the knell of all Christian truths; the exercise of the verifying faculty is no safer in the hands of these professed Christian ministers than in those of Voltaire, Thomas Paine, or Dr. Strauss. The entire article is full of such sweeping denunciations, and the argument never rises beyond them. Bishop Wilberforce, however, attached great value to it, and spoke of it afterwards as the fruit of a fortnight's continuous

labour. There is no apparent reason why, at the time, he persistently denied the authorship, acting on the practice of which Sir Walter Scott was the memorable example, but which has now become of somewhat dubious morality. It was, too, in reference to this essay in a later conversation with the author of the article on the same subject in the antagonistic Review (who however had always avowed his authorship), that he used the classical allusion, "the augurs are met," which was widely circulated in a malicious sense, and with far more import than the incident deserved. It was nevertheless not in harmony with the Claphamite tradition of the conduct of Mr. Samuel Thornton, who, when governor of the Bank of England, crossing St. James's Park on the Sunday after Mr. Pitt's decision on the previous evening, was accosted by Mr. Smith of Norwich, with the question, "Is it true that the Bank of England stops cash payments to-morrow?" He hesitated to reply. Then said Mr. Smith, "That is answer enough for me," and the important secret was divulged to the political and financial world.

It was some two years later that Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, having been indicted for their essays in the Arches Court, were acquitted by Dr. Lushington, and two years later again that the book was finally condemned by Convocation, against the judgment of the Bishops of London and St. David's. It was on that occasion that I brought the question before the House of Lords, without any intention of provoking theological controversy, in the interests of freedom of opinion and the liberties of literature. I was able to do this without offence to any party; but the Lord Chancellor, Lord Westbury, took advantage of my question as to the authority and immunities of Convocation in the matter of the Condemnation of Books to treat its proceedings with the greatest disdain—"to assure his Noble Friend that he need have no fear of any danger to anybody; that if any results did occur the whole body would be guilty of *Præmunire*, and that the Bishop of Oxford as promoter of the condemnation, and having given two votes as member of the committee and as chairman, would be liable to at least two years' suspension of his whole episcopal income." He went on to describe their judgment "as no judgment at all, and as being conveyed in words so slippery, so oily, so saponaceous that they could hold nothing and injure nobody." The allusion to the Bishop's nickname sent a thrill of indignation through the House, and he brought down a storm of sympathetic applause when, in his reply, he said, "If a man has no respect for himself, he ought at all events to respect the tribunal before which he speaks; and when the highest representative of the law of England, in your Lordships' House, upon a matter involving the liberties of the subject and the religion of the realm, and all those high truths concerning which this discussion is, can think it fitting to descend to a ribaldry in which he knows he

"can safely indulge, because those to whom he addresses it will have
 "too much respect for their character to answer him in like sort—
 "I say that this House has ground to complain of having its high
 "character unnecessarily injured in the sight of the people of this
 "land by one occupying so high a position in it." He concluded :
 "One thing I venture to state is this, that I would rather subject
 "myself, in the presence of my countrymen and your noble House,
 "to any amount of that invective and insinuation and all those arts
 "of, I will not say what part of, the Bar of England, of which we
 "have seen something to-night—I would, I repeat, rather a thousand
 "times incur it all, than have to look back on my death-bed on
 "myself as one of those who had not striven for the truth of our
 "Established Church, and had not encountered because I was afraid
 "personally of the consequences, anything which the maintenance
 "of that truth might entail."

The offensive epithet here alluded to had a curious origin. The students of Cuddesden College, wishing to celebrate both the Bishop and their Principal, Alfred Pott, on some festive occasion, placed on one pillar the initials S. O., and on another A. P. The combination was taken up in a satiric spirit, and the Bishop himself said it was owing to the alliteration with his unfortunate Christian name. I do not know whether the excellent retort, "that the name was given him because he was always in hot water, and always came out with clean hands," was his own or some defender's; but to those who understood his character the *sobriquet* was by no means appropriate: the charm of his persuasiveness was its natural and cheerful character, and, supposing any insincerity, it never showed itself on the surface.

The future volumes will probably contain some estimate of the social position and character of Samuel Wilberforce beyond what is sketched in the pages before me, and it will be difficult not to confront the question whether the mode of life in which he was eminently successful was consistent with his prelatical position. In an earlier time there would have been no doubt upon the matter. An invincible gaiety, a witty participation in good company, a fair demand for the honours of his profession, and a general interest in the public affairs of his time, would never, to our grandfathers, have been looked upon as incongruous with the fulfilment of clerical duty or the exigencies of episcopal decorum. Apart from particular theories of the ascetic life, the only demand that could be fairly made on the sincerity of a man in such a position, would be that he should not be subject to self-reproach, and thus be doing in daily action what in more serious moods he thought unworthy. In M. de Pressense's sketch of Bishop Dupanloup (between whose character and that of the Bishop of Oxford there are certainly many traits of resemblance), he says, "He was tormented by self-contradictions which he never succeeded in reconciling, and it is this which some-

times gave him the appearance of insincerity. In reality he did not deserve the imputation: it was his position that was false, not himself." In the Diary and Letters already given, there is certainly a tone of mental discomfort, occasionally of conscious humiliation, which will excite different feelings, according to the view from which it is regarded. To those who adhere to the mode of religious thought with which the name of the elder Wilberforce is usually connected, it will be gratifying to see the earlier impressions so permanent; while to the ordinary delineator of the human character, there will be a sense of inconsistency which certainly lowers rather than elevates the entire man. When he writes that "Secularity is the great danger of the Church of England," he almost implies that he had himself yielded to the temptation, rather than that he had thankfully and cheerfully accepted the fortunate conditions of society in which he was placed, using them for his own intellectual advantage, and with the sense of innocent gratification in the pleasure he was giving to others.

His lot fell in a peculiarly happy moment of London society. The traditional House deserved and justified their dignity by an amiable and intellectual hospitality, the present loss of which can hardly fail to react on the order to which they belong. The simpler relations of social life were exercised with a freedom and gaiety that made daily intercommunication easy and beneficial, and knew no distinction between men-of-letters and men-of-the-world besides the satisfaction they could either of them contribute to the gratification of rational pleasure. Of the circles into which the Bishop of Oxford naturally came from his birth, breeding, and position, few now remain to remember the charm of his mien and voice, the readiness of his repartee, and the facility of his apprehension. His very deficiency in any special study secured him from pedantry, while his general love of knowledge made him not only ready but eager to receive from others. He had not the stored and contradictory mind of Hallam, or the affluent illustration and semipiternal flow of Macaulay, or the inventive criticism of Sir George Lewis, or the broad and well-digested reading of Milman, or that wonderful substance of sound sense that underlaid the wit of Sydney Smith, but he had something of all these qualities, and few of their accompanying defects.

Perhaps the best occasions for the display of these qualities were the breakfast-parties which then were fashionable, when the same seven or eight people met once or twice a week, with the variety of a few fresh comers who knew how to listen and enjoy. Mr. Rogers, the post, had some time before inaugurated these facile and inexpensive forms of entertainment, at which he repeated that the talk flowed more freely than later in the day. "No man," he said, "is conceited before two o'clock." A few superior women graced these

reunions, and had access to the apartments of favoured bachelors, which otherwise would have been closed to them.

He was seen, too, at great advantage at those club-dinners of select societies which are one of the pleasantest forms of London life. At The Club (Dr. Johnson's), the Literary Society, and the assembly of public men of all parties, named after the hotel where it first assembled (Grillion's), his musical voice has left memorable echoes, and the movable features, lighting up from their usually pensive expression at every call, remain a vision of friendly association. There was one Dining-club of less outward pretension, but enrolling names quite as distinguished, to which he was elected in 1839, and which, ten years after, brought him under the reproach of foolish and ignorant religious opponents. The founder of this social meeting was John Sterling, a man who, with no more than a secondary position in literature, with opinions of ill-repute, and with an early death, has had the strange fortune of having his name transmitted to posterity in two interesting biographies—one of them by the foremost man of letters of his time, and the other by a most accomplished Churchman. But the singular powers and force of character to which he has owed this rare distinction gathered round him many contemporaries who followed with deep interest his double fight for Truth and for Life. I remember the early meetings, at which the name of the society was under discussion. After many proposals—one of them was the Gothe Club—to which objections were raised, as pedantic and pretentious, it was settled to call it after Sterling himself, no doubt with a sad and secret intention that it should remain as a memorial after he had gone. Among the original members were Thomas Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Charles Butler (the Roman Catholic advocate), Alfred Tennyson, Bingham Baring (Lord Ashburton), Connop Thirlwall, Richard Trench, Frederic Maurice, and Herman Merivale, a goodly company, increased in after years by names and characters as various as the three Wilberforces and Archdeacon Manning, Kinglake, Ruskin, Thackeray, and Arthur Stanley. In the list of 1849 appear the names of the two Bishops of Oxford and St. David's, but Trench had not yet attained his archiepiscopal throne. Assuredly the clerical element in this list is strong enough to have saved Wilberforce from the charge of having adopted the sceptical views of John Sterling, made against him in the *Record* newspaper, and which was mainly founded on the rumour that no grace was pronounced before or after dinner, the truth being that the Bishop himself had used the collegiate forms, "*Benedic tuus benedictus*" and "*Benedicatur*." I cannot remember when the club died out, but its extinction soon followed its change of name to that of the "Tuesday Club," an unworthy concession to stupid misapprehension.

The only compensation for the great waste of time and thought

entailed upon a Bishop by the new fashion of numerous confirmations extending to the smaller parishes, is to be found in the increased intercourse with the gentry, brought about by a ready hospitality during the episcopal tour. On these occasions the Bishop of Oxford was especially welcome from the singular sympathetic grace with which he performed this otherwise formal rite; generations of Westminster boys will remember the apposite addresses, which may have affected the course of many lives. But his society was not confined to the country-houses to which this ceremony gave him access; had he lived a hundred years ago, or even now in the county of Jack Russell, he would have been an ardent sportsman, from his love of athletic exercise, and from his practical enjoyment of Nature. As it was, he was equally popular in country as well as in town society, and in such a house as Lord Ashburton's, at The Grange, he was seen at his very best. Memorable were the encounters of humour between him and that brilliant hostess. I have one especially in my mind. "Mr. Carlyle and I have had a splendid ride over the downs; we went through the mist like Faust and Mephistopheles on the Brocken." "Which is which?" asked the lady.

Wilberforce had quite a royal memory of persons and trivial associations which was essentially useful to him in his episcopal intercourse, and not without its advantage in the general London world where small people were flattered by his immediate recognition of themselves and their concerns. This eminent liveliness of thought undoubtedly gained an additional zest from his ecclesiastical status, exactly in the same sense in which in one of his letters he ascribes this advantage to the Canon of St. Paul's; and there is a still further similarity in his enjoyment of a joke against a colleague in the profession, and especially against a fellow-occupant of the Bench. I remember a strange monster being mentioned as having been discovered on the shores of Madagascar, with the peculiarity of immense ears and a total defect of hearing. "It will be the Bishop of ——," said his brother.

In 1861 occurred the vacancy in the province of York caused by the death of Archbishop Musgrave. Public opinion at once designated the Bishop of Oxford as his successor. Besides all his high personal claims, he was eminently Yorkshire—by ancient lineage (the village of Wilberfoss lies between Bishoptorpe and York), by parental fame, by familiar acquaintance with Yorkshiremen of all classes, and by a certain aptness of nature and shrewdness of character cognate to the northern county. But Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister, and though the least personal and best-humoured of public men, capable of a deep sense of injury and with no unwillingness to show it on occasion. He knew well what Dr. Wilberforce had thought, talked and written, of him for years, and he had no inclination for an ostentatious exhibition of magnanimity. He therefore resisted all solicitations, and they were numerous, and nominated to the great

dignity a man with whose private and parochial work he was personally acquainted, and who was a good representative of the ultra-evangelical section of the Church. Lord Palmerston used to say that when he made a Broad or a High Church Bishop he gratified a fraction of the Church, and one or two of his private friends; but when he made a Low Church one he pleased two-thirds of the Church, Lord Shaftesbury, and all the Dissenters. It was therefore with some annoyance that he received from the Head of the Church the objection that his nomination was too sectarian, and, declining to reconsider it, he placed the appointment entirely at the discretion of the Crown. This was not exercised in favour of the Bishop of Oxford, and a Prelate much younger and less known, who has since most fully justified the choice, was placed in the seat of his legitimate ambition. He made no concealment of his bitter disappointment—spoke of resigning his see, as, Canon Ashwell tells us, he had done before, on his brother Robert's admission into the Romish Church, and openly denounced it as a breach of private friendship that Mr. Gladstone should remain in a Cabinet that had consented to such an injustice. I well remember urging upon him the difficulty he would have had of accepting the dignity from a Minister of whom he thought so ill, and of whom he had spoken with such open repugnance; but he said that he had earned the first posts in his profession, as a soldier or a lawyer might have done in theirs, and it was not for the caprice of a Minister to deprive him of it. I have reason to believe that Lord Palmerston himself regretted that he had not in this case risen above all personal prepossessions, and it is very probable that such a course might have ended in the reconciliation of two distinguished men.

After this disappointment the translation from Oxford to Winchester could not have been unwelcome. While the province of York would have been replete with ancestral and family associations, that of Winchester had been the scene of all his early labours and successes, of the happy married time, of his firmest friendships, and his elevation to its episcopate gave a local completeness to the round of his ecclesiastical life. Within its range too lay the landed proprietorship which he much appreciated, and he often spoke of the combination of the parson and the squire as a most enjoyable condition, and invented for it the name of "squarson."

The only political event—as political as ecclesiastical, in which in later years he took part was the dis-establishment of the Irish Church. Those who knew him intimately were aware with how much disfavour he had long looked at that unjust and impolitic institution. I well remember once defending it on social grounds, and also suggesting that it was closely bound to the Church of England. "Yes," he said, "unfortunately very close; but it is a Mercantile

connection, the dead with the living." I was therefore not surprised when he followed Mr. Gladstone in that singular consequence of the combination of Anti-Erastian Churchmanship with jealous Nonconformity. But it was not to be expected that those to whom it was the destruction of the sacred home of their social and political existence should take the same view, and, with a singular want of prevision, he had chosen the previous year for a prolonged visit to his dear friend the Archbishop of Dublin, the Primate, the Bishop of Derry, and other dignitaries of the Irish Church, in which he had naturally been received with the greatest hospitality and friendship. No wonder then that his separation from the common defence of the Churches was regarded with considerable ill-will and suspicion, and that what was really a very earnest conviction was regarded as a great insincerity. Taking all the circumstances into account he probably never performed a duty that give him deeper anxiety and more personal pain.

The Bishop was notoriously fond of riding, and had the repute of being a good horseman, which was not true, for he rode very loosely. In July, 1873, Lord Granville, meeting him in Hyde Park, suggested that he should spend a quiet Sunday at his brother's, Mr. Leveson Gower's place in Surrey. They would have horses to meet them at the station, and would take a pleasant gallop over the grassy road that lies between Dorking and Godalming. The Bishop gladly accepted, and they started on the projected excursion. After they had mounted, he talked of his enjoyment on horseback and mentioned, among other incidents, how he had once been riding with me at 'The Grange in Hampshire, and, seeing that my horse did not suit me, proposed to exchange, which we did—and ten minutes afterwards my horse stumbled over a piece of ice, and I fell and broke my shoulder: a story I have often told as an illustration of the Italian proverb "Mai cavalear con un prete." After they had ridden some time rather fast, Lord Granville asked the Bishop whether he was not tired. "Not in the least. I should never be tired with such a horse as this under me." Soon after Lord Granville, a little in advance, heard a heavy thud behind him, and, turning round, saw the Bishop lying on his back, as if he had turned over after falling. The groom was dispatched to a neighbouring house; and Lord Granville, on feeling for the Bishop's pulse, found, to his horror, that none was perceptible. He had died instantaneously. When Thomas Carlyle heard of it, he said, "It must have been a glad surprise." The news reached London on Sunday morning, and affected even London in June with more than a passing sorrow. What it was to those near and dear to him it is needless to say, but there was a large intermediate circle who felt that they had lost a most delightful companion and valuable friend.

HOUGHTON.

TURKISH FALLACIES AND BRITISH FACTS.

WHEN one "half Rome" had said its say and "the other half Rome" had explained its views, "Tertium Quid" came forward in the guise of a person of quality to instruct Eminences and Excellencies as to the truth of the tragedy that agitated Italy nearly two centuries since. Mr. Browning has told us the tale, making the dead past live again through the intensity of his gift of genius. "The life in me abolished the death of things." It seems, however, that "Tertium Quid" was wholly wrong in its appreciation of the facts that had happened. The cultivated and dispassionate intellect was entirely wide of the mark, where vulgar and unlettered folk had come to arrive at the truth. This result was probably an accident. The poet lets us understand that in his opinion it was a matter of chance. If feeling, groping after the truth, they found it, 'twas "by no more skill, but luck." But still it was so. The instructor was wrong, although he had had the full advantage of hearing both sides before he began to speak. Some temptation to error had led him astray. An initial fault, a certain obliquity, mental or moral, had warped his judgment, so that the final conclusion was an elaborate misunderstanding of the transaction he affected to explain.

"Some prepossession such as starts amiss,
By but a hair-breadth at the shoulder-blade,
The arm o' the feeler, dip he ne'er so brave;
And so leads waveringly, lots fall wide
O' the mark his finger meant to find, and fix
Truth at the bottom, that deceptive speck."

I have often been led to think of "Tertium Quid," with his trick of simpering in a gilded saloon, in reading the article which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for February, entitled "Turkish Facts and British Fallacies." Four years have passed of vehement agitation, and now the writer of the article is emboldened to break silence. We have been fighting a great battle from day to day, the necessities of practical life not allowing us all to stand aside whilst history transacts itself, and it would not be surprising if in the course of such a prolonged struggle many false steps had been taken, many foolish proposals had been thrown out, caught up, and cast aside. The antecedent probability is strong that we have been, to a great extent, engaged in a confused hurly-burly. There may well be an Intelligence in whose eyes

"We are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

The author of "Turkish Facts and British Fallacies" treats us rather unfairly if he does not remember under what harder conditions we have lived and worked, than those under which he now lives and writes. To be able to suspend your judgment until after the event, and then to tell us what should have been done, is an advantage so extraordinary that we who have not enjoyed it might hope to be treated with compassion by the anonymous critic who does enjoy it. Perhaps if the writer had not been anonymous he would have remembered this. The responsibility produced by the reflection that those who know him would judge might have had a useful influence. It is not, indeed, obvious why, departing from the ordinary rule of the *Fortnightly Review*, the writer has sought anonymity. There is nothing apparent in his article calculated to make uncomfortable the relations of a British subject living in the East. It may be that the writer is an official person, in whom it is an indiscretion to publish his opinions in a Review; and if this is the case there is nothing more to be said; but I confess I should have liked to have known what are the circumstances that give him a claim to authority. Whatever they may be, I have come to the conclusion, from an examination of the article itself, that our author is too much like "Tertium Quid," and that his elaborate correction of our rash errors is a mere futility. I shall try to make good this opinion. There would be no justification otherwise for its expression. Take one observation in support of it. We cannot read a page without seeing that there is at times a strange want of clearness and precision in the writer's language, apparently due to a want of clearness and precision in his thoughts. His images are blurred; his sentences are vague and confused. He describes the feelings he has shared in common with many of his fellow British subjects living in the countries principally interested. "We have felt that the difficulties in which our own country has become involved have been, for the most part, due to an agitation of doctrinaires, which an absence of the requisite knowledge on the part of their political opponents rendered them incapable of grappling with." This sentence cannot be construed grammatically; but we may guess at the author's meaning by supposing that "them" refers not to the obnoxious "doctrinaires," as it should do, but to the inefficient opponents of these doctrinaires. But why are the poor doctrinaires to bear most of the brunt of the blame of the difficulties that have arisen? Surely it may be equally divided between them and their opponents, who, though possessed of place and power, have not the knowledge requisite to silence foolish agitators. This may appear petty criticism; but it is, in my judgment, important, because it reveals the bias which misleads the writer from the beginning. The fatal prepossession, though but a hair's breadth, is there.

Let us see how he pursues his reflections. To Englishmen abroad, he says, England has presented "the appearance of a ship suddenly overtaken by a storm, in which one half of the crew were doing all they could to frustrate the attempts of the other half to navigate it, thereby bringing out into painful relief the inexperience and want of nautical skill of the latter." Here the writer begins well. By the precipitation of the Eastern question England was like a ship caught in a storm, and I will not quarrel with the accuracy of the declaration that the working crew—calling it half the crew is odd—were at once convicted of inexperience and want of nautical skill; but before we can blame others for trying to interfere with them, we must at least bethink ourselves of what would have been the consequences if these inexperienced and unskillful persons had been left to themselves, and we must make some attempt to test the value of the ideas of navigation of those who tried to supersede them. The writer's image is for his own purpose insufficient. I should say he does not *see* it, and it fades away before the field is filled. Let me indicate one way of completing the picture, without, however, asking the reader to accept it at once as an accurate representation of what should have been seen. The ship is caught in a storm, and the crew is without experience or skill. What do they try to do? Are they holding a course that must bring the craft upon the rocks? Are they simply driving before the gale? Those who tried to interfere believed that we were rushing towards the breakers; and though they did not succeed in getting their own alternative course adopted—which would have been the best thing that could have happened—they did succeed in diverting the ship from the course the crew had planned, thus saving it from the imminent risk, if not the certainty, of a great calamity.

Let us understand what the conditions of affairs were when the Eastern question became urgent. The situation was one of great difficulty, and no fair man will deny that the Government were hampered by the traditions of the past. Little more than twenty years before, a great war had been fought to secure the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire. It had been closed by the Treaty of 1856, and supplemented by another treaty between three of the parties to the first, assuring this independence and integrity. These are substantial facts. They were among the prime *data* of the situation. Another fact may be mentioned, though it had no real importance, because it has been often insisted upon by inferior disputants. Some five years before the revival of the Eastern question as one of urgency, the Great Powers had agreed to a modification of one of the minor details of the Treaty of 1856, and had formally confirmed the rest without discussing or reviewing them. This subsidiary agreement neither added to nor detracted from the strength of the

main stipulations and covenants of the original treaty. It left them as they were. It must be added that under the principal Treaty of 1856 the Powers entered into no separate engagements with the Sultan to protect his empire, and to the second treaty he was not a party. This was the legal situation when the Eastern question reappeared. Throughout 1875 there were disorders in Bosnia and Herzegovina more or less exciting attention in England. They continued throughout the summer of 1876 with an evident tendency to excite new troubles. Nevertheless parties were not arrayed in Parliament. The Ministry declined to accede to the Berlin Memorandum without complaint from their opponents, and the session closed quietly. The Bulgarian atrocities had happened, but had not aroused attention. If I could speak with the anonymous writer of last month, it is to this time I would ask him to direct his attention. In what temper should an English statesman charged with the conduct of affairs have approached what came after? He remembers the Crimean war. He remembers the Treaty of 1856. He takes note of the fact that the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia have invited England to join in a memorandum prescribing to the Sultan certain measures to be adopted for the restoration of order in his disturbed provinces, with an indication that more energetic steps may be taken if the memorandum fails. He takes note of the condition of France. He must take note also of the change of feeling at home. The nation had been practically unanimous in sustaining the Crimean war, but a feeling had gradually arisen of the hopelessness of any regeneration of Turkish administration, and this feeling had rapidly developed under the influence of the suspension of payment of interest on the Turkish debt. The men who opposed the Crimean war had gained in influence, and their ideas had penetrated a large part of the nation. It was evident that a national support of a similar war could not be relied upon. It must have been doubtful whether more than half the nation would not have been found resisting all suggestion of such an enterprise. And how was the situation changed within the Ottoman empire? The writer of "Turkish Facts and British Fallacies" can supply the answer. He writes that it is the fashion to say that no progress has been made since 1856, but this is only true in a sense. Whether the sense in which the statement has been made is the sense in which it is true is a pertinent question he does not stop to examine. In what sense is it true? The writer's own language is, "Turkey has made immense progress during that period, though it has not been due to any reform in the administration. That is worse at this moment than it has ever been." As we read on, however, we find that the phrase "Turkey has made progress" is loose and misleading. The Christian population have advanced; the Moslems have gone back. "The Moslems

and the Christian population gradually changed their positions relatively to one another. The proportion of Moslem to Christian, never more than one to three, has been constantly diminishing." Still further on, after a statement that "when the voracious Zaptiehs came sweeping down on a Christian village, all the papers in England were ringing with their ferocity"—a singularly inaccurate statement, all the papers in England having treated local administration in the Ottoman Empire with unanimous neglect during the period spoken of—we read the sum of the matter:—

"So far, then, from the position of the Christians being worse than in old time, or the oppression from which they suffered being greater, it was precisely the reverse. Their condition had improved beyond all expectation—at the expense of the Moslems—and it was just because they saw the latter diminishing so rapidly in numbers, wealth, and influence, and had themselves profited so much by the schools which had been introduced, the improved facilities of communication which existed in many parts of the country, and the support which they had received from the foreign consuls, that they began to imagine that the time had come to rebel against the Government. Still they would not have ventured upon this step—and it would have been far better for them had they postponed it—had it not been for the persistent instigation and agitation of the Pan-Slav agencies, and the assurances which they had received for years, that Russia would come to their assistance in case of an insurrection."

It is characteristic of the persistent confusion of this writer that his next words are, "The same assurances given now by the same Power to the revolutionary peasantry in Ireland, &c.," as if Pan-Slav agencies were identical with the power of Russia—a view wholly inconsistent with his own language a little further on: "It is now universally admitted that Russia had no desire to enter upon a war which was ultimately forced upon her by popular outcry." Can there be clearer evidence that this critic does not see what he is talking about, that he uses language without any distinct presentation of its meaning being actually in his mind? To return, however, to the larger extract. I do not admit its complete accuracy, but it is no doubt true that the Christian populations had improved in condition and in strength, and were stirred by the consciousness of it. It is also true that Pan-Slav volunteers encouraged them, and there was a possibility that the Czar would be forced by popular outcry to intervene in arms. The English statesman who is weighing the situation knows these things, and if he has any acquaintance with history he knows also that for two centuries the Moslem power has been a retreating wave. From province after province the domination of the Sultan has been slowly withdrawn. Collecting all these facts together, and deliberating with himself as to the policy he should pursue, what ought to have been the private determination of the English statesman even before the Bulgarian

atrocities excited the passion of English people? With the English nation divided and disinclined to renew the old conflict; with the other Great Powers disabled from action or convinced of the necessity of putting some compulsion on the Porte; with the power of the Turkish administration so enfeebled that no real attempt could be made to reduce to order a couple of provinces, nearly half of the inhabitants of which were Moslem; with Christians in other provinces, thrice as numerous and as wealthy as their Moslem neighbours, bent on escaping from the authority of Constantinople; with eager volunteers proffering present aid and national assistance in case of need from Russia—how was it possible to resist the conviction that the time had come when another step must be taken in the liberation of South-eastern Europe? Jealousy of Russia, fear of the aggrandizement of the power of the Czar, was the single argument against facilitating this process; but since it was plain that the development of the drama could not be hindered, it appeared on reflection that the wisest way of checking the growth of Russian influence was to withdraw the newly emancipated provinces from dependence on the power of Russia. Lord Derby had indicated this line of policy more than ten years before. The time had arrived for its practical adoption. If I revert to the image of the storm-caught ship, I should say that the statesmen who clung to the old policy were like mariners running on a lee-shore, and that they were happily withstood, thus preventing a miserable shipwreck.

The writer of last month—perhaps from his long residence abroad—seems to have forgotten the conditions of political action in free states. I cannot recognise in his review any accurate appreciation of the divisions of opinion in England in the winter of 1876-7. It is probable that no two men then thought exactly alike. It is certain that no formula was invented that expressed the opinions of all the members of either of the great parties of the State. Mr. Gladstone had talked of driving the official Turks “bag and baggage” out of Europe, but his plan was not adopted by the Liberal party, and the aspirations of the most ardent of its members were limited to the emancipation of European Turkey up to the line of the Balkans. Some kind of guarantee might be obtained—more or less trustworthy—against the repetition of Bulgarian atrocities, but it was not expected that their scene would be released from the administration of the Porte. There was, however, one issue which clearly divided the nation. One part, the Prime Minister at their head, made it their policy to maintain the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire; the other part dismissed this as an impracticable object, and accepted or desired the partial disintegration of the Ottoman dominions. To keep the limits of the Sultan's

authority unaltered or to see them abridged was the issue before us. Among those whose policy was to keep territorial limits unchanged many never intended to fight for it. We know that Lord Carnarvon and Lord Derby did not. I am bold to believe that Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross never entertained the intention. I strongly suspect that Lord Beaconsfield did not. He so excited the public mind that something had to be done, and as Lord Derby would not consent to it, Lord Derby was dropped; and there was a risk at one time that growing excitement might precipitate war, but I do not believe that even in the supreme moment when Lord Beaconsfield threatened to retire from Berlin if the right, that never has or will be exercised, of the Sultan to garrison the Balkans was not allowed, the English Prime Minister intended war. On the other hand, of those who desired a retrocession of the Turkish border, an important section of the Liberal party refused to countenance the suggestion of war as a means towards it; the official leaders of the party—avoiding the use of the ugly word—committed themselves to nothing beyond a readiness to join all the Great Powers in coercing Turkey, while a minority of the party supported Mr. Gladstone in a readiness to co-operate with Russia alone in this enterprise. Looking back three years, it must at least be confessed now that the policy of those who desired to see the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire upheld wholly failed. They may, indeed, say they failed in their objects through the opposition of their enemies, and it is very difficult to argue as to what might have been, had circumstances been other than they were; but it is the part of a statesman to measure all the forces against him, and a complaint that he was prevented from doing what he tried to do is a confession that he made a mistake in the measurement of conflicting forces. Let us suppose, however, that this policy had been allowed to be successful—would this be better than what has happened? The policy might have succeeded in preventing war altogether. Lord Beaconsfield came back from Berlin avowing this; I do not know whether he is still of this opinion. The writer on Turkish facts holds that the mere maintenance of the *status quo* would have been a useless expedient. Had England accepted the Berlin Memorandum or the Porte agreed to the terms drawn up at the Constantinople Conference, the result, he says, would have been the preparation of a powder magazine with a spark-striking machine at work in the middle of it. An explosion would have been inevitable. As our writer holds this opinion, he can scarcely object to the prudence of those who withstand the policy he condemns. It would necessarily, in his opinion, have been unwise if war had been undertaken to maintain the existing situation. A result that must be condemned if obtained for nothing, must be still more loudly condemned if purchased at the cost of a war between two great nations.

What has our critic to say of the policy of coercion, which under varying conditions was adopted by so many of the Liberal party? He makes two remarks on it. The first is that its up-holders were led astray by the false notion that the Christian peasant of European Turkey is individually a better man than the Moslem peasant. Some may have fallen into this error, so far as it is an error, but it has really nothing to do with the policy of coercion. The aim of that policy was to free the inhabitants of the Slav provinces of all creeds—Moslem and Christian—from Turkish administration, which our critic confesses to be hopelessly bad and yearly getting worse. The writer—being out of England—perhaps does not know that Mr. Gladstone's phrase, "bag and baggage," referred to the pashas. The meetings held during the agitation of the autumn of 1876 demanded the autonomy of Bulgaria, and though few of those who took part in the meetings might have been able to define the autonomy they desired, they knew that it involved cutting Bulgaria adrift from Constantinople. More instructed persons knew the difficulties of establishing autonomous institutions, but our writer, whose panacea is the establishment of a Turkish Parliament with Christians and Moslems, Turks, Greeks, and Slavs sitting in it together, cannot think these difficulties insuperable, and, indeed, the experience of Bulgaria is on this point conclusive. The Turks who stopped at home are allowed to be getting on comfortably with the Bulgars. The writer's second observation on the policy of coercion is one of pity and hope that its advocates did not realise the bloodshed and ruin it has caused. This is rather extraordinary. The policy of coercion was not adopted, and it is a little hard to charge upon its advocates consequences they tried to avert by its adoption. Suppose England had joined the Great Powers or Russia alone in compelling the Porte to submit to their joint counsels. It is at least possible that there would have been no war, and a conservative settlement might have been effected not leaving behind it those frightful perils which our critic describes as now overhanging what remains of European Turkey. My own conviction is that there would have been no war, although it is necessarily impossible to prove this conclusion. If there had been a war, it would have been short, and much less bloody, so far as reducing the Porte to submission was concerned. Difficulties may have arisen in the subsequent settlement, but why need these difficulties have been greater than those involved in the reduction of the Treaty of San Stefano to the Treaty of Berlin? The policy of coercion did not prevail, and its advocates are not to be charged with the responsibility of bloodshed they did their best to prevent. Speaking for myself, I should not shrink from the responsibility. Our writer, entirely in the manner of "Tertium Quid," first applies to certain worthy persons

the nickname of humanitarians, and then scolds them for their arrogance in monopolising a name which, so far as I know, they never assumed. It is strange that clever men are not clever enough to repress the annoyance they feel at the sight of simple piety and benevolence. I am not myself a humanitarian. Men's lives are to be used, and, when necessary, to be spent; and if the cause is adequate I am ready to join in Wordsworth's sentiment at which Byron affected to be so shocked, "Yea, Carnage is God's Daughter." The loss of life, the cruelties, the barbarities, the atrocities, if that word be preferred, that attended or followed the Russo-Turkish war were in a large measure, if not altogether, needless, since they might have been prevented had men in power had the courage to see what could be done and what should be done; and upon their failure to rise to the height of their position must the blame of this accumulated misery be laid. Yet that suffering has not been without its recompense. The writer of "Turkish Facts" takes no account of the good that has been achieved. Although he never ventures to say as much, he writes as if he thought it would have been better that Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia should still be left subject to that administration he so heartily condemns. It is not easy to strike a just balance when one side of an account is wholly neglected.

"Tertium Quid" finds all English parties in error. No one understood the real secret of the disorders of Turkey. No one recognised the true method of curing them. We ought to have known that the essential vice of the situation was the hateful character of the governing class, towards whom, as the common oppressor, Moalem and Christian, Ottoman and Slav, entertained a common hatred. I have already given some reasons for believing that on this point English politicians were not so ignorant as the writer thinks. Next, the methods of meeting the difficulty were altogether wrong. Other European Powers had "a sort of dumb instinct" of what should be done when they propounded "Andrassy notes and Berlin memorandums; impossible documents so far as their successful practical application in Turkey was concerned, but still well meant, and conceived in a desire to stave off the crisis and let the Turkish Government down as easily as possible." The solution of the problem should have been postponed. "It would have been better that the Eastern question should not be violently reopened, but allowed to solve itself by the disintegrating process, which had been sapping the foundation of the empire ever since the Crimean war had forced upon it the agencies of modern civilisation." And the way to stave off the difficulties lay, according to our critic, in the adoption of Midhat Pasha's constitution, or rather of its principle, for to the constitution itself he does not pledge himself. In its details it was

altogether faulty, but in its idea it was sound. This is as simple as a suggestion that men might escape from a sinking ship in a boat letting in water at every seam, because the idea of a boat is good. Nor is the starting point of our writer a whit better. The belief that any set of English politicians wished to precipitate the Eastern question proves that he has lived very much abroad. It is comforting to find that the authors of the Andrassy Note and of the Berlin Memorandum were as ignorant of the practical action to be adopted as ourselves, and yet one, at least, of those diplomatic documents was inspired by as thorough a knowledge of the local conditions of the problem as that to which the anonymous writer pretends. But, putting this aside, it may be asserted with confidence that if the authors of these documents had a dumb instinct leading them to a desire to stave off the crisis, English politicians of all parties distinctly recognised this as an aim to be pursued. They held back as long as they could ; nay, the English Government held back to the last. The Chancellors of Austria, of Russia, or of Germany, might excogitate proposals. The English Foreign Secretary wished to put off the whole matter. The ordinary work of an English minister is overwhelming, and Lord Melbourne's well-known question expresses the habitual temper of the class. The first thought of each is—"Can't it be left alone!" There was as little eagerness on the part of the Opposition to raise the question as on the part of the Government. Two sessions passed while it simmered and grew hotter and hotter, and other Powers said that it would boil over, and urged action, and still the Ministry held back and the Opposition did not blame them. Up to the last we took no international action. The time of ebullition would not stop to suit our convenience, and all that was in fact done by the power of England was to reduce in a feeble and ineffectual way at Berlin the liberality of the settlement provisionally agreed upon at San Stefano. The suggestion that England, officially or unofficially, through the Government or through the Opposition, or through any section of the Opposition, helped to precipitate the Eastern question is so ludicrous as to endanger all lingering respect for the judgment of the man who hazards it.

The crisis ought to have been postponed, and in the acceptance of Midhat's constitution lay the means of delay. The answer to the first declaration has been already given. We could not postpone the crisis. As to the second, it is to be observed that Midhat's constitution was unanimously rejected by the plenipotentiaries of the Constantinople Conference, among whom were the resident ambassadors, presumably possessed of some degree of local knowledge. The most thorough exposure of the inefficiency of this constitution was made by Lord Salisbury. What, according to the writer, was the cause of

Ottoman weakness? It was found in corrupt and debased administrations intriguing for the favour of the Sultan, upon which their existence depended. Did the constitution impose any real checks on administrations or on the Sultan? It affected to create a legislature. The senators were nominated by the Sultan. The qualifications of the deputies were subject to the examination of the administration. The two chambers could vote upon no law not submitted by the Sultan. The chamber of deputies could ask a minister a question, but the minister could postpone his answer at his discretion. The ministers were responsible in that they could be tried if the Sultan thought fit. Even among a free people the constitution would have been worthless; and, Lord Salisbury observed, "There is no probability of the appearance of popular leaders, who would work the liberties granted, such as they are, for the purpose of restraining the Government; for an unlimited power of exile is by a special enactment reserved to the Sultan, and any person exiled loses his seat as senator or deputy." Lord Salisbury wrote in the spirit of prophecy, this power, as is known, being soon exercised over Midhat himself, thereby demonstrating the worthlessness of the constitution of that Pasha. Is it not evident that the spirit of resistance must precede constitutions to make them of any value? Where there are members ready to hold a Speaker in his chair, whatever message the king may send; where a Mirabeau, amid the tumultuous approbation of his colleagues, can reply to the royal usher, "Go tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and that nothing but the force of bayonets shall send us hence!"—a constitution may supply the forms through which a national spirit works; but three years since this spirit did not exist at Constantinople. Speeches may have been delivered, but Midhat was exiled and the chambers were dismissed, and there was neither word nor sign of remonstrance. We hear much and often of doctrinaires. It has been already mentioned that our critic attributes most of the blame of what has happened in Turkey to some poor doctrinaires. What is a doctrinaire? I know the ready answer of the candid friend, and, submitting to it, repeat the question. Some appear to hold that whoever is not content with mere hand-to-mouth ways of action is a doctrinaire; but I apprehend the true definition of the irritating animal is one who carries about the world theories and plans he has excogitated in the closet, and seeks to apply them everywhere in neglect or disdain of local circumstances. If this be correct, who is the doctrinaire—he who would solve the Eastern question by an application of a bastard copy of the constitution of the second French empire among a people ignorant of its meaning and unprepared for its reception, or he who, studious of the continuity of historic movement, watching and weighing the sway of the forces

within, and of the no less important forces without, European Turkey, proposes a course of action which, neglected when thus suggested, is presently fulfilled and justified by the independent development of the forces that had been watched and weighed?

It will be objected that nothing has been said about the aggrandizement of the power of Russia. The writer in the *Fortnightly Review* of last month said very little about this. The detachment of mind, which should be made easier by living abroad, has perhaps allowed him to escape from the side-world of terror in which some of our publicists at home appear to dwell habitually. Popular feeling on the subject of Russia has been, beyond contradiction, a considerable factor in the transactions of the last three or four years. The ordinary temper of Englishmen towards Russia is probably one of indifference. It cannot be said that anxiety or animosity has any permanent place in the public mind. The traditional policy of the aristocratic or Tory party was one of friendship. The Northern Empire was recognised as an incarnation of authority, and a persistent repressor of the revolutionary temper, which had demonstrated its power in the most effectual way in the help it rendered to the overthrow of the first Napoleon. When the Czar Nicholas visited this country in 1841, he was welcomed with something like effusive loyalty by Tory nobles, for whose position he felt an admiration not unmixed with envy. It will be remembered that the Crimean war was looked on with coldness by many Conservatives, who liked our French ally very little, and respected our Russian enemy very much, and some of them openly opposed it from first to last. On the other side, the mass of the most advanced Liberals or Radicals of the day, whose imagination had been constantly fired by tales of Poland's wrongs, and who hated the despotism of Nicholas with well-deserved hatred, were enthusiastic supporters of a war directed against a Power they detested for the very same reasons that attracted Tory admiration to it. But a war once undertaken commonly draws natural sympathy along with it; and before the Crimean war had long progressed, it was sustained by nearly universal support. Mr. Bright's most eloquent exhortations, Mr. Cobden's most lucid reasoning, were apparently spent in vain. Yet it could not have been so. The words of both were probably received into the minds and hearts of the younger generation, and their teaching, thus treasured up, became spread abroad as years passed, and the feeling grew that the Crimean war had been fought to no purpose. Even Sir Robert Peel has told us how Mr. Bright had persuaded him so that he would never again consent to any war for the maintenance of Turkey. Looking back over the last four years, it is not so much a matter of regret that an uninstructed jealousy of Russia has been demonstrated in street and park gatherings, as of amazement and

delight that it should have been so ineffectual. At the time of the agitation on account of the Bulgarian atrocities it seemed to have entirely disappeared. Those who cherished it were fain to mutter to themselves in secret. The crowds of all parties had forgotten all about it. I am expressing no admiration of the ebullition of that autumn. I am not fond of government by impulse and passion, even when the impulses are noble and the passion righteous.

The fact, however, remains, that at that time jealousy of Russia ceased to be an active power; and if, as for a short season seemed far from unlikely, we had been then committed to an alliance with Russia, the popular and gossiping spirit would have forgotten Russian antipathies, as French antipathies were forgotten in the Crimean war, and would have found its necessary food in a continuous supply of Turkish misdoings. All that passed away. At a critical moment a false report of a proposal from the Czar came to us from Paris: a feeling of anger and suspicion was aroused; the old sentiment was revived, and jealousy of Russia became a large element in the problem. Yet it never attained its old dimensions. The country remained so divided that the Government would not assume an attitude of active resistance to Russia, even if its members were themselves agreed in wishing to do so. The spirit of scepticism, which has fretted away the terror of so many bugbears, has penetrated the Cabinet sufficiently to induce a suspicion that the power of Russia is not so great as to justify constant apprehension. For these reasons it does not appear necessary to say much here about the aggrandizement of this Power; but it may be confidently stated that the power and influence of Russia in South-eastern Europe are very much greater than they would have been had the policy of co-operation with Russia been frankly adopted three years since; while the discomfiture inflicted upon this power and influence by English diplomacy at Berlin was relatively insignificant. Assume that all the reduction of the Treaty of San Stefano to the Treaty of Berlin was due to Lord Beaconsfield, and to what does it amount? It must unquestionably be galling to national pride that conditions of peace won by arms should in any measure be modified by the urgency of the language of the representatives of Powers that have taken no part in the contest. Modifications are indeed often thus brought about, and, as a consequence, the treaties which close wars rarely satisfy the popular expectations of the victorious nation. It is also true that in this case the Russian Government had expressly recognized the fact that the re-settlement of European Turkey was a matter of European interest, and the Treaty of San Stefano was treated as a provisional arrangement. Still it must be admitted that the changes effected at Berlin were offensive to Russian pride. Does this prove a diplomatic triumph? One of the recognized maxims of diplomacy, whether

public or private, is never to wound the feelings of your opponent unless some substantial advantage is to be purchased at this cost. The first effect of the supposed affront to Russian power has been to deepen the national resolution in Russia to go on hereafter with the business that English jealousy interrupted. The energy of Pan-Slavic propagandism received a fresh stimulus and not a check from what happened. If any substantial hindrances had been imposed on the resumption of Russian influence, these could be set off against the renewed strength given to Russian feelings. But what are they? The Sultan reserves the right to garrison the Balkans; and the power thus reserved is about as vital as that of the crown to veto a bill which has passed both Houses of Parliament. The reservation is nominal and worthless. Bulgaria was divided into two parts, with the intention that Eastern Roumelia should remain under the more immediate control of the Porte, but the emancipation of Eastern Roumelia has not practically been hindered by this arrangement. The Sultan has retained no strength, while the Bulgarians are left with much to desire and to strive after. It can scarcely be contended that the division of the Bulgaria of the Treaty of San Stefano is in itself an impediment to Russian propagandism. Roumania has not proved itself to be a strong barrier, but the separate principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia would have been much less strong in their independence.

Mr. Cowen is, however, represented to have said in his recent speech at Newcastle that Russia is now farther off from Constantinople than ever; and he attributed this result to the policy of Her Majesty's Government. His rhetorical declaration is perhaps not to be taken literally, and it is indeed difficult to understand immediately in what sense it can be supposed to be accurate. There is reason to believe that Mr. Cowen does not refer to the small and irritating and ineffective variations of the Treaty of San Stefano, on which stress has been laid by others, so much as to the protrusion of Austria-Hungary into Bosnia as a competitor for the succession to the Sultan. It must be at once observed on the controversial use of this opinion that whatever may be the effective value of the rivalry thus suggested, it is a gratuitous assumption to claim its insertion as a triumph of Lord Beaconsfield or of Lord Salisbury. The anxiety of Austria and of Germany about the Danube has existed and will continue to exist independently of English feelings, and is a ready factor in all combinations. Moreover, Mr. Cowen can scarcely believe that the present Empire-Kingdom of Austria-Hungary would hold together if overweighted with an extension to the Aegean. What kind of reliance can be placed on the action of a Power, supposing its indifference otherwise desirable, which is liable to tumble to pieces as it advances? When it became apparent more than four years ago that the Porte was unable to restore order in Bosnia and the Herzegovina,

the occupation of these provinces by Austria was repeatedly suggested, but Count Andrassy's action was paralyzed by the distracted condition of Austria-Hungary, and it was not until the logic of war had made it plain to the Magyars that the disintegration of Turkey had begun, that it was possible to obtain both at Vienna and at Pest support for this policy of occupation. It may be safely predicted that those who trust to the action of Austria-Hungary in future emergencies will find it too dilatory and too feeble to be effective. Their own opinion, indeed, seems to point to a dissolution of the existing Empire-Kingdom and the constitution of a new agglomeration with its centre of gravity farther east; and it may be asked whether this would not be making work in order that it may be unmade. Why should not the formation of a Slavonic Confederation have been directly contemplated? We must, doubtless, allow time for men to see; and to learn what it is that they see.

The proximate disintegration of Turkey ought to have been evident three years since. Lord Salisbury must have been convinced of it when he was at Constantinople in December, 1876. Responsible ministers feeling the weight of their responsibility may be excused a certain degree of hesitation in forming conclusions, but the refusal to recognise the necessary disintegration of Turkey must have been prompted in many quarters by no sense of the labours and cares consequent upon this disintegration, but by a strange liking for the existing domination, or by a fierce dislike of the agitations of freedom. Once, however, the necessity of disintegration is conceded, and after what has happened it can scarcely be now denied, the choice of policy arises—whether to assist in the establishment of free institutions and free states by the side of those that had been emancipated in former generations, or to resist the change as much as possible until the last moment, and then to try to cripple its efficiency. The English Government unfortunately chose the latter course. Russia took upon herself the whole duty of midwifery, and has won a corresponding degree of gratitude and influence. The memory of gratitude may not long survive. It has often been imputed to nations that they quickly forget, although the continued regard for France felt in the United States appears to be evidence against a charge which might be more truly laid against royal personages oblivious of family ties. But whether Russia retains the gratitude of the Bulgarians or not, we are in every way placed in a position of great disadvantage in the East from the course we have pursued. The freed states feel no respect for us. The Sultan ostentatiously manifests disrepect. The situation at Constantinople is full of difficulties, and an embarrassed ambassador vainly seeks for a solution of the distracted problem.

The power of Russia and the influence of Russia have not been

diminished by the policy of her Majesty's Ministers, and the popular feeling which, by the admission of the anonymous writer, was too strong for the Czar three years since, has been still more strengthened. It has been fed, but not satisfied. It is not, however, with Russia that we need greatly concern ourselves just now. The impolicy of our past is most strongly illustrated in the condition of affairs at Constantinople. Upon this condition the writer of last month dwells with real seriousness not in excess of the merits of the case. When we refused to join in compelling the Porte to concede what was inevitable, we allowed the movement to escape from our hands. It did not stop: it could not stop, but it passed beyond our control. This is in my judgment the fatal condemnation of the Ministry. They had not the courage of prudence. They could not risk the effort which would have moderated the limits of the immediate change, and have left an organization at Constantinople not so cruelly shaken as that which onlookers now watch, thinking that any day it may collapse. Our instructor tells us that the Ottoman Government at Constantinople is rushing to ruin at headlong speed, and all the evidence that reaches us confirms the conclusion. His error lies in not remembering now what the situation was in December, 1876—perhaps he was not then in the East—and in recalling the figment of Midhat Pasha's Constitution as something that might have sufficed for the exigencies of that crisis. The plenipotentiaries then at Constantinople were better informed. They knew what was a worthless proposal. They could not agree—our representatives being dissentient—upon a real proposal. The opportunity of applying an adequate remedy was lost. It is because there was no desire to precipitate a difficulty before the time was ripe for its settlement, that the policy of insisting upon an emancipation of the more distant provinces of European Turkey was most strongly urged in these pages three years since. The difficulty is now threatening, and men ask themselves whether the family of Mahmoud will presently cease to reign at Constantinople, and what may succeed to its rule. The suggestion of the precedents of Oriental history seems to fail. It has often happened when a dwindling dynasty has come to be represented by an abject and suspicious *fainéant*, incapable of war, incapable of resolution, incapable of all action save that of continuous intrigue, in which the design of to-day is plotted against to-morrow, through distrust of the confederates that have been scarcely dismissed from the chamber of conspiracy, that some military adventurer has appeared to relieve men from an intolerable experience and to found a new rule on the ruins of the old. There may have been a time when a solution of this kind was contemplated as not impossible at Stamboul, but it appears to have passed out of the sphere of speculation. The question has more recently

been raised whether there could be found in Constantinople itself the elements of a municipality which should rule over a free port, and a limited area about it, under the sanction of an international guarantee. We are not bound, and it would not be expedient, to discuss the divers combinations that have been suggested in view of the probability of a collapse of Ottoman authority at its capital. There are safeguards as to the future, that need not be particularized, which will scarcely be neglected. The writer, whose article has provoked this communication, assumes that if Turkey goes to pieces war is inevitable—an European war into which England would certainly be dragged. There is no such necessity if due provision be taken of the future ; but if it is asked why we are to-day discussing the possibility of the immediate departure of the Turk from Constantinople, why we contemplate, not without anxiety, the speedy dissolution of a Power whose growth was once a portent and a terror, the answer must be because three years since English Statesmen shrank from recognizing the necessities of their day and from fulfilling the responsibilities of the power they wielded.

LEONARD COURNTY.

BEETHOVEN.

"Patience, perseverance, and a steady determination carry one to the goal."
BEETHOVEN'S *Counterpoint Study-book*.

THOUGH it was in this country first, after his own, that the genius of the great master of modern instrumental music received recognition and a cautious and tentative appreciation, it was many years before the greatness and importance of Beethoven as a musician were at all rightly appreciated here, and it is only quite recently that his later and more advanced productions, long regarded as barely comprehensible rhapsodies, have obtained a general hearing, and something like popular acceptance, among English audiences. But during the last few years musical opinion in this country has travelled fast, and from being a very conservative musical public, we are showing symptoms of running to the opposite extreme and desiring all things that are new and strange. The effect of this new ardour has shown itself, as far as Beethoven is concerned, in a disproportionate emphasis on his latest and in many cases least balanced works, in order to reduce him to the position of a link in a chain of musical progress supposed to find its culmination in the latest productions of a special school of musicians; a theory of Beethoven which has been seconded, if not suggested, by various essays and literary ejaculations more remarkable for enthusiasm than for calm critical judgment. It is the existence of this rather rampant order of musical literature, and the degree in which it seems, in the apostolic phrase, to have "led captive silly women" and others, which forms the apology for adding to the list of essays on Beethoven an attempt at a discussion of his genius and position in the art, in a somewhat more dispassionate strain, and apart from any committal to a fore-ordained theory. Perhaps, also, a general *résumé* of the subject may not be without its value to the large class of readers who are intellectually interested in music, but who have not time to study it in detail, and to whom these remarks are chiefly addressed.

In order to understand rightly what it was that Beethoven achieved, it is necessary to consider first what instrumental music really means, and what was the position of the art when he took it up. The greatest and most typical works of Beethoven are the symphonies for the orchestra and the sonatas for the pianoforte, which in regard to musical form may be classed together, the pianoforte sonata being only the symphony form on a smaller scale, limited by the capacities of the instrument, and without the variety of tonal

effect or colouring to be obtained from the various instruments grouped together in the orchestra. The modern symphony is originally derived from old forms of dance music, the earliest forms in which instrumental music appears as a separate form of musical utterance independent of vocal expression; tunes known by the names of gavotte, coranto, gigue, &c.,¹ which probably existed and were popular much earlier than any of the known specimens. When keyed instruments received more development and the power of execution increased, these dance-tune compositions not only assumed a more elaborate form in themselves, but a number of them were strung together to form an important composition, as in the *Suites de Pièces* of Bach, Handel, and other composers of that day, which are simply a succession of short pieces in the measure of different old dances—the courante, allemand, passepied, minuet, sarabande, gigue, &c., and are called by those names. Their style was varied and contrasted as far as the form of the music allowed; the sarabande, the slowest measure, taking the part of what would be the slow movement in a modern sonata, and being treated with more freedom from dance-rhythm and more attempt at tenderness and sentiment of expression than any of the other movements. But the whole set were in the same key; i.e. in a *suite* in F every piece began and ended on the scale of F. with only a very limited deviation to other scales of closely related keys in its course, so that a certain monotony was inevitable. Accordingly, in pieces which already received the names of *Sonatas* and *Concertos* (though not in the modern form), an escape from this tonal monotony was sought by writing the slow movement of the string of pieces in a different key from the quick movements which formed the opening and close of the set, while at the same time the number of pieces was reduced usually to three, the dance-names dropped, and the old dance-rhythm gave way to a broader and more continuously flowing style of composition, in which the relationship to the dance measure may be traced, but in which its constantly recurring close and cadence is delayed and extended so as to be nearly lost sight of. This form was practised by Bach and Handel and their contemporaries and immediate successors simultaneously with the *suite* form; and the development of violin playing, and of various wind instruments, having by this time arrived at a certain standard, and the combination of a number of instruments to play together a recognised resource, the same forms of composition were transferred from the keyboard to the band, and perhaps the nearest approach to the modern symphony in general form is found among some of Handel's concertos for organ and orchestra (now generally played on the organ alone). But in

(1) Sir Toby Belch (to Sir Andrew Aguecheek)—"Why dost thou not go to church in a Galliard, and come home in a Coranto? My very walk should be a Jig," &c.

addition to these dance-tune forms and their derivatives, Handel and Bach carried to a high degree of elaboration (Bach to the highest it has ever reached) another form called the *Fugue*, which had already been largely employed in vocal music, and which has a quite distinct origin and character from the other species of instrumental music we have been speaking of, having gradually developed out of the Italian vocal school of church music, and being now given a much more elaborate development as an instrumental form of composition. The fugue is a form which is always supposed to be written for a definite number of "parts," which answer to the different voices in a chorus or part-song; a fugue "in four parts" is to be regarded as if four different persons were simultaneously singing different melodies, all constructed so as to harmonise together as they proceed, the whole composition being pervaded by one dominant melody called the *subject*, or *theme*, started by one voice alone and taken up by the others successively, and continually re-appearing, heard now in one part, now in another; the whole planned in accordance with certain general but not unalterable rules. Now, the radical distinction between this form and the forms derived from the dance-tune is that in the latter the tune in the treble part is all-important, and the other parts or voices merely make a harmony to it, while in the fugue all the parts or melodies are of equal importance, the music is "polyphonic," in fact; and whereas in the dance-tune forms and their derivatives there is always a marked rhythm and a frequently recurring "cadence," or full-stop, as one may call it, in the fugue the rhythmic beat is far less prominent, and the recurring close which we find at the end of every dance-strophe is obliterated, it being part of the essence of a good fugue that there should be no definite halting-place until all the voices simultaneously draw together for a spontaneous close to the whole composition. The fugue is by far the finest and noblest form of instrumental music which existed in the Bach period, but in the simultaneous handling of the parts the composer is necessarily under the dominion of so severe a musical logic that there is little room for the play of sentiment except of a very grave and severe cast: a fugue of the highest class is like the progress of a great logical argument—stately, powerful, and convincing, but appealing to the understanding rather than to the heart.

Now, the *Symphony*, as fixed in its complete form by Haydn, is a happy combination, evolved probably almost unconsciously, of all the best characteristics of the various forms we have hitherto touched upon. In its usual and typical form it consists of four pieces, or "movements," the first and most important of these being a quick movement in a sustained and elevated style; the second a slow movement, of more subdued, tender, or pathetic cast; the third, a short, light movement, which in the Mozart and Haydn days was called a

minuet, but which Beethoven developed into something different, and the closing movement, or *finale*, which is a quick movement, and is usually (though there are important exceptions) of a more gay and brilliant and less stately type than the opening movement. In all these the influence of the dance forms is, in the Mozart era, very apparent, and the third movement is a literal reproduction of the old minuet; but the most important point in the relation to and expansion of old forms, is in the construction of the first movement. All the old dance forms consisted of two parts, the principal tune and a secondary part of different melody, which eventually led to the repetition of the principal melody. In the principal movement of a complete symphony we find this simple bit of construction expanded into a great piece of musical architecture, still preserving the *binary* form handed down from the beginnings of music, but consisting now of a first section, in which all the ideas to be used in the movement are successively presented to us (interspersed with ornamental and connecting passages); and a second section, in which the materials before set forth are played with, recombined, made the suggestion for new effects, until the composer has exhausted his resources or his space, and leads us back, just as in the old dance tune, to the repetition of the original ideas and the conclusion. It is in the treatment of the ideas in the second section that the resource of polyphonic or fugal writing generally comes in more or less, not now in the form of a continuous unvaried musical argument, but in that of a brief display of the logical and scientific combination of the leading melodies, by way of effective contrast and variety in the manner of treating them. These are the main characteristics of this most important form of instrumental composition, which is invariably followed in the first movement of a symphony or sonata.¹ There are other forms: the *ternary* form, in which the movement is divided into three sections; and the *rondo* form, which implies a continual return to the principal subject, after "alarums and excursions" of various kinds; the former is very commonly employed in the slow movement of a symphony or sonata, the latter very often in the *finale*. But the general description of the more important binary form is sufficient to give an idea of the principle on which a movement in a grand instrumental composition is put together, and the philosophy by which it is governed; and without some notion of this, no one can possibly hear a symphony intelligently, nor understand wherein it was that Beethoven's treatment of such music was an advance upon, and different from, that which his predecessors had accomplished.

(2) It is technically called the *sonata-form*, which term, when thus used by musicians, means the form of composition followed in the opening movement, not the whole grouping of the several movements. That is sufficiently understood under the term "symphony" or "sonata."

Mozart added nothing to the form and expression of the symphony as developed by Haydn ; he surpassed the latter only in so far as, being a more powerful genius and a greater master of musical construction, he wrote in a more dignified and more powerful style ; and his great Symphony in C displays a pomp and breadth in the first and last movements, and an intensity of feeling in parts of the slow movement, such as were beyond the reach of Haydn. This and his other two leading symphonies are works absolutely perfect as far as they go ; they are among the rare things in which not a note can be added or subtracted without injury to the balance of the whole. And at this Mozartian point of its progress, we may liken each movement of the symphony to a piece of musical architecture, having its various stages or stories ; its ground story, in which the leading features of the structure are indicated, and their grouping ; its superstructure, wherein the materials are played with, and ornamented, and diversified ; and just as repetition and symmetry in space are essential elements of architectural design, so we feel that repetition and symmetry in time are essential parts of the design of instrumental music : you do not make an instrumental piece out of a fine passage once repeated, any more than you make architecture out of one column or one arch ; instrumental music impresses by repetition, and the melodic idea must be repeated, ornamented, played with, dissected, and re-combined, before we are acquainted with all its beauty, all its fitness and capability as a part of the musical structure which is being raised. All this, let it be noted, is entirely a matter of dealing with abstract qualities of proportion and symmetry in sound-passages ; nor did the symphony and sonata, in the hands of Mozart and Haydn, claim to be anything more than simply beautiful music. Haydn, as a stimulus to his fancy in composing, used to imagine the incidents of some little excursion, and shadow them forth in his music, merely by way of getting something to compose on ; he said nothing about them to his hearers. Mozart, in a charmingly naive letter in answer to some one who asked him about his way of composing, says that when he was comfortable and at ease, after dinner or in his travelling-carriage, melodies came to him, whence or how he knew not ; that he combined them in his head, and could hear them (such as harmonised with each other) with the ear of his mind, not separately but simultaneously, and that this was a pleasure to him greater than he could describe. As to any idea underlying these spontaneous inspirations, he does not hint at such a thing. His symphonies were music for the sake of music. The most important and radical difference which modern criticism has discerned between him and his great successor, is that the latter is asserted to have habitually aimed, and in some of his greatest works unquestionably did aim, at making instrumental music the

expression of a distinct preconceived poetic idea, capable, if he had so willed, of being expressed in words. Having sketched roughly the conditions of the art when Beethoven took it up, we are now in a position to consider how far this view of his contributions to it is correct, how far he really was habitually influenced by the desire to express a distinct and definable feeling, and how far such a desire, if entertained, is or is not within the possibilities of the art of music unaided by vocal expression: not omitting to notice also some of the artistic detail in which his work differs from and surpasses that of his predecessors.

There is not space, and it is hardly necessary, here to recapitulate *seriatim* even the main points of Beethoven's biography, as we found it in considering the genius of Handel recently.¹ His work was not influenced by outward circumstances so much as by his own temperament; and though in his case we have till recently been poor enough in regard to biography—Schindler's badly written life, the only one accessible in English, being made still worse by Moscheles' bad translation—the admirable article on Beethoven contributed by Mr. Grove to his *Musical Dictionary* (before mentioned in our pages), gives a very good and graphic sketch of the composer's life and circumstances, easily accessible to all our readers. It is sufficient here to note that he was born in 1770 at Bonn, and that like most great musicians he came of a musical stock, his grandfather having been a singer and afterwards Capellmeister in the court band of the Elector of Cologne, at Bonn, and his father a tenor singer in the same body; the latter a bad-tempered, drinking man, passing poor on thirty pound a year, his salary as singer (which seems to have been his only income); but who, from whatever mixed motives, took the trouble to give his obviously clever son all the musical instruction he could, and kept him rigidly to the collar from a very tender age. At the age of eleven the boy became pupil of Neefe, the recently appointed chapel organist, and at the same age as Handel received exactly the same proof of his master's confidence, in being left in charge of the chapel organ as Neefe's deputy when the latter had to leave Bonn for a time owing to the movements of the court. His early taste for the organ Beethoven never lost in theory, though he disused the instrument in practice; he said in later life that in youth he had loved the organ, but that its great sounds affected his nerves too much to allow him to continue it, but that he considered an organ player who was master of his instrument as the greatest of musical performers. Shortly over the age of twelve he was appointed Cembalist (pianist and conductor of rehearsals) in the theatre orchestra, and some little time afterwards received a definite appointment as second organist, with more honour than salary. A flying visit to Vienna at the age of seven-

(1) See *Fortnightly Review* for January, 1880.

teen introduced him to the notice of Mozart, who was greatly struck with Beethoven's extemporising on the piano, and whose own playing does not seem to have impressed Beethoven so much as it did most other people. The fact, no doubt, was that the young man had formed his own style of playing the piano already, and it was doubtless different from that of Mozart. Beethoven's real artistic life, however, begins when, in 1792, at the instance and with the pecuniary assistance of the Elector, he left Bonn to study more systematically at Vienna under Haydn, Albrechtsberger, and Salieri. As might have been prophesied, he never returned to Bonn, and was thenceforth an inhabitant of the Austrian capital, then the most remarkable centre and rendezvous for musical genius in Europe.

What is remarkable and worthy of notice is, that up to this time (and he was now twenty-two) there is not a single written composition of any importance from Beethoven. In this respect he is rather exceptional among great composers. Mozart had published a long list of works, including some very important and masterly things, before that age ; Mendelssohn wrote his most fresh and original, if not his greatest work, at the age of seventeen. But this delay in producing is in keeping, as we shall have occasion to see, with the whole history of Beethoven's genius. In the meantime he at once attracted the attention and astonishment of the Viennese musicians and amateurs by his power of extemporising compositions on the pianoforte, and was an easy victor in several trials of strength with leading players of the day, who seldom measured swords with him a second time. One of them, the Abbé Gelinek, is recorded to have announced to a friend his invitation to meet a new pianist, and his intention to "make mincemeat of him ;" but on being subsequently asked as to the event, replied that the devil was in the young man, "he extemporised like no one since Mozart." Who was he ? "Why, he was a short, ugly, dark, cross-looking young man, who had come here some time ago to learn composition from Haydn." There is a well-known and characteristic story of his meeting in the same way Steibelt, a maker of filagree for the piano, whose "Storm" was long after a *pièce de résistance* in girls' schools, and who on this occasion played in a quintett of his own, with a very brilliant piano part. Beethoven, coming to play in turn, threw the violoncello part of Steibelt's composition upside down on the piano desk, and from some suggestion in that, drummed with one finger a "subject" from which presently he evoked such a performance that before it was over Steibelt had fled the scene altogether, utterly annihilated. This and other recollections of Beethoven's power of extemporising with the greatest effect on the instant and from the roughest hint, form a significant comment, to begin with, on the theory that he was one who could do

nothing without a "poetic basis." With him, as with Mozart, it was only necessary to get him to the keyboard (which often required some management in the first instance), and he was always "in the vein," and able to rise to the occasion ; the feel of the keys was poetic basis enough for him at any time, so far as extemporisng was concerned.¹ Gelinek's reference to him as a short, dark, cross-looking young man is pretty well borne out by other reminiscences of contemporaries at this time. He was very wayward and often ill-mannered ; dressed anyhow ; spoke with a strong provincial accent, and indulged violent dislikes with no sufficient reason : one witness mentions a habit of putting his head inside the door before entering a room, to see if there was any one he disliked there. But his genius and a certain thoroughness and honesty about his character atoned for all his awkwardness, even in the most fastidious society of Vienna at a time when the aristocracy were exceedingly aristocratic, and his presence and his playing were sought for as a favour in the houses of princes and other dignitaries. At Prince Lichnowsky's he nearly lived for some time, doing whatever he pleased, even to swearing at his host, and calling him names when in a fit of temper ; and there are many instances on record of his almost incredibly undignified rudeness and stupid joking at this time, the fact of which may be taken for granted without reproducing the stories here. Outrageous as his faults of manner were, however, they seem to have been faults of manner only ; his high character and principle seem to have been as unimpeachable at this period as they always remained throughout his life. Of his personal appearance a few years later, Czerny, the pianist, who as a little boy of ten was taken to Beethoven on approval as a pupil, gives a good description ; of his shock of black hair standing stiffly up, his beard of several days' growth, which made his naturally dark face seem still darker, his hands very hairy, and the fingers remarkably broad at the tips ; another account describes them as looking as if they were chopped off short.² In stature he was short, but very strongly built, with a broad, powerful chin, and

(1) An English visitor in Vienna, late in Beethoven's life, records the contrivance by which he was cajoled into playing when the company dared not ask him directly : some one affected to run over part of one of his compositions on the piano, purposely making mistakes, and Beethoven stretched out his hand to the keyboard to show the correct rendering, and remained playing for half an hour. Ries records that while Beethoven was giving him a lesson, and sitting at the side of the piano, Ries having for some reason played over the subject of the first chorus in Graun's *Tod Jesu*, the master, struck by the idea, leaned over to the keyboard and extemporisng a fugue on it for a quarter of an hour, apparently quite unconscious of his uncomfortable sidelong position.

(2) This broad square finger-end is, in fact, a special characteristic of the keyboard hand. Herr Rubinstein, if we mistake not, has it remarkably developed. It was the same with Handel, of whom Quin the actor, after watching him play and hearing some reference from a lady afterwards as to the delicate touch of his fingers, replied, "Fingers! Toes, madam, toes!"

large expressive eyes. Mr. Grove has given, in his dictionary article, a fac-simile of a small full-length sketch of the composer walking with his hands behind his back (a favourite attitude with him), the accuracy of which is attested by one of Beethoven's friends, and which has the marked individuality characteristic of a good portrait.

During these early Vienna days Beethoven was working diligently at the study of composition, first under Haydn, whose teaching he spoke of with something like contempt, and with whom he could never get on (Haydn being in every characteristic of genius, character, and manner an utter contrast to Beethoven), and afterwards with Albrechtsberger, Mozart's friend, and his successor as Capellmeister at St. Stephens; one of the greatest authorities on counterpoint¹ and fugue, his treatise on which is still a leading work. Beethoven's relations with his teachers, and the spirit in which he carried on his studies, are highly characteristic. The learned Albrechtsberger told an inquirer that Beethoven had learned nothing properly, and would never do anything good. At the same time, one of Beethoven's Study-books in counterpoint, which has been published, and from which the sentence at the head of this article is taken, shows how conscientiously he worked through the dry exercises which he professed to regard as futile and antiquated, relieving his mind every now and then by sarcastic comments written as head- and tail-pieces to the musical exercises. After sketching the rules for the conduct of a fugue in two parts (it being usual for a student to treat each branch of counterpoint in two parts first, then in three, four, and so on), he adds—

" For my part I cannot fancy such a two-legged skeleton ; it seems to me a poor, meagre, unsatisfactory affair. . . . So now we must proceed to crack the hard nut. It is a tiresome *pas de deux*, but it must be danced."

He notes having commenced one of his exercises with an imperfect concord (a common thing enough subsequently), and adds, " but I solemnly pledge myself not to commit this mortal sin again." The two following quotations are significant of the attitude of his mind towards conservative teaching in his art :—

" An antiquated rule makes it unlawful to go beyond the six nearest related keys, in a strictly conducted fugue ; but I am decidedly of opinion that one need not scruple to infringe this rule ; if a man have sharp eyes and can walk well, he may venture to go a little beyond the prescribed limits without

" Let me not be supposed to advocate an impudent contempt of the first principles of art, which are unchangeable ; I would only say that as time advances art has also advanced in a great many things. . . . Why should a modern composer hesitate to use the far greater resources placed at his com-

(1) *Counterpoint* (*contra punctum*, note against note) is the art of writing melodies or "parts" so as to sound harmonious and effective in combination ; *fugue*, before briefly described, is the highest and most elaborate application of counterpoint.

mand? Why restrict himself to an antiquated simplicity, when both instruments and voices are able to interpret the most abstruse conceptions with perfect accuracy? And yet I would advise a composer rather to be commonplace than far-fetched in his ideas or bombastic in the expression of them."

We have italicised this last sentence because it is such a significant comment upon the common idea that Beethoven was essentially a musician of the *sturm-und-drang* school, instead of, as he really was, a most painstaking and, in his best works, a consummate artist. As to his estimate of the value of Albrechtsberger's exercises, he probably deceived himself. Beethoven never had that almost spontaneous and innate power over the difficulties of scientific musical construction which Mozart possessed; none of his larger fugues are really good specimens of that class of composition, with which his genius was not in sympathy; but the short fugue passages introduced as episodes in many of his sonatas and symphonies are usually admirably effective, and that they are so is probably due to his patient plodding through the studies which gave him this facility in handling his materials. Indeed, in another of his notes, he observes, "Imitation¹ is a sort of graceful counterpart of the fugue, and if cleverly used makes no bad substitute for it." In this he was exactly describing his own future practice.

Beethoven's first formal appearance before the world as a composer did not take place till he was five-and-twenty, when, in 1795, his three trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello were published as *Opus 1*. There had been a difference about these with Haydn before they were published; the third of the trios shewed already a good many signs of the composer's novel style and manner of treating the pianoforte, and Haydn, while approving the two others, recommended him not to publish the third. It is unquestionably the finest of the three; and Beethoven attributed to jealousy a piece of advice which was probably quite sincere, and only shows how impossible it was even for a man of genius of the *ancien régime* to understand what the new composer was about. He forgave Haydn so far, however, as to dedicate to him the next published work, the three first pianoforte sonatas, *Opus 2*, published a few months later. It was in March of the year 1795, shortly before his first publication, that he made his first public appearance as a pianoforte player, playing his own first concerto in C major, finished in a great hurry on the afternoon before the concert, the proverbial "thief of time" having been as great a tempter to him as to Mozart in many similar instances. The piano on this occasion proving to be a semitone flat, he at once settled the matter by playing the piano part in C sharp.

(1) "Imitation" is where a phrase started by one part or voice is successively taken up and imitated by the others. It differs from fugue in that it is not carried on and worked out on any regular plan, but is a kind of fugitive and passing device: the parts also usually follow more close on one another's heels, as one may say, than in the starting of a fugue.

instead of in C, a feat which has been equalled by players of less genius, but which is noticed here as showing how thoroughly he was at home all round in the practical part of his art, as there was not only the difference in reading the notes (which would have troubled him little), but in such a transposition of key all the fingering of the passages would have to be altered on the moment. Having glanced at the outset of his career, we must now lay aside merely historical matters for what is the main object of these remarks, the consideration of the course which his genius took, and the effect which it had upon the art.

It has become somewhat too much the fashion of late to divide a great creative genius in art or poetry into three epochs; yet there is a certain inherent probability that, in the nature of things, there should be some such stages of development. The most original genius can never shake himself free at once from the influence of his immediate predecessors, and of the predominant feeling of his own day; he works for a time on the lines already laid down. Then comes the time when he finds new materials or new ways of dealing with the old ones, and shapes out a career for himself distinct from that of his predecessors; and then sometimes, but not invariably, follows the time when all that he has done seems unsatisfactory and little, and he endeavours consciously to reach after some new beauty too often beyond his grasp, or beyond the capacity of his means of expression to realise. There are instances in which this more ambitious effort has realised some of the greatest things of art, others in which it has served to illustrate Keats's melancholy line comparing man to the courses of the year—

“ He hath his winter, too, of pale misfeature.”

The history of Beethoven's art, at all events, supports to a great extent the classification into three periods which has been specially applied to him. His three epochs are hardly so marked perhaps as those of Turner, with whom nevertheless, in this respect, he suggests a good many points of comparison; and it would be absurd to try to fix the absolute point of departure of each epoch. There is hardly, in fact, a regular progression to be traced except on the most comprehensive view of his works; looking more in detail, we find a work which can only be classed with those of the first epoch occurring in the middle of the second (in cases where the date of composition as well as of publication is known); and, what is ~~rather~~ perplexing, we find that where the change of style can be distinctly made out it occurs at different periods in different classes of work; that the symphonies, for instance, are much more conservative than the piano works; the two first symphonies, which must be classed with the first epoch, and in which the composer had not yet found his charac-

teristic method of writing for orchestra, being posterior to some of the most distinctly Beethovenish of the pianoforte sonatas. It seems probable that the handling of so serious a work as a great symphony, and the dealing with the larger and more varied means of expression presented by the orchestra as compared with chamber music, was undertaken by Beethoven with his characteristic caution and thoughtfulness, and that he wished to hazard nothing too bold till he had attained ample experience. At the same time the gulf which separates the third from the second symphony is so great artistically, though the interval of time is less than that between the first and second (and, indeed, the third symphony was begun almost while the second was being completed, though not produced till two years later), that we must look for some other reason than mere increase in the power of dealing with his materials, to account for such a sudden stride in his genius and method.

Recalling what has been said as to the nature of the symphony in the hands of Mozart, its purely abstract character as musical melody, rhythm, and proportion, it will be understood what is implied in saying that Beethoven's two first symphonies belong essentially to the same class as those of Mozart. It is true that the second is much larger and more ambitious in its proportions, that in each there are new uses made of some of the instruments (of which more anon), and that the new development of the third movement, the old minuet, is already partly accomplished. But the form and feeling of both are in the main those of the old school; nor can either of them, as a whole, be reckoned to have equalled Mozart's two finest symphonies in abstract beauty and completeness. Though the exquisito slow movement of the second may, taken separately, be recognised as touching a deeper sentiment than we find in Mozart's instrumental music, there is no hint of its being other than abstract music in the mind of the composer; indeed, when his pupil Ries afterwards inquired of him the reason for the numerous alterations made in this movement from its first sketch, he got no answer beyond "It is better so." But the third symphony arose in the first instance directly out of the admiration of Beethoven (who was a strong republican) for the First Consul, who then wore to him the halo of a hero and deliverer of those who were under the bondage of hereditary tyrannies, coupled with the suggestions of Bernadotte, whom Beethoven then knew in Vienna, that the latter should compose something as a kind of homage to Napoleon. Whether the suggestion of Bernadotte, who seems to have been an amateur musician, arose from interest in Beethoven's genius, or whether it was prompted by the same motive which, as we have heard an eminent painter affirm, leads to the conferring of knighthood on artists and musicians, viz. the desire to increase the respectability of the monarchical establish-

ment by connecting men of genius with it, at all events the idea bore a glorious fruit in the *Sinfonia Eroica*, inspired by the desire to shadow forth in music something of the greatness of a heroic life and death. Before it was ever performed, came the news of the acceptance of the title of Emperor by Napoleon, and the score was flung with execrations on the floor, from whence it was not lifted for some days. Fortunately for us, however, though the ideal hero had sunk into the "new tyrant," the music intended to celebrate him was already composed and eventually given to the world.

Here was something totally distinct from what had been attempted in instrumental music before. Instead of listening to abstract melodic and harmonic proportion for their own sake, the hearers were to regard the emotional expression of the music as portraying the feelings and emotional impressions of a great soul in conflict with the mystery of life. Guided by the general indication of the title afterwards given to it, "Sinfonia Eroica to celebrate the memory of a great man," it is not difficult to trace in the first movement the turn of feeling which pervaded the mind of the composer: the calm dignity of the leading theme; the thoughtful melancholy of the second subject, where the fragmentary phrases sighing from one instrument to another seem like the broken memories of past happiness; the passages of turmoil and conflict through which we discern plainly the march of a giant will ready to battle with all obstacles; all this we can feel, all of us who bring any imagination of our own to meet that of the composer; can feel it all the more powerfully because it is left vague and "unbodied" (to use Shelley's phrase), because Beethoven never was tempted to the fatal error of *labelling* his themes and thus rudely drawing attention to the inadequacy of musical sounds to express definite ideas. He expresses emotions which are indefinable literally in words, and says to us more than any words could express. And with all this emotional stress in the music there is not for a moment any forgetfulness of the conditions of the art, any indication of the idea that emotional earnestness can compensate for roughness of execution. He never forgets that he is writing music, and writing it for a band; the minute finish of the composition is as remarkable as its expressive power, every instrument is treated in the manner most characteristic of its peculiar genius and most fitted to contribute towards the general musical effect of the whole. One change in the form of composition as compared with that of a first movement in a Mozart symphony is significant. The movement is quite symmetrically composed in the sonata-form, but instead of the various subjects being separated by a distinct pause, and appearing deliberately one after another as in the Mozart symphony, they are linked to each other by subsidiary passages and seem to grow naturally and in-

avitably in the course of the music, interdependent parts of an organic whole.

It may be doubted whether anything so complete at once in artistic form and poetic intensity was accomplished even by Beethoven himself since this first movement of the Eroica Symphony, the thorough comprehension of which in its artistic and poetic expression implies a great deal on the part of the hearer, and it is probable that in no general audience as yet is the full meaning and significance of this movement entered into by more than a comparatively small proportion of the listeners. Mr. Browning, in the short preface to one of his most remarkable poems, observes that his stress lay "on the incidents in the development of a soul;" and it is something of the same kind which Beethoven has attempted to shadow forth in this composition. It is not surprising that in the face of such a work critics even of the more thoughtful class should have been tempted to say that after this the theory of "music for the sake of music" was done with, and that nothing without poetic meaning could be listened to again. But it is not necessary to go beyond the Eroica Symphony itself to illustrate the danger of such hasty generalisation. The Eroica subject is continued in the great Funeral March which follows and forms the "slow movement" of the symphony, and which, in its great scale and perspective, and the intense solemnity and pathos which characterise it, suggests nothing less than the mourning of a whole nation over the loss of the hero, the contemplation of his glory, and his final descent into the tomb amid the subdued grief of the awe-struck multitude. But the next movement seems to change the scene. This is one of the most typical examples of the new development which, as already noticed, Beethoven gave to the third movement of the symphony. In place of the graceful quiet minuet of the Mozart symphony he substituted a style of movement of which both the character and the title, *Scherzo*, were entirely his own invention; a movement in rapid triple rhythm of much more piquant and picturesque character than the old form, and into which in many of his works he threw the wildest and most grotesque humour and abandon. The *Scherzo* in the Eroica Symphony has a certain seriousness in keeping with the character of the whole work, but it is difficult to connect it in any special way with the main idea supposed to govern the symphony; and when we come to the *finale* any such connection becomes perfectly impossible. It is a delightful movement to listen to, founded on a fresh and buoyant melody which had formed part of the composer's ballet-music for Prometheus, and which he had already made the theme of a set of variations for the piano, some part of the design of which is repeated in the *finale* of the symphony; but those who can discern any relationship in feeling between this and the noble first movement of the work must be possessed by a

very strong predetermination to do so. The probability is that the conception and execution of the first two movements had occupied Beethoven a long time, that he desired to finish the symphony in order to have it presented to Napoleon at some special opportunity, that it must have a *finale*, and accordingly he did for once what he very seldom did (there are only one or two other instances in his entire works), worked up already existing materials for the purpose.

Thus the Eroica Symphony is incomplete as a whole; and, commencing on a "poetic basis," concludes with "absolute" music; and when we pass to the Fourth Symphony, we are still more struck with the contradiction to the assumption that he had established "poetic" music as a *sine qua non*. In fact, throughout Beethoven's musical life it may be noticed that the very fact that he has done something of very marked tendency in any one important composition seems almost a reason for doing something as different as possible in the next. The Fourth Symphony goes back completely and frankly to absolute music essentially of the Mozart type, though marked by Beethoven's richer fancy and more elaborate detail; it is a work completely classic in feeling, pervaded by that serenity and "blitheness" (*Weiterkeit*) which Mr. Pater has tabulated as one of the most essential qualities of Greek art; and it is the most highly-finished and symmetrical orchestral work which the composer ever produced, and in this respect could not have been beaten by Mozart, the typical master of grace and finish. The Fifth Symphony, the C minor, is as surprising a contrast in the opposite direction. There can hardly be a question that, as a whole, this is Beethoven's greatest symphony. It is, we believe, considered "philistine" to say so now, because the combined simplicity and power of the work have made it popular, and caused it to be too much played and talked about: as if that affected the intrinsic merit of the music. Possibly no single movement in it is equal in intellectual interest to the first movement of the Eroica, but it has the advantage in being a more complete whole and leading up to a splendid climax. It is obviously a work of poetic signification, though with no key beyond the recorded remark of the composer about the opening phrase of the first movement, "It is thus fate knocks at the door," the significance of which may, however, have been overrated. But no imaginative listener can have doubted that the whole work is a kind of portrayal of the conflict of life, perhaps an expression of the composer's own trials and hopes. The opening movement is full of turmoil, anger, doubt, resolution, brief gleams of beauty and happiness. The second, filled full of rich and passionate melody, we might perhaps call an idyl on a great scale, only that its suggestions seem too large and deep for the associations of the word. The *allegro* that follows is

extraordinary, and if Beethoven had read Bunyan one might fancy it suggested by the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Half-seen, ominous, grotesque shapes seem to dance and gibber through the music. At length, after being greeted by the most strange moppings and mowings, we find ourselves at the point where there seems to be a way out, to somewhere ; *i.e.* we arrive at the passage eventually leading up to the *finale*. This is certainly the most extraordinary instance in existence of the power of mere inarticulate sounds to influence the state of the mind. The feeling aroused in hearing it, that *something* is going to happen—*something* very extraordinary, but we know not whether for good or evil ; that, whatever it is, we cannot escape it ; that it is becoming more inevitable every moment—is so vivid as to raise almost a sense of terror. There is an almost dead hush of the whole orchestra ; the drum commences a series of low taps, the violins begin, in the most curiously vague manner, to stir uncaisly, as if something were being wakened out of sleep ; the stir becomes gradually more marked—the unceasing drum-taps get louder and more persistent, till a rush of the whole band carries us fairly off our feet to the point where the opening chords of the final march break upon us like a blaze of light. In analyzing the passage musically it is easy to perceive how artfully the composer has heightened its effect by keeping the harmony vague and undefined till the last moment, so that we do not know, as it were, which way he is going to turn, and by masking the rhythm and accent of the violin passages so as to increase this vague formlessness ; but the whole effect really defies analysis. It may be observed that, like all the surprises of genius, it is not dependent upon the novelty of a first hearing ; it loses none of its effect with those who know it as well as their alphabet.

It is important to notice that this symphony, so essentially poetic in feeling, is thoroughly consistent and connected in form throughout ; it is not so highly finished as some others ; there are roughnesses in detail, and the first movement exhibits a certain degree of abruptness and angularity at times, but not more than is sufficient to convey the dramatic meaning intended, without any harsh interference with the conditions of musical expression. The final march, which conveys no doubt the idea of the victory and triumph over evil and sorrow, is, besides its almost ecstatic expression, one of the most broadly conceived, stately, and symmetrical movements, artistically speaking, in the whole range of music. Passing to the next symphony, the *Pastorale*, we again find Beethoven, as before, leading us to almost the opposite extreme from his last work, and doing something perfectly different from what he or any one else had ever done before with instrumental music ; giving us the translation of landscape into the language of musical sounds. This symphony is the most popular

of all with "the masses," because a definite idea is given for each movement, which can be readily laid hold of and followed; but it may be at once remarked that, from the higher and more poetic point of view, this more or less imitative symphony, the parent of what has been called "programme" music (music written to express and imitate sounds and sights which are not essentially musical) stands on lower ground intellectually than such works as the *Eroica* and C minor symphonies, on lower ground also than the abstract proportion or musical architecture of which Mozart's symphonies and Beethoven's Fourth are such noble examples; and in one or two places he has dropped into mere musical punning. At the end of the second movement he allowed himself, most unwisely, and merely to please a lady admirer, to add a passage of direct imitation of the nightingale, quail, and cuckoo, not originally contemplated, and which is a blot on an exquisite composition; and in the storm movement, parts of which are magnificently and poetically suggestive, he has written in one place a series of rapid groups of four notes for the double-basses against five for the violoncellos (to be played in the same time), so that no two notes are sounded together, and a confused rumble of sound is produced. The passage passes over quickly in performance, and those who do not know of the device would perhaps not notice it, but it is a most dangerous precedent, and a method of treatment which most distinctly is not *music*. On the other hand, in the opening movement, which entirely bears out the composer's apologetic comment on the work—"more an expression of feeling than actual painting"—Beethoven has done wonders. He has expressed in music the impression which the sight and sound of a broad breezy summer landscape produces on minds quick to receive such impressions, so vividly and truly, that in walking through the country on such a day as that described in Tennyson's *Gardener's Daughter*—

" Where all the land in flowering squares
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind
Smelt of the coming summer"—

we have even felt that if it were possible to consider the mental impression apart from its external causation, we could hardly distinguish between that produced by Nature herself and that produced by Beethoven's translation of Nature into music. It is as if we saw and felt Nature transfused through Beethoven's mind; and no one who had not the intense and reverent love of Nature which he obviously had¹ could have achieved this. The second movement, "By the brook," is almost equally beautiful and poetic (except the unfortunate

(1) Mr. Grove, among several indications of this, quotes the remark from one of his letters, "Every tree seems to say 'Holy, Holy.'" This reminds one of some of Blake's expressions.

bird imitations mentioned just now), the stringed instruments keeping up a murmuring undercurrent of undulating sound throughout, which, without for a moment suggesting anything like imitation, gives the same delicious dreamy feeling which the continuous ripple of moving water brings over us, while the air seems full of the hum and twitter of bird and insect life (not here imitated, merely translated into music), mingled with a song from the violoncellos which is the human element in the scene, and is the natural expression of the rapture of an overflowing heart. The rest of the symphony is not equal to the first two movements, though much might be said about it if space allowed.

We must pass over lightly the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies, though the former is one of the greatest of all the composer's works, and a special favourite with himself; merely observing that, as before, he goes into an entirely different region again, and that there is not a hint or suggestion of programme music in either of them. The allegretto of this symphony is wonderfully pathetic, and may mean a thousand deep and stirring things to different listeners; the rest of the work, and especially the brilliant finale, worked up to a most exciting climax, is more like "absolute" music, though of a very different type from that of the Mozart school. The Eighth Symphony, again, a much smaller work than any other since the first, is almost pure music, pure tune, in the first three movements, in some parts of a simple and *naïve* gracefulness recalling Haydn; the finale, however, which has hardly received its proper place in estimation, is a perfect orgy of whim and high spirits, over parts of which we can fancy the composer shouting with laughter as he wrote them (he was always a great laugher when amused); and where in some passages the instruments, as they bandy about phrases from side to side of the orchestra, seem literally to be cracking jokes at one another. But the Ninth and Last Symphony claims some special comment here for several reasons. It is a work on a vast scale, occupying nearly twice as long in performance as any of the others, and the broad and far-reaching style of the opening movement, and its great seriousness and sustained grandeur, show at once that the composer had bent his whole power to accomplishing something colossal; though the result of the opening is, perhaps, rather to raise a great expectation than to satisfy it; the design of the movement is less spontaneous in effect, less certain in form than some of the greatest of its predecessors. The *scherzo* also is remarkable for much greater length than its predecessors of the same class, rather than for other superiority to them, and for the extraordinary amount of repetition of very short though very striking themes. The slow movement, which in this work follows the *scherzo* instead of preceding it, alone reaches the highest Beethoven standard of combined

beauty and pathos. It is new in form, being, in fact, a great instrumental song in several verses with instrumental symphonies between, the song returning each time with new and more beautiful elaboration and accompaniment, until (if we may try to express so what is hardly expressible in words) the music seems almost to faint and die under the weight of its own loveliness. After which follows the finale about which so much has been written, and in which for the first time vocal music is combined with the symphony. The manner in which the melody which is to illustrate Schiller's *Ode to Joy*, is led up to, is extraordinarily dramatic and fanciful. After a few bars of noisy prelude, the violoncellos and basses of the orchestra, like the serpent in Eden, seem to take on them human voice and expostulation, and in a passage resembling vocal declamation, invite the other instruments to sing something with them. The others answer with the same furious crash as before. No, that won't do; more expostulation, answered by a bit from the subject of the first movement, which is again refused in a very decided tone of anger; so it goes on, the basses asking for something and getting bits from the former part of the symphony offered to them, till at last the wind instruments suggest something new, a little bit of tune hesitatingly played. That will do, that's it—is replied as plainly as if words had spoken it; and after a few bars of congratulatory expression in the same conversational manner, the basses and violoncellos lead off with the new-found tune, which Beethoven had sketched years before, almost in early life, as an air for the setting of the *Ode to Joy*. It is hardly one of the finest or greatest of the composer's melodies, but is pervaded by a peculiar joyous and exultant character quite in keeping with the sentiment of the opening of Schiller's ode, and sounds delightful as first treated as the subject of a movement in counterpoint for the instruments alone. Afterwards there is a cruel crash and discord, in which all the notes of the scale are heard at once, the object of which pain is apparently to enhance the effect of the "joy" afterwards (a very questionable expedient), and the words of the song are shortly after taken up by the chorus and solo singers. But as the movement proceeds we feel that failure is impending. The time of the song melody, not quite dignified enough at first, is quickened till it becomes a mere jig; the ode is broken up into short sections with incessant changes of time and design, which seem to go on no plan and point to no climax; the instrumentation is noisy, the chorus are kept in a continual scream upon passages too high to be conveniently sustained, and the work closes in *prestissimo* which is a sheer scramble of voices and instruments. The causes of this unfortunate and undignified anti-climax to a symphony which started in so sustained and high a style are probably twofold. A certain tendency to eccentricity and vagary of

form—part of the eccentricity inherent in Beethoven's character, but which his schooled artistic insight had repressed in most of his former works, seems to have asserted itself and got the better of him in the excitement of a new experiment in composition ; and in the effort to give to Schiller's ode the ecstatic treatment which he seems to have aimed at, he overshot the mark and landed in some part of his work sadly near the ridiculous. It must be added, that chorus writing was never at any time Beethoven's strong point, in spite of occasional successes ; but there was now another element of difficulty in his deafness. This, of course, did not in the least interfere with his appreciation of the harmonic relations of his music—those to every great musician are heard with the ear of the mind—though it may perhaps be questioned whether, if he could have heard that particular “crash” in his finale above mentioned with the outer ear also, he would not have thought twice about it. But in regard to *timbre* and balance of instruments and voices, it seems probable that his want of hearing must have misled him. He had now been almost completely deaf for some years, and it must have been inevitable that the remembrance of the real effect of instrumental and vocal sounds (as distinguished from their harmonic relation) must have more or less faded from his memory ; otherwise it is hardly conceivable that he should have kept the singers at such a scream as he did, in spite of the remonstrances of the accomplished vocalists who took the solo parts (and whose statement that the music was too high for any one to sing comfortably he evidently did not believe) ; that he should have instrumented parts of the finale in such a blaring and noisy manner ; that he should have written that absurd succession of grunts from the contra-bassoon which precedes the “*Alla Marcia*” movement. We have not a doubt that he imagined these effects differently from the way we hear them ; though he is, of course, fully responsible for the form of the composition. The reason for dwelling thus ungraciously, as it may seem, on the drawbacks of this composition will appear just now.

And now let it not be thought below the dignity of these pages to say a word in reference to the medium through which Beethoven spoke his greatest conceptions—the orchestra ; for without a general idea of this also it is not possible to estimate aright the advance which he made upon his predecessors in the art. There may be those, no doubt, among the readers of the *Fortnightly Review* who would have sympathized with the indignation of the late editor of the *Times* at having to turn aside from his studies of the political situation of Europe to “attend to the complaints of an oboe player,” and doubtless the assemblage of persons gathered together to manipulate the various instruments of the orchestra form often a motley group enough ; and shoulder to shoulder with men of

culture and genius are found vessels of very coarse human clay. But it is part of the glory of orchestral music that it obliterates personality ; and it is not to Mr. A. and Herr B. that we listen, but to the various voices of instruments which come to have a distinct though abstract character of their own, and which we learn to listen for as for the well-known accents of dear and familiar friends. Like the symphony form of music, the modern orchestra grew to its present shape almost accidentally and through a natural process of development based in a measure on the principle of the survival of the fittest. For in the Bach period a good many experiments were made in tone-colouring, and a good many instruments existed and were in use which gradually dropped out of recognition, either owing to difficulties and drawbacks in their manipulation, or defects in their voices, or the difficulty of inducing people to give their time to mastering instruments which were used but seldom and could not become remunerative to the player. In Handel's orchestra the materials were chiefly the bow instruments (violins, tenor violins or violas, violoncellos, and basses), called collectively "the strings," several of each being used ; the oboes, also in his day used in a collective manner, some twelve or fourteen ; flutes and bassoons ; horns and trumpets (generally two of each), and two drums. This was a pretty fair muster for the period, and afforded considerable variety of tone, but the idea of what is now called "orchestral colouring" was not prominent then, and the instruments were mostly used *en masse* to produce a body of tone, except where one, generally either oboe or trumpet, was used as a solo instrument. It is curious that the trumpet, the manipulative difficulties of which are most formidable except in a certain class of simple phrases, was one of the most prominent solo instruments in Handel's day, and the difficulties which he made for it are now beyond the power of any but one or two exceptional players. As, however, it came to be perceived how greatly superior the bow instruments were, in freedom and facility of execution of all kinds of passages, to any other class of instrument, the weight of the work came to be thrown upon them ; the oboes were reduced, like the other wind instruments, to two, and the orchestra consisted of a mass of stringed instruments with the wind instruments to assist the *ensemble* and to take up melodies and passages occasionally for the sake of variety and contrast of tone. Mozart wrote for what would now be considered a very small orchestra ; and though he liked giving to each instrument pleasant and characteristic passages in turn, he made little direct attempt at increasing the expressive power of his music by special contrasts and combinations of tone. But with Beethoven this became almost a new art. The orchestra had been considerably strengthened in his day ; clarionets, the most beautiful of all wind instruments, invented

in Mozart's day but little used, became first favourites with him and gave voice to many of his finest melodies ; the bow instruments were considerably increased in number and had advanced immensely in their capacities of execution, so that intricacies of instrumental design were now possible which could not have been thought of in Mozart's time. But the great distinction in regard to the use of the instruments in the Beethoven symphony is the manner in which he derived a new source of sound-poetry from the contrast and combination of the various tones of the orchestra, so that the difference between his greatest symphonies and those of his predecessors is almost the difference between a picture in colour and a design in outline and shading. They have their deep shadows, their warm and cool tones, their glancing and glittering highlights, their foregrounds and distances. Again, quitting the pictorial metaphor, their multiplicity of expression is most remarkable. We do not seem to listen to a group of instruments playing together as one whole, but to a number of voices of various tones and expressions, which call and answer to one another, advance and recede, pursue and fly each other, are now silent while one indulges a soliloquy, and now take up one after another the thread of the discourse, or join in a tumultuous cry of sorrow or exultation. And what is perhaps most remarkable of all is the multiplicity, delicacy, and finish of the detail in these combinations of phrases and melodies. We hear the effect as a whole without perceiving this so much ; but a study of the score, or even an attentive listening to a work the general scope of which has become familiar, shows us that every note and passage in these intricate combinations is studied with reference to its effect on the whole, its suitability to the tone and capabilities of the instrument to which it is allotted, and its own special expression ; so that, as Mr. Grove has very truly remarked, the completeness of the whole, and the intricacy and yet apparently perfectly spontaneous development of the detail, in some of these compositions, impresses us rather as if they were productions of nature than of art.

A few words must suffice to characterize what Beethoven accomplished in his pianoforte compositions, which are only less important than his orchestral works. In one sense, indeed, his collection of sonatas for the pianoforte may be considered as even more remarkable than his symphonies. That through the medium of an instrument so comparatively restricted in its powers of expression (and it was even more so in his day than it is now, when the pianoforte has been so greatly improved in mechanism and sonority) any one should have been able to convey such a variety of poetic impressions of the highest order both in regard to imaginative power and intensity of pathos, is one of the most remarkable instances of the triumph of mind over matter. In comparing Beethoven's pianoforte

works with those of his predecessors, it is fair to the latter to remember, in judging of their relative importance, that he was the first great composer who confided any of his greatest conceptions to the piano : for in regard to elevation of style and poetic inspiration some of the pianoforte sonatas are behind nothing that is in the symphonies, only of course they are on a smaller scale and without the interest of such colouring and detail as an orchestral composition admits of. Allowing for this, however, Beethoven still occupies the position of the first discoverer of the real powers and capabilities of the instrument. Mozart has in two or three instances anticipated or suggested some of his special methods of treatment, but in the main Mozart was still under the influence of the style of the older keyed instruments, the harpsichord and clavier, in the first of which there was no expression and in the latter little or no sonority or singing power. Accordingly the majority of his piano music still retains the old harpsichord style, where expression and variety are sought by means of ornamental scale passages, trills, shakes, &c. Beethoven retained all that was valuable in these older features of pianoforte writing, and turned them to excellent account in his own compositions as sources of brilliant and effective ornament to his themes ; and in fact the admirable embroidery and decoration of his pianoforte music, so completely finished and artistic, is as remarkable as its more elevated qualities. He invented, however, completely new methods of treating the instrument, drawing from it broad masses of sound, either in full and sonorous chords, or by a kind of alternate battery of the hands upon the keyboard, evolving thus a species of effect peculiar to the pianoforte, and which no other instrument can possibly realise. But the greatest debt we owe him is for the lofty ideal of pianoforte composition which he established ; for giving us the highest and most imaginative music in a form available for one person with a piano ; for thus bringing, as we may say, symphonic music to our firesides. The player who would realise this must, it is true, bring imagination of his own to meet that of the composer ; he must be able to apprehend, beyond the mere sounds which his instrument can produce to the senses, the greatness of scale and perspective, the richness of colouring, which are conveyed by the composer to those who can understand his indications, just as the sense of colour is conveyed in the work of a great etcher, though the actual material colour is wanting. Thus, in Beethoven's sonatas, though the forms and passages are those of piano music (and no pianoforte composer ever wrote more thoroughly in the style of the instrument), the larger ideas belonging to orchestral music are constantly to be felt behind the veil of the pianoforte forms. The true grandeur of scale of these compositions, however, is apt to be lost when, as commonly happens now, they are rendered

from the saloon to the concert room. "Pianoforte recitals" have become a passion of the day, and large concert halls are demanded for the audiences who attend them; but in regard both to these sonatas and to the chamber quartetts, &c., of the great composers, the public are under an illusion if they think they are hearing music of this class under the conditions and with the effect contemplated by the composer. The scale of the effects is calculated for small rooms, and becomes dwarfed in large spaces; it is as if we hung a cabinet picture in a public hall among large mural paintings. The consequence in the case of the pianoforte sonatas is constant over-playing to force the music to a larger scale, so that, in the expression of Lenz (*Beethoven et ses trois styles*),¹ "Aujourd'hui on ne joue plus le piano, on le monte. Devenu cheval de cirque, de fougueux et intrépides cavaliers promènent ce pauvre piano aux yeux d'un public ébahi."

In the sonatas the three styles are more clearly traceable than in the symphonies, partly because there is a larger number of examples (thirty-three) from which to generalise. The Haydn and Mozart forms are very quickly shaken off, almost so in the Fourth Sonata (*Opus 7*), which is quite new in its feeling; but it is only when we progress farther that we discover what wild and romantic poetry, what great tragic scenes of love and sorrow, Beethoven could extract from the cold black and white keyboard. The variety and individuality of these is as wonderful as their poetic power. Throughout the whole there are not two movements which in any essential way resemble each other, and it is not too much to say that there is hardly any mood of "the many-sided mind" which may not find its reflection here. But it is important to observe that here, as in the symphonies, we find the facts quite at variance with any theory of conscious or systematic development of the "poetic" principle. After some of the most distinctly poetic of the earlier sonatas, we find one (*Opus 22*) which is completely of the Mozart school in feeling; one, too, which the composer thought a great deal of, specially recommending it to his publishers as "a sonata of the right sort." Some time after the wild and romantic sonatas in E flat and D minor, we find the *Waldstein* sonata, which, grand as it is, is essentially a great show-piece. The last sonata but one is essentially poetic, and contains an air preceded by a regular dramatic recitative, exactly like a solo sung by the heroine of a tragic opera; but the next and last sonata concludes with a great set of variations which are as absolutely music for the sake of music—bravura music, too—as anything of Bach's could be. This last movement has, in fact, so vexed the

(1) Space is wanting to make one or two quotations which we would gladly have made from this book; which, though a little too *prononcé* in literary style, is one of the most thoughtful and rational pieces of Beethoven criticism that has been written. It deals mainly with the pianoforte sonatas.

"poetic basis" people, that they have tried to get evidence of its having been composed some years before its publication; they are almost angry with Beethoven for having done something which so obviously will not fit into their theory of him. But the composer's enjoyment of pure music and of brilliant effects of pianoforte playing comes out continually, even in the midst of his most essentially poetic sonatas. He attached a great importance to artistic finish in playing, and was most careful and painstaking in his indications of the manner and expression, the *nuances* of loud and soft, to be observed in the sonatas; and nothing could be more contrary to the composer's intentions than the way in which these works have been frequently played lately by pianists who, following the dangerous but now fashionable habit of trusting everything to memory, have stormed through his sonatas with a forgetfulness of *nuances* which would have driven Beethoven nearly wild if he could have heard them. It is characteristic of the serious way in which he took such matters, even in his later days, that in a letter to the person charged with the instruction of his nephew, he goes into details about the principle of fingering to be observed in a certain class of pianoforte passages; and Czerny relates that when he went to Beethoven for lessons, the great composer devoted the earlier lessons entirely to scale-playing and showing him the best position of the hand. The interest which he took in the executive part of piano-playing is well illustrated in a story told by his pupil Ries, which is worth quoting as very characteristic, and not so well known as some of the Beethoven anecdotes. Ries was to appear before the public for the first time as Beethoven's pupil at a concert, where he was to play the master's concerto in C minor, and at which Beethoven conducted and turned over the pages for the young player. Ries says:—

"I had begged him to compose me a cadenza: ¹ he refused, and told me to write one myself, and he would correct it. He was much pleased with my composition, and altered little, only he thought one very brilliant and difficult passage, though effective, too perilous, and charged me to write another. Eight days before the performance he wished again to hear the cadenza. I played the offending passage and failed in it; he told me again with some temper to alter it; I did so, but the new passage did not satisfy me. I studied the other valiantly, without for all that making myself absolutely sure of it. At the public concert, when the cadenza arrived, Beethoven sat quietly looking on. I could not bring myself to choose the easier passage. When I boldly attacked the more difficult one, Beethoven gave himself a violent shake in his chair; the cadenza succeeded nevertheless, and he was content, and called out 'bravo!' which electrified the audience and gave me immediately a position among artistes. Afterwards, in spite of his evident satisfaction, he said, 'But you are very self-willed! If you had broken down in the passage, I would never have given you another lesson.'"

(1) The *cadence* is the point in a concerto where the player is allowed to exhibit his own powers by a brilliant effusion founded on the principal ideas of the composition. This used to be always an impromptu, but subsequently it became the custom to

It is in curious contrast, however, to his teaching, that all testimony combines in implying that in playing his own compositions he was rough and impulsive, and often made mistakes. His *forte* was his extempore playing, which must have been extraordinary from what is said of its effects; but he was entirely destitute of the coolness and self-possession necessary for the accurate rendering of written music, and probably his published works have been played by others with much more effect than he usually gave to them himself. It was the same with his conducting of the orchestra, in which, even before his deafness, he often confused the players rather than assisted them. One story is told which conveys some idea of his want of presence of mind under such circumstances. He was in the habit, when conducting, of expressing a loud passage by throwing his arms up, or out, at full stretch. When playing one of his own concertos, during a long passage for the band where the piano was silent, he forgot his position, and, fancying he was conducting, threw his arms out at a certain loud chord, and knocked both the candles off the piano, and when they were picked up and the passage repeated, by the time the same chord recurred he had forgotten the accident and did the same again. The audience, with all their respect for him, were, naturally enough, convulsed with laughter, which so irritated him that at the next solo he broke several strings of the piano. When to this nervous excitability was added his lamentable affliction of deafness, it is no wonder that at last his friends had to tell him, as kindly as they could, that his conducting would not do, and persuade him to relinquish the task.

It may be interesting, before summing up our estimate of his musical genius, to bring together here a few of the many recorded traits which help us to realise Beethoven's personal character. The bad side of it is soon done with, for it amounts to nothing worse than this, that he was a man of perfectly abnormal irritability of temper, which had never been checked or restrained by anything worth calling education, and which was aggravated during great part of his life by the peculiarly terrible affliction, to a musician, of deafness; and that in regard to all social restraints and conventionalities he was an absolute Bohemian. He cared neither how he dressed, nor how he ate, nor, if he was angry with people, how he spoke to them, or what was their relation to himself, either in social position or friendship, except that he seems to have kept his worst words for his professional friends. And yet, in one sense, even these very facts are a testimony to his higher qualities; for it is evident that,

elaborate cadenzas beforehand. Beethoven in his greatest concerto took the matter out of the hands of the player by composing a ~~cadenza~~ partly accompanied by the orchestra, but in other instances it is still left to the executants. Mendelssohn revived the custom of extemporising cadenzas, with great effect, on several occasions.

in spite of all this, he estranged very few friends. He might storm and swear at his best friends, call them hound and donkey, invite them to dinner and then abuse them till they were compelled in self-respect to leave the table; but for all that they remained his friends. He had given them medicines to make them love him; it could not be else. The interest in his genius had, of course, much to do with it; but it was not only that. While all the fresh information that is gained about him brings fresh testimony as to his phenomenal temper and eccentricity, all we learn about him seems also to establish more decidedly his simplicity, honesty, and high moral purpose, and to confirm what is said by one of his contemporaries,¹ "I never saw a more childlike mind in union with so much power and pride." His moral rectitude and uprightness seems to have been not so much the result of any conscious adoption of principles, as the spontaneous and unconscious goodness of a healthy nature. He was so honest in his own character that anything like deception, even in joke, seemed to excite his strongest indignation, while he was so little suspicious of double-dealing in others that any one could over-reach him; and his relations, who were a bad set (though not in all respects quite as bad, probably, as he thought), plundered him right and left. In little things it must be confessed that he was vulgar. He was always making very bad jokes, sometimes practical ones, and laughing obstreperously at them, but seems to have been very slow to see other people's jokes, and very apt to take offence at them if they were against himself. His pride in his own genius was great, and well it might be; he was thoroughly conscious of his powers, for they had been matured by severe discipline; he knew the ins and outs of his artistic nature, had wrestled with his genius in its dark and sorrowful places, and was well aware that he towered over all his contemporaries. Ries gives a curious instance of his sensitiveness on this point. Ries had applied, on his friends' advice, for a musical conductorship which had been offered to Beethoven, but which it was well known that Beethoven neither had accepted nor would accept. The fact came to the ears of the great man, and Ries was denied admittance on several calls, but never guessed the cause till, after some weeks, he happened to meet Beethoven in the street, and the latter came up to him, and said only, with the greatest

(1) This and one or two other statements about the composer in this article are borrowed from Nohl's book "Beethoven described by his Contemporaries." Judging by his life of Mozart, Dr. Nohl appears to be one of the very silliest of writers that ever mis-used a pen; but that is his misfortune, and he has collected a number of facts and anecdotes of Beethoven, and as he is more bent on telling these than on ~~uttering~~ his own sentimentalities, the book is readable. It has just been translated into English, in a bad literary style and with a great many press errors. There seems a fate about Beethoven books in the English language. There are very few of them, and they are all, whether translations or originals, about as badly done as they can be.

scorn, "So you think you can fill a post that has been offered to me." During the congress at Vienna in 1814, Beethoven invited the royal and noble personages to a concert given by himself, pretty much in the terms of one sovereign inviting others to his court. Yet in his social intercourse he hardly seems to have realised that to stand on one's dignity as a man is an even higher thing than to stand on one's dignity as an artist. One of his recorded remarks is, "It is good to be with the aristocracy, but one must be able to impress them." This is rather sad; but still worse is his description (in one of the letters which that sentimental little minx, Bettina Brentano, elicited from him) of his meeting the Imperial family while he was out walking with Goethe, who was then at Vienna, and how he folded his arms and walked straight through the suite, and saw princes and pages form a line for him, and how he laughed at Goethe for standing aside and taking off his hat. This of course was simply bad manners, and he quite misunderstood Goethe, who cared as little for kings as any one, but was enough a man of the world to know that dignity and good taste are best consulted by a reasonable conformity to conventional courtesies.

Like Handel, Beethoven never married; but, unlike Handel, he was very susceptible to feminine charms, and was in love over and over again. He would look after any pretty woman whom he saw in the street, in the most undisguised manner, merely laughing if she turned and noticed him. But in general the objects of his admiration were ladies of rank, who certainly seem to have given him no little encouragement sometimes, at all events very warm friendship; but nothing ever came of it, and it is easy to understand that refined ladies, however they might overlook his eccentricities in regard for him and his genius, might reasonably have thought twice about uniting themselves for life with so rough a diamond. Two or three letters, written to one of the most seriously adored of these fair enslavers, are very beautiful, almost exceptionally so, as specimens of love-letters, and one or two recorded remarks of his in regard to marriage show so truly chivalresque a feeling and so high an ideal of married life, that it is sad to think he should never have realised it. He is said to have been so stern a moralist that he would not remain in the room with a man of licentious habits; if that were so, his choice of rooms in the Vienna of his day must have been rather limited. It seems to have been at any rate the fact that he rated Mozart's *Don Juan* below the *Zauberflöte* because the former was "a scandalous subject," degrading to the art of music. This severity of tone, and the love-letters above mentioned, and the very pathetic letter he wrote to his brothers as his "will" during a period of ill health in early life, form together almost all in his personal life that we know of, which seems akin in temper and tone to the noble, dignified, and exalted character of a great deal of his music. As a

whole what was dignified and grand in his nature shows itself mainly in his music, while the jocular side of his character comes out more in his life, but occasionally in his music also, and often with great effect. His letters in general are not remarkable unless for oddity and a kind of joking which is hardly to be called wit: a characteristic specimen is the following portion of a letter to Hofmeister and Peters, the music publishers, who had communicated a wish for a sonata on some specified plan:—

“ Does the devil, then, ride you all together, gentlemen, to propose to me to make such a sonata? ”

“ During the revolutionary fever, well and good, such a thing might have been done; but now, when everything is getting into the old tracks, when Buonaparte has concluded a *concordat* with the Pope—such a sonata! ”

* “ Were it a *Missa pro Sancta Maria, a tre re i*, why then I would immediately take up the pencil and write in huge semibreves a *Credo in unum*; but, gracious God, such a sonata in these newfangled Christian times. Ho! ho! leave me alone, that won’t do. ”

“ Now, my answer in the quickest *tempo*, ” &c.

Among the various glimpses of his personality in later life may be mentioned that which Schindler gives of the composer on his afternoon walk, running rather than walking round the ramparts, “ as if pursued by bailiffs,” with his arms folded behind him and his head bent down; and the account given of a visit to him in 1825, by an English lady, who sent it anonymously to a musical journal of the day in this country. This is one of the pleasantest pictures we get of the composer. She called by invitation in answer to her letter of introduction—

“ When we arrived he had just returned home, and was changing his coat: I almost began to be alarmed, after what I had heard of his brusquerie, lest he should not receive us very cordially, when he came forth from his Sanctum with a hurried step and apparently very nervous, but he addressed us in so gentle, so courteous, and so sweet a manner, and yet with such a truth in his sweetness, that I only know Mr. —— with whom he can be compared. ”

He wrote the lady a little fugue as a souvenir, and she relates how he played it over for her, looking sadly at the piano which he could not hear, and saying he feared it was much out of order. The letter is appended to the English version of Schindler’s life.

Though in the letter to his publisher quoted just now, Beethoven expressed his readiness to write a *credo* “ in huge semibreves,” he had no relation with the church, or with church music as usually understood. As far as his religious feeling can be at all defined, he was what used to be called a Pantheist; at least this would be the conclusion from the two first of the sentences which he had copied out from somewhere, and kept constantly before him.

“ I. Ich bin was da ist. ”

“ Ich bin alles, was ist, was war, und was sein wird; kein sterblicher mensch hat meinen Schleier aufgehoben. ”

“ II. Er ist Einstig von ihm selbst, und diesem Einzigsten sind alle Dinge der Datsein schuldig. ”

It may be fanciful, but we have often thought there was the same kind of pantheistic faith to be discerned in his religious music. In his two Masses there is hardly a trace of ecclesiastical feeling; in the second especially (a stupendous but unequal work) we seem to hear the worship of all nature rather than of the adherents of a special creed; and in the *Hallelujah* which closes the "Mount of Olives," a chorus on a scale completely out of keeping with the rest of the work, there is a breadth and pomp of effect entirely unmixed with anything of devotional feeling, which reminds us of the songs of the archangels in the prologue to *Faust* rather than of any possible Christian hymn. Christian feeling is, in fact, entirely absent from the work, in which, as a late writer on music observed, Gethsemane is brought "perilously near the footlights;" an objection, however, which, even as a matter of good taste, would be much less obvious to the orthodox German than to the orthodox Englishman. He had, however, no need of religious fingerposts to keep him straight; and he showed the best form of practical religion in his unselfish devotion to the orphan nephew who had been recommended to his care by a brother who had often behaved anything but well to him, and whose education and interests he looked after at the cost of money, time, and much that was most disagreeable to himself, with an affectionate solicitude that seemed to increase in proportion to the ingratitude and ill behaviour of the object of it. But he certainly never looked in his troubles and worries to what is usually understood by the consolations of religion. In one melancholy letter in reference to his increasing deafness, he says, "I have often cursed my existence. Plutarch has won me back to resignation." One of the last recorded expressions on his death-bed breathes something of the lofty irony of the old Pagan mind. "Plaudite, amici," he said to those around his bed, "comœdia finita est;" and though he received the *riaticum* in his last moments, we may hope that this was due rather to the officious orthodoxy of his friends than to his own choice. The circumstances of the actual moment of his death seem strangely in accord with the passion and strife of his stormy life. A sudden storm had come on, and the dying man was roused by an unusually loud clap of thunder, clenched his fist as if in reply, and shook it in the air above him. This was his last action: the hand dropped, and he was gone.

A few of his opinions, briefly expressed on different occasions, in regard to other great composers, may be mentioned here. Haydn he never felt cordially towards; and in regard to Mozart he was very capricious, being sometimes inexhaustible in his praise of him, and sometimes dismissing his name with *double entendre* phrases which might mean whatever the hearer chose to make them. Weber, he said, "began to learn too late," and only attained the art of pleasing; an admirable bit of comprehensive criticism. Schubert

had "a spark of the divine fire." Rossini he referred to as "Chinese porcelain," and on another occasion characterized him as a "good scene-painter :" he refused to see him, though Rossini called two or three times, which was hard, considering that the Italian composer was an ardent admirer of his genius; but he might have been excused for some indignation at the fact of a Rossini-fashion being set up in the capital which had been so long irradiated by his own lofty genius. The stern and sculpturesque genius of Cherubini he greatly admired, and said that if he wrote a *Requiem*, he would take that by the great French-Italian musician as his model of style. In regard to a new opera (supposed to be one of Meyerbeer's early ones), he observed, "There must be such things, or what would the common herd do ?" but he would perhaps have spoken more respectfully of some of Meyerbeer's later works. Bach he called the "patriarch of harmony," but he does not seem to have placed him in that lofty position to which modern criticism has advanced him. His greatest praise was for Handel, whom he called "the unequalled master of all masters," the study of whose scores (a complete set of which had been sent to him by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*) was his greatest consolation in his last illness, and of whom he once said, with almost solemnity of manner, "I would uncover my head and kneel down on his tomb;" sentiments which may be usefully compared with those of the modern ultra-Teutonic school of critics, who regard the admiration for Handel in this country as a piece of insular philistinism.

Beethoven's power and genius as an instrumental composer, a *Ton-dichter* (an appellation he delighted in), it would seem almost impossible to rate too highly : any reservations that can be made in regard to it would consist only in saying that he was deficient, in comparison with Bach and Mozart, in a certain kind of power the full possession of which is perhaps incompatible with the order of genius which was most specially his own. The severe logic of that kind of musical architecture called the fugue was foreign to his temperament, and the few colossal attempts at it which he made in his later works, astonishing as in a sense they are, only serve emphatically to prove this. Mr. Grove describes in a few highly graphic sentences the circumstances attending the composition of parts of the *Missa Solemnis* ; the composer "shut up in his room, singing, shouting, stamping, as if in actual conflict of life and death over the fugue 'Et Vitam venturi Seculi ;' his sudden appearance, wild, dishevelled, faint with toil and twenty-four hours' fast ! These were indeed 'drangvollen Umständen'—wretched conditions—but they are the conditions which accompany the production of great works." It seems to us that they are exactly not the conditions which accompany the production of a great work of that class, and that these very conditions serve to explain the characteristics of that terrible chorus in which the

unfortunate singers are dragged, as it were, by the hair of their heads over all kinds of obstacles, and even the listener is left with a predominating feeling of thankfulness that we have somehow got safely through at last, and with certainly anything but a reassuring idea of "the life of the world to come." Numbers of Bach's fugues, organ and choral, and Mozart's finale to the Symphony in C, are greater works of their type than this, but we venture to say neither Bach nor Mozart was ever found stamping and tearing his hair over them. Concentration of mind and a calm grasp over the materials are the conditions of success in this class of composition, the Doric architecture of music. The words "drangvollen Umständen" were used by Beethoven himself, not of this work, but of the state into which the composition of the huge B flat Sonata threw him, the finale of which is another work of the same class, a portentously big, difficult, and chaotic fugue, which we are told to regard as his greatest pianoforte work simply because it is his biggest, but which we are convinced that hardly any among the audiences who listen to it from strong-fingered pianists at pianoforte recitals would pretend to find pleasure in, if they were not ordered to do so by the critics. The composer's "drangvollen Umständen" in both cases arose from the fact that he was grasping, with all the energy of his passionate nature, at something essentially foreign to his genius, and hence the dire struggle so pathetically alluded to by himself. They are his mistakes, the grand mistakes of a great genius, to be heard with respect because they are his; but when we are told to regard them as his greatest achievements, then let us put down our foot firmly and say that we refuse to listen to such nonsense. In every other type of instrumental music Beethoven is superb, and accomplished not only far more than any one ever did before, but probably more than any one ever will again. He is one of the world's great poets, and he is (what has not been sufficiently recognised) in the handling of his materials as much a consummate artist and finisher, in all his best works, as an imaginative creator. This artist or workman side of his genius is brought out extraordinarily, and in a way that once would never have been suspected, in what his extant note-books show of the method in which his ideas are brought into form and elaborated. Melodies and themes which sound as spontaneous as possible, which strike the ear as the outpouring of a poet whose motto might have been—

"Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
Der in den Zweigen wohnt,"

are found to have been in their first forms so commonplace that there is hardly a hint of the magic of expression which they assume in their final form, which seems to have been arrived at by a diligent and laborious process of gradual selection and elaboration. It is exceedingly strange to compare this with what Mozart tells us of his

composition, and how the melodies came to him of themselves, he knew not from whence; very strange to think that so equable and comparatively practical a musician as Mozart should have been the spontaneous singer, and that Beethoven was the laborious and pains-taking elaborator. And this fact, and some of the scattered hints about the origin of his themes, seem to throw a useful light on what is called "poetic basis" in music. That Beethoven, as has been said, did in the Eroica Symphony and in some other works really write from the endeavour to express in music an abstract intellectual conception capable of consideration apart from music, is unquestionable; but it would seem that the importance of this element in his work has been very greatly exaggerated. Consider what is said about the beautiful violin concerto, that its peculiar and suggestive leading phrase, one note repeated four times in succession, was suggested by the repeated knocking of some one seeking entrance at the door of an adjoining house; that the peculiar leading theme of the C minor Symphony, compared by the composer to "Fate knocking at the door," is also said to have been suggested by the notes of a caged bird in the Prater at Vienna (and both facts are very likely true); what do these and other similar stories indicate? Simply that, after all, a musician is a man who can put sound into beautiful, interesting, and suggestive forms; and that whatever fact, however slight, serves to stimulate his sense of rhythmical and tonal proportion, may at once become a basis for almost endless developments of tonal design, around which great meanings may cluster, without it having been in any way necessary that there should have been anything that can be called a poetic idea to start with. The poetic idea makes itself as the work proceeds, just as Beethoven's themes made themselves in his note-book from bare and prosaic beginnings. The result may be something highly and poetically suggestive, which may mean a thousand things to as many different hearers, and the very value of which is in their emotional vagueness, in their expressing a beauty which words cannot express. They may have arisen from this or that suggestion, serious or trivial; but what is that to the hearer? When the building is complete, what do we want with the scaffolding?

Still more wrong-headed is the idea, now so loudly proclaimed, that all Beethoven's work was a progress towards the perfecting of instrumental music by allying it with the human voice and with literary expression, as in the finale of the Ninth Symphony. The reader will understand, in regard to this, why we referred particularly to the successively varying character of the symphonies and sonatas, and to the eccentricities and want of balance and climax of the choral finale of the Ninth Symphony. To some the latter judgment will appear a mere profanity; but we have no hesitation in saying that to listeners of competent musical susceptibility, and unfettered by *a priori* theories, the finale of the Ninth Symphony would appear,

when compared with that of the Fifth, as something perfectly inferior, something from which only a broken and doubtful enjoyment could be realised at all, and which in many parts is almost painful to the ear as well as bewildering to the judgment. Yet it is demanded that, in the teeth of our senses and our critical perception, we should consider this wild and abnormal composition as Beethoven's greatest production, simply because the theories of certain people about the progress of modern music render this essential; and as the disciples of this theory are very militant, and have got a great deal of the current writing about music into their hands, they have a large following on the part of the public, since there will always be a number of people who will believe anything if it is told them often enough and positively enough. The principal origin of this perverse criticism is that it has suited a very strong-willed and self-asserting dramatic composer to represent himself as the necessary continuation and complement of Beethoven, and therefore it is necessary to represent the art of the latter as a continual progress from mere instrumental to choral music, from "absolute" music to "poetic basis" music. How completely the latter theory is contradicted by the facts we endeavoured to indicate in passing; for it has been one object of this article to point out what we consider the falsity of the view of Beethoven's art referred to, not because we care in the least about one party in the musical world or another—art has nothing to do with parties—but because such a view of the objects of instrumental music and of the nature of Beethoven's genius we believe to be utterly and perversely false. Whether Herr Wagner's form of music is or is not the regenerating influence to the art which he affirms it to be, is nothing to the purpose here, and no opinion is offered upon it: but what is quite certain is that his art is not the art of Beethoven, has not the same aims, does not rest on the same basis, and can only be made to appear to do so by arbitrarily distorting Beethoven to make him fit into the place assumed for him. Connected with this heresy is the still more lamentable one, because more generally applicable in its error, that progress is a necessary condition of music or of any other art. Those critics who think that we ought to accept dutifully the abnormal qualities and deficiencies of form in some of Beethoven's later works, are never tired of reminding us that many of his earlier ones, now liked, were considered strange at first, and that there is no such thing as finality in art. Quite so; but they entirely forget the converse truth, that there is no such thing as inevitable progress in art, co-ordinate with study and experience, except in regard to mere technique, and not always in that. To assert that a musician so studious and conscientious as Beethoven must necessarily have been progressively improving to the end of his career, is to confound the conditions

of artistic production with those of scientific progress. It would be true of a conscientious and successful physiologist, for example, that he must be always advancing, because each acquired fact in science is a starting-point from which to explore further. But when people betray such a radical confusion of critical perception as to speak and write as if the same reasoning could be applied to works of imaginative creation, it appears useless to say anything further, merely noting the fact as an interesting though rather irritating psychological phenomenon.

It is, perhaps, one noteworthy evidence of the inherent greatness and stability of Beethoven's genius, that even his admirers have not been able to write him down. From one cause or another, partly to be looked for in the defective literary organization of most musicians, which makes a pen as dangerous an instrument in their hands, to themselves and others, as a razor in that of a child, it is certain that hardly any great genius has had such an amount of nonsense and sentimentalism poured over his memory as Beethoven. The distortions which his artistic nature has undergone at the hands of critics (to use Mr. Arnold's expression), "not at the centre of their subject," are even less ill-judged than the adulation which has been lavished upon his genius in its supposed moral aspect. Hardly anything that has been said of Socrates or of Christ equals the tone of solemnity in which Beethoven's moral greatness, and the future mission of his music in regenerating mankind, are spoken of by some of these zealous apostles. Beethoven was neither a Socrates nor a Christ; nor is music a moral agent, except in the indirect sense in which all high and intellectual pleasures are moral agents. Yet we may offer to his memory one tribute in regard to what may, in a certain sense, be called a moral beauty in his art, the result not of any sentiments which the music is supposed to convey, and which might be susceptible of endless interpretations if we once began to build morality on it in that way, but of the instinctive impression which we gather from it, and which our knowledge of the composer's life more than confirms, of work seriously meant and carried out with the deliberate and conscientious effort to do the very highest in the author's power with the gift that had been given him. Considered in this light, Beethoven stands out before us not only as the great and gifted musical poet, but as the earnest, single-minded, conscientious student and worker in his art, not writing books and pamphlets to proclaim his own greatness, but content with doing the very best that labour and perseverance could accomplish, grudging no trouble in the effort after perfection, pursuing his path steadfastly and manfully in the face of exceptional trials and perplexities, a strong and honest man as well as a great artist.

H. H. STANLEY.

THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.

THE position of the Irish in England, who number about two millions of the population, is one which frequently suggests comparison with that of the Scotch who have settled south of the Tweed. One of the latest signs of the interest attaching to this subject appeared recently in the columns of a London morning paper, in which a writer calmly asked why the Irish settlers in England had not acquired the wealth and influence enjoyed by the Scotch ; as if the circumstances of the two races in England were identical, or at all similar ; as if both were in the same relation to the new people around them ; as if the former were not the struggling victims of servitude and oppression, but, like the latter, the cherished children of liberty and independence. Up to a period not long past there existed in England a deep-seated prejudice, upon which was founded a strong belief in the natural inferiority of the Irish race. And this supposed natural inferiority of the Irishman, as a political theory, did important State service in its day. It was used to excuse, if not to justify, the most barbarous acts ever perpetrated by one man against another, or by one nation against another. The alleged weakness of the race was used as a cover for the real wickedness of their rulers, and although modern experience has exploded the theory, persons are still to be found who delight in invidious comparisons, and who affect to be greatly scandalised by the crowded misery, poverty, and ignorance of the Irish population in England. The position of the Irish is undoubtedly the very humblest in the social scale ; but what else could it have been, considering the course of Irish history, and the demoralisation flowing from that *sors et origo malorum*, civil war, by which Ireland was racked and torn for centuries ?

For a period of four hundred years after the invasion of Henry II. England made every possible effort to accomplish the conquest of Ireland, and when, after a long experience, she fully realised the difficulty of the task, she resolved upon a policy of extermination. But the Irish are a prolific race, and the policy of extermination would have proved a failure had it not been for the famine of 1846—47, which brought tens of thousands to coffinless graves, and banished three millions of people for ever from their native land. From the date of this terrible calamity began the real immigration of the Irish into England. Not even when Lord Deputy Mountjoy reported to Queen Elizabeth that she had nothing to reign over in Ireland but carcases and ashes, had Ireland passed through such horrors as those which surrounded her in the famine years, and spread desolation and death in the homes of her people. Fortunately a good many escaped with their lives to Great Britain ; ships arriving at Liverpool and

other English ports from Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Wexford, Drogheda, Dundalk, Newry, and Londonderry brought their human cargoes, which were flung in a helpless, disordered condition, like the wreck of a noble vessel, on the English shore. Perhaps there never was a people less fitted by previous training and actual circumstances to wage the battle of life in a strange country than the Irish who landed in England at this time. Their condition in the land from which they came, and under the social influences of which they had been reared, was the reverse of that which might tend to develop an energetic character, or call forth those qualities of self-reliance and steady industry which are indispensable to a people struggling for subsistence among strangers. Oppressed by an exacting landlordism, denied security of tenure in the fields which they cultivated, and with the threat of eviction hanging perpetually over their homes, which, though poor and miserable, were endeared to them by all their family associations, they had grown up in a demoralising atmosphere of subservience, and in the practice of that artificial servility by which they endeavoured to mitigate the severity of their imperious taskmasters. Having been engaged almost exclusively in agriculture, their habits of life were of a description very different from those prevailing in large towns, as their occupation had been different from that which was alone obtainable in the manufacturing centres in which they now found themselves. Their sudden transition from rural to city life left them at a considerable disadvantage with even the poorest of the English, for owing to their want of technical knowledge of the arts and trades, they could not enter the field of skilled labour where employment was abundant and wages high. They were obliged, therefore, to accept the very lowest and hardest kind of work, such as railroad making, quarrying, loading and unloading ships, digging foundations, boring tunnels, and excavating mines. They were uneducated, because the Government which made it a penal offence to teach or to learn had not yet atoned for its crime by making provision for popular education. Add to all this the fact, undeniable though painful to remember, that the people among whom they sought to establish their fortunes, hated them on account of their religion and their country, and it must be admitted that while the Irish in England have had many enormous difficulties to contend against, they have had nothing whatever to rely upon but their own pluck, energy, and endurance.

A true estimate of the Irish in England could not be attempted without considering the powerful and pervading influence which their religion exerts upon them. Indeed, their most striking characteristic is their unexampled religious fidelity. Protestant bigotry has more than once suggested that Ireland's only difficulty is the priest, a proposition for proof of which we are referred to the

fact that the Irish get on well everywhere but in their own country. Those who use this argument either do not know, or find it convenient to forget, that wherever the footsteps of the wandering Gael have turned, there also their spiritual pastor and director has followed, carrying with him all the sacred authority to which unhesitating reverence was paid in the native land of the race. Nay, so energetically have the Irish carried on the work of religious propaganda in foreign lands, that it is a pious belief among some Catholic ecclesiastics that it was according to a dispensation of Providence the Celts were driven forth upon the wide world, by penal laws, proscriptions, and confiscations, in order that they might scatter broadcast the seeds of faith, and bring strange peoples into the one true fold.

The devotion of the Irish in England to their priests in all spiritual affairs has remained unaltered and unwavering; and, whenever the Church has been assailed, they have rallied to her standard with a burning anxiety to demonstrate their determined loyalty to her cause. Whether it has been to clear Hyde Park of Italian sympathisers, regarding them as enemies and insulters of their Chief Pastor, or to face the storm of anti-Catholic passion, roused occasionally by the cry of No Popery, or, on the other hand, to fight with intelligence and constancy the battle of denominational education, they have left no room for doubt of the intensity of their Catholicism. It may, indeed, be said with truth, that of the thousands who manifested their religious zeal on the occasion of Garibaldi's visit to London, and again on the occasion of the No-Popery riots, there were very many who were more willing to shed their blood for the Church than to obey her precepts. And it must be frankly admitted that Irish virtue is not improved by transplantation in English soil. Although the restraints of religion are still imposed, they are rendered weak by the force of extraordinary temptation and evil example; and consequently we too often hear in the police courts of English cities stories of Irish crime which would shock the moral sense of the very lowest of the Irish in their own country. The basest moral degradation, however, cannot rob an Irish Catholic of his faith. He preserves it still as an unpurchasable inheritance, throughout every vicissitude of fortune.

Happily, the Irish in England who bring discredit on the character of their race are a small minority, and chiefly belonging to the second generation, that is to say, English-born children of Irish parents. The vast majority lead good moral lives, and are citizens of whom any community might be proud. Their religion is not mere lip-worship, for in their lives they prove that the moral precepts are with them living principles of conduct. A vigorous creed demands daily sacrifices from its votaries, and they must love it with a love deep, earnest, and uncompromising, and serve it with

an unwavering faith, and with all the energy of ardent hope and sustained enthusiasm. Thus have the Irish in England loved and served the religion of their fathers. The hard earnings of their daily toil have been freely given to build churches, schools, colleges, and convents, dedicated to the various purposes of the Catholic faith. The Catholic churches, which are to be found wherever there is an Irish population, are crowded on Sundays and holidays with congregations composed mainly of the poor, and presenting scenes of religious fervour and devotion seldom met with elsewhere.

That the Irish who have crossed the seas and settled in the United States or the colonies should have preserved the Catholic faith is not to be wondered at so much, when we consider the toleration which the law extends to all creeds in those countries, a toleration which is the result of a deep sense of the right of freedom of conscience prevailing in those free communities. But that in England, where anti-Catholic prejudices have been so strong, and where the profession of the Catholic religion has often been met, not only with distrust and suspicion, but much petty persecution and material injury, the Irish should have remained firm in their Catholicism is remarkable, and goes far to confirm the opinion that they are the most religiously faithful people in Europe. To understand what influence the religion of the Irishman exerts on his social condition, on his manners, mode of life, and domestic relations, we have to determine how it appeals to him in the first instance, and with what secret and peculiar power it inspires his enthusiastic and incorruptible devotion. Unquestionably the Catholic religion appeals forcibly to the emotional as well as the intellectual faculties. Its intellectual power has been felt in England continuously since the tractarian movement, drawing to its ranks such intellectual giants as Newman, Manning, and a host of others less distinguished. But to a highly imaginative, emotional, and sentimental people like the Irish, it appeals with double force. In the penal days, when the Irish were hunted outlaws in their own land, they found in their persecuted religion the one only solace of their affliction; and when their churches were destroyed or converted to profane uses, they were content to worship at its altars, under the canopy of heaven, in many a hidden valley and lonely glen. That religion still appeals to the exiled Irishman with all the power of these historical recollections and associations. He beholds it "poor and pure," to use an expression of Cardinal Manning's, and it comes to him hallowed by persecution and sanctified by suffering. Even when he has fallen a prey to temptation and violated the heavenly commands, he knows that true repentance will bring forgiveness, and, amid all the scorn of his fellow-men, he feels that in the confessional there is at least one refuge where his conscience may find relief and his weary soul repose and consolation.

Nor is the ceremonial of the Catholic Church without its ~~subtlety~~

THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.

influence on an intelligent and imaginative people. Irish Catholics are carefully instructed in the meaning of the ritual of their Church. The vestments of the priest, the lighted candles on the altar, and all the acts performed by the priest during the sacred celebration, have an important meaning for Catholic worshippers. They have not been introduced into the service of the Church arbitrarily, or without a sufficient purpose, for they recall, and have been designed to recall; either some holy memories of the militant Church, or some instructive incidents in the life of her Divine Founder. In like manner the Catholic Church has adopted a language for herself. She has chosen Latin as a means of communication with all nations, the language in which the discussions of her great councils are carried on, in the use of which all her ministers, from the lowest to the highest, must be proficient, and in which she has ordered the mass to be read, so that the holy sacrifice may be offered up in the same tongue among all nations, thus symbolizing her own unity and universality, and enabling her children to assist at the celebration with equal facility in every part of the world. All this is understood by the most illiterate peasant in Donegal or the least educated Irish hodman in Manchester or London, and neither the hodman nor the peasant, if questioned on the subject, would have much difficulty in giving satisfactory explanations.

Perhaps there is no people in the world, not even excepting the peasants of Spain or of Italy, among whom Catholicism is found more pure, as regards theological dogma, than it is among the Catholic Irish. Their religion is unalloyed by the slightest taint of either Protestantism or infidelity, notwithstanding the many Protestant schools established in Ireland for proselytising purposes, and in spite of the atmosphere of unbelief by which they are surrounded in England. Their reverence for the precepts of the Church is shown in a variety of ways, and by the great exertions which they are ready to make to fulfil them. Irish servant-girls who, in their own country, thought nothing of walking several miles to hear mass, are naturally very much distressed when their English mistresses refuse them permission to go to church on Sunday morning for this purpose; and though it would be unjust to allege that this prohibition prevails to any great extent, it is nevertheless a fact that Irish girls have in many instances to choose between losing their situations and neglecting the Sunday obligation to hear mass, and that they expose themselves frequently to great hardship rather than fail in the discharge of this important religious duty. The Irish are also especially careful to secure baptism for their children and the sacraments of the Church for themselves and their relatives; and thus, from the cradle to the grave, at the christening, at the marriage feast, and lastly, at the bedside of the dying, religion constantly attends them and exerts its powerful influence upon their thoughts and conduct, and

